VOL · V MAY 1925 NO

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

50¢
FOR ONE COPY

$5.00
BY THE YEAR

ALFRED · A · KNOPF
PUBLISHER

At college—where fashion is tempered with good taste—where popularity rests upon merit—where the favorite style reflects the dignity and refinement of the student body—*there* you will find a distinct preference for Kuppenheimer Good Clothes

# The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME V May 1925 NUMBER 17

## TABLE OF CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| The Pestilence of Fanaticism | James A. Reed | 1 |
| Modern Conquistadores | William McFee | 8 |
| Hell Along the Border | Duncan Aikman | 17 |
| Chiropractic | Morris Fishbein | 24 |
| The Pastor | James M. Cain | 30 |
| Americana | | 35 |
| Thomas Bailey Aldrich | C. Hartley Grattan | 41 |
| Mary Fisher's Philosophy (*A Story*) | Chester T. Crowell | 46 |
| The Arts and Sciences: | | |
| The Art of the Perfumer | Henry Tetlow | 57 |
| The Uniform Laws Craze | John Hemphill | 59 |
| This Ain't the Waldorf | Gregory Mason | 62 |
| The New History | Harry Elmer Barnes | 68 |
| Congressional Pie | Hilton Butler | 77 |
| A Study in Manners | Albert Jay Nock | 82 |
| Devil Anse | R. F. Dibble | 89 |
| Clinical Notes | H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan | 95 |
| Jewelry | Louis Untermeyer | 98 |
| Music Critics | Harry B. Smith | 102 |
| Why I Live Abroad | Lawrence J. Thomson | 109 |
| The Theatre | George Jean Nathan | 116 |
| The Library | H. L. Mencken | 122 |
| The American Mercury Authors | | 128 |
| Editorial Notes | | xxvi |
| Check List of New Books | | xxxii |


Unsolicited manuscripts not accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes will not be returned and the Editors will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors and not to individuals. All accepted contributions are paid for on acceptance, without reference to the date of publication. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th Streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1925, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken } *Editors*

## BOOKS OF UNIQUE QUALITY AND DEEP INTEREST

# The Broadway Translations

**Laclos' Dangerous Acquaintances**
Trans. by RICHARD ALDINGTON $5.00

**Suetonius' History of Twelve Caesars**
Trans. by P. HOLLAND $5.00

**Esquemeling's "The Buccaneers of America"**
Trans. by WM. STALLYBRASS $5.00

**A Book of Characters**
by Theophrastus and others. Compiled and trans. by RICHARD ALDINGTON $5.00

**Simplicissimus the Vagabond**
Trans. by A. S. GOODRICH $5.00

**Martial's Epigrams**
Trans. by J. A. POTT and F. A. WRIGHT $5.00

**Aksakov's Chronicles of a Russian Family**
Trans. by M. C. BEVERLY. Introduction by PRINCE MIRSKY $5.00

**Gesta Romanorum**
Trans. by CHARLES SWAN $5.00

**De Rojas' Celestina**
Trans. by JAMES MABBE $5.00

**Bandello's Tragical Tales**
Trans. by GEOF. FENTON $5.00

### Other Volumes in the Same Series Somewhat Smaller in Size

**The Girdle of Aphrodite**
Trans. by F. A. WRIGHT $3.00

**Voltaire's Zadig, etc.**
Trans. by H. I. WOOLF $3.00

**Petronius' Satyricon**
Trans. by J. M. MITCHELL $3.00

**Master Tyll Owlglass**
Trans. by K. H. MACKENZIE $3.00

**Montesquieu's Persian Letters**
Trans. by JOHN DAVIDSON $3.00

**Alciphron's Letters**
Trans. by F. A. WRIGHT $3.00

**Ovid's Lover's Handbook**
Trans by F. A. WRIGHT $3.00

**Four French Comedies of the XVIIIth Century**
Trans. by RICHARD ALDINGTON $3.00

**Buddhist Birth Stories**
Trans. from Prof. Faushell's Pali Text by RHYS DAVIDS $3.00

**The History of Manon Lescaut**
Trans. from the French of L'Abbe Prevost by G. D. GRIBBLE $3.00

**Cyrano de Bergerac's Voyages to the Sun and to the Moon**
Trans. by RICHARD ALDINGTON $3.00

**Travels of Baron Munchausen**
Trans. by WM. ROSE $3.00

**Three Tibetan Mystery Plays**
Trans. by RICHARD ALDINGTON $3.00

**Three Plays of R. V. Lunacharski**
Trans. by L. A. MAGNUS and K. WALTER

**Poets of the Greek Anthology**
By F. A. WRIGHT $3.00

**The Epic of the Beast**
Introduction by WM. ROSE $3.00

**Count Lucanor**
Trans. by JAMES YORK $3.00

**Heliodorus: An Aethiopian Romance**
Trans. by THOMAS UNDERDOWNE $3.00

**More's Utopia, etc.**
Ed. by RALPH ROBINSON. Introduction by HUGH GOITEIN $3.00

**Mme. de la Fayette's The Princess of Cleves**
Trans. by H. ASHTON $3.00

LAURENCE STALLINGS comments: "Just as this house (E. P. Dutton & Co.) with its 'Broadway Translations' holds the palm in the matter of classical reprints, so it does in the speculative and interpretive thought of the age with their smaller 'Today and Tomorrow Series.'" (The World, March 16.)

## Today and Tomorrow Series

**Daedalus**
By J. B. S. HALDANE
On the wings which modern science is developing. $1.00

**Icarus**
By BERTRAND RUSSELL
Can man handle these wings without self-destruction? $1.00

**Tantalus**
By F. C. S. SCHILLER
Will man, reaching for the fruits of civilization, fail . . . ? $1.00

**Narcissus**
By GERALD HEARD
The anatomy of clothes; their relation to architecture. $1.00

**Wireless Possibilities**
By A. M. LOW
Its possible relations to war, crime, business. $1.00

**Callinicus**
By J. B. S. HALDANE, Author of "Daedalus"
A defence of chemical warfare. $1

**The Mongol in our Midst**
By F. G. CROOKSHANK
On modern man in the light of his origins. $1.50

**The Passing of the Phantoms**
By C. J. PATTEN
A study of evolutionary psychology and morals. $1

*An important contribution to the study of the social and economic condition of women.*

## Sex and Civilization By PAUL BOUSFIELD

Author of "Elements of Psycho-analysis," "The Omnipotent Self," etc.

His argument is that current assumptions as to masculine and feminine attributes are entirely false, and founded on outworn conventions; that any present physiological, physical and psychic inefficiencies of women have very definite causes and definite remedies; and that in the future waste of woman's energy will be prevented by wiser education and more sensible social regulations. $5.00

*These books can be bought through any bookstore or direct from*
**E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York**

VOLUME V NUMBER 17

*The American*
MERCURY

May 1925

# THE PESTILENCE OF FANATICISM

BY JAMES A. REED

THE present-day reformer supplants the ancient and foolish doctrine, "Everything that is, is right," with the still more foolish doctrine, "Everything that is, is wrong." In a world which an intelligent and patriotic ancestry lovingly handed over to us in a reasonably well-ordered condition he runs amok. Our inherited liberties, guaranteed by a Constitution and code of laws, together forming a homogeneous system, are recklessly attacked until the whole structure is seriously imperiled.

The modern reformer insists upon substituting statutory commands for ethical precepts and official surveillance for the restraints of morality. He undertakes to force the acceptance of his peculiar doctrines by penalty of fine and imprisonment. The old and true concept of freedom embraced the right of the citizen to choose his own religion, think his own thoughts, indulge his own habits and live his own life without interference by the state, save that he should not trespass upon the rights of others. For this condition of personal freedom and responsibility the reformer proposes to substitute legal regulations which, like a web of steel, shall encompass the citizen from birth to death. Man will live and die the slave of the majority which enacts the laws.

Natural rights may be as effectively destroyed by the laws of a republic as by the decrees of a despot. The doctrine that the world can be made virtuous and happy by substituting for the natural right of choice, with responsibility, the prohibitions and regulations of law, is as old as human tyranny. It has been resorted to in every age and has uniformly failed. It established the Inquisition and equipped it with instruments of torture. It forbade freedom of thought, of speech and of the press. It compelled men to embrace certain creeds upon pain of death, ordered people to attend particular churches or suffer barbaric penalties. It imprisoned, tortured or put to death all who did not accept every word of the Old and New Testament exactly as defined by the exegetes of the dominant hierarchy. It regulated the habits of the people in the minutest detail. It punished a blasphemer with death. And occasionally, as every schoolboy knows, it burned a witch.

The modern intolerant differs from his ancient prototype only in degree. Alike they have resorted to the logic of brute force. In the past, the penalty was pillory and scaffold; today it is fine and imprisonment. Legal restrictions are to take the place of ethical instruction, parental precepts and enlightened reasoning. The statutory reformer nominates himself as doctor-general of public morals and insists

that all mankind shall swallow his physic or go to jail.

Let it be admitted that this statutory moralist is generally honest and in earnest. Unfortunately, honesty of opinion and earnestness of purpose are only too frequently accompanied by gross ignorance. Zeal, honesty and ignorance in combination always produce intolerance, and intolerance increases to fanaticism, eager to destroy all the natural liberties of men if thereby the zealots' ends may be gained. Regardless of the university degrees he has attained, the fanatic is invariably ignorant. Tolerance is the offspring of intelligence. The intelligent man knows he may be mistaken. The ignorant man is certain he is right. Give me the radius of a man's intelligence and I will describe the circumference of his tolerance.

Regardless of divergent creeds and cults, modern reformers all agree:

1. That our plan of government has not worked with perfection and that therefore the *plan* ought to be destroyed;
2. That all who oppose them are "in league with hell and have made a covenant with death";
3. That they possess an infallible specific which every human being should be by law compelled to swallow, and that, thereupon, evil will disappear, sorrow will cease, men and women will be transformed into statutory angels, and "everything will be lovely and the goose hang high"—particularly if the reformer succeeds somehow or other in grabbing a lucrative job.

Accordingly, the agitation begins, proselyting proceeds, the morons are mustered, the chautauquas chautalk, and the clubwomen weep. All the while numerous hired males and females, masquerading as disinterested representatives of morals, pull the strings and gather in the shekels. The political candidate, observing the gathering storm, promptly trims his little sail to catch the wind and scuds before it for the port of office. Commonly, he pledges himself in advance. Wherefore, he arrives in Washington hog-tied beyond squealing. And so we have had an array of reforms based upon the kind of reasoning I have described. Examine, if you please, the foregoing articles of the reformer's creed.

## II

Of course, no plan of government ever has been or ever will be absolutely perfect; even if perfect, its administration would necessarily be faulty. Intelligent persons know that in this latter fact is lodged nearly all the difficulties attendant upon governmental activities. Defective administration is inseparable from the frailty, dishonesty and ignorance of human agents. What is needed is better execution of the law, not the destruction of the governmental plan. Clearly, the new-hatched schemes must be enforced by men as inefficient or as corrupt as those embarrassing the present system. Accordingly, thoughtful and patriotic men agree that no principle of our government should be abandoned or changed, except for grave reasons, and then only when there is approximate certainty that the proposed substitute will not only remedy the evils that now exist but will not bring worse and greater ones in its wake.

These considerations, however, do not appeal to the modern reformer. Like the patent-medicine quack he proclaims himself the master of human ills and drives straight on. All too often the public is convinced. More frequently an active and organized minority is converted, and timorous congressmen, although unconvinced, hunt cover. Thus, half-baked schemes, commonly promoted by intolerants, mountebanks and dreamers, are put upon the nation. And before the great, good-natured public is aware, it has been placed in leading strings, its rights circumscribed and its natural privileges abolished. More appalling is the fact that little by little the great edifice erected by the toil and wisdom of the past is being defaced and its very foundations undermined. As one contemplates these occurrences, one instinctively contrasts the character of the men who established and preserved the Republic with that of these modern tinkerers. Ponder the names appearing below in parallel columns:

| | |
|---|---|
| George Washington | Wayne B. Wheeler |
| Benjamin Franklin | Andrew Volstead |
| Patrick Henry | Roy A. Haynes |
| John Hancock | William M. Anderson |
| John Adams | Lincoln J. Steffins |
| Thomas Jefferson | John D. Rockefeller, Jr. |
| Alexander Hamilton | Henry Ford |
| James Monroe | Richmond P. Hobson |
| John Marshall | Thomas Sterling |
| Andrew Jackson | Billy Sunday |
| Daniel Webster | George Creel |

Though it seem sacrilege to place in juxtaposition the names of the architects of the temple of liberty with those who desecrate its altars and deface its marbles, I still insist that impiety does not exist. The nobility of the mighty dead cannot be lessened by the puerility of the living.

The statutory reformer has a single and invariable method of procedure. He magnifies the wickedness and sufferings of mankind and attributes them all to the object of his special malediction. Witness the Prohibition propaganda. Its literature blazed with assertions that all vice, crime, poverty, and human agony were directly chargeable to the Rum Fiend. He was the devil incarnate who produced virginal incontinence, marital infelicity, theft, arson, rape, robbery and murder. His remorseless hands, holding the white throat of innocence in an iron grasp, were dragging myriads of unfortunates to untimely graves and condemning them to the fires of an endless perdition. He it was who filled the jails and penitentiaries with pitiable creatures who otherwise would have stood resplendent as pillars of the state and ornaments of society.

The reformer cried aloud: "Amend the Constitution, pass the Volstead statute and in the twinkling of an eye evil will vanish! Close the saloons and the jails will empty themselves; cries of poverty will be turned to songs of joy; childish wailings to melodious laughter; drunken blows to fond caresses; and hatred be transmuted into tenderest love. Highwaymen will give up their bludgeons and become ministers of justice. Thieves will no longer 'break through and steal'!" and so on, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam.*

The legal revolution occurred, but the moral miracle did not come off according to schedule. Men still go philandering, and sometimes maidens listen to their amorous wooings. The fashionable swain, bottle on hip, is received in polite society. He presses his flask to the lips of a girl whose pre-Volstead mother would have scorned a boy with liquor-tainted breath. The fires were put out in the furnaces of the distilleries and breweries, but were lighted under ten thousand illicit stills. Moonshining became a profitable trade, bootlegging a dignified profession, rum-running a romantic calling. An army recruited from elevator boys, taxi drivers, bell hops, soda fountain girls—every occupational class from hod-carriers to church sextons—is engaged in the retail traffic. Colored gentlemen drive Pierce Arrows and dusky maidens sport the furs of the arctics. Drug-stores are liquor emporiums, ready supplied with prescriptions sold by physicians at the rate of $300 a book, containing one hundred blanks.

And who, pray, are the customers? The answer is, everybody who wants a drink and that "everybody" embraces hundreds of thousands of women in homes from which, prior to the Reformation, liquor was banned and barred. Other thousands are boys who, under the old régime, would have understood that their safety depended upon the exercise of self-restraint, but who now seem to rely upon the law for protection, and yet regard the breaking of the law as a pastime, and guzzling liquor from a hip flask as an enviable prank. A vast multitude of men who formerly reverenced the law now deliberately and avidly conspire for its breach. The leprosy of hypocrisy has become epidemic. Half-drunken legislators enact dry laws and celebrate the achievement in moonshine. Judges sometimes (let us hope rarely) impose merciless sentences and anæsthetize their human sensibilities in bootleg. Police officers, sheriffs, constables, and bailiffs, their breaths reeking with rot-gut, drag to jail an occasional victim selected as a sacrifice to public clamor. But not one out of a thousand

violators is ever arrested or prosecuted. Meanwhile the Prohibition force revels in blackmail, subornation, venal immunities, treachery, fraud and crime promotion, revolting practices inseparable from the spy system. Tyrannous acts are of hourly occurrence. In violation of the Constitution, the homes, the business houses, baggage, vehicles, and persons of citizens are indiscriminately seized and searched. In 1924, in a single judicial district, more than eight hundred out of one thousand searches were illegally made. But all the while the great tide of traffic proceeds.

Now comes the most inhuman product of Prohibition: the Poison Squad. Its business is to poison the alcohol turned over to the industries under the name "denatured." The Prohibition Unit knows that one gallon out of every ten of the diabolic concoction is diverted from industry and drunk by the people. The chemist of the Bureau of Internal Revenue recently testified that according to his best estimate in the year 1924 6,000,000 gallons of denatured alcohol were used as a beverage. He asserted that many of the substances used in denaturing were deadly poisons, that the lethal nature of the concoction can be so concealed as to deceive the unsuspecting victim who drinks it. He admitted that sometimes the denatured product is sold without any attempt to remove its fatal properties. In any event, small portions of the poison remain and are gravely injurious to the health. The Prohibition Unit knows it has killed or injured thousands of persons. It persists in and seemingly enjoys the infamous practice.

Once the distiller turned out pure whiskey. Against its use the clamorous tongue of protest was raised and it was outlawed. The distiller now makes pure alcohol. The Prohibition Unit transforms 60,000,000 gallons of it into coffin varnish each year, knowing that 6,000,000 gallons will reach the stomachs of human beings. That extinct animal, the "respectable saloonkeeper," was denounced for selling rotgut, but not even Wheeler ever accused him of deliberately and maliciously putting into his whiskey barrels such death-dealing toxins as strychnine, wood alcohol, formaldehyde, carbolic acid or mercury, all of which are employed by the Prohibition Unit. The vilest of saloon whiskey could be swilled by the habitué for years. The Poison Squad compounds a potion which kills its unsuspecting victim within a few moments. One could drink gallons of the old stuff and survive. A single dose of Dr. Wheeler's Chemical Compound has produced blindness and death in fifteen minutes. The old stuff acted slowly and hence its user had time and opportunity to reform. Dr. Wheeler kills 'em quick.

When the old-fashioned drunkard, at the end of years of hilarity, laid him down to a peaceful death or made a jovial exit astride a purple dipsosaurus or some other animal of the alcoholic menagerie, the Anti-Saloon League gathered around his coffin and wept for a good man gone wrong. Today when an upright citizen gets a dose of Wheeler's Ready Relief and is sent to the eternal bar of Judgment without time for repentance or benefit of clergy, the same crowd chuckle and declare: "It served him right. *He broke our law.*" But be it remembered that each time the old-fashioned drunkard accumulated a jag he also broke the law. Nevertheless, for him there were "sorrows, plenteous tears," while for the victim stricken blind or writhing in the convulsions of poison unwittingly taken, there are only ribald and contemptuous jeers.

## III

Similarly proceeded the Suffrage Crusader. To her, the man-governed world was a seething cesspool of iniquity which would be purified by a touch of her angelic hand.

The "purification" early became manifest. Suffragettes thronged the Capitol, boldly offering to swap women's votes for congressmen at the impending election for congressional "votes for women" on the pending bill. All who refused to agree were

threatened with extermination. In vain they might protest that the amendment stripped the States of a very high attribute of sovereignty, or that to force a State to grant, was quite as unjustifiable as to compel a State to refuse, the suffrage. The only effect of argument was to accentuate feminine acrimony.

Even those who assured the crusaders of their friendship for, and willingness to aid, the suffrage movement as a State measure did not go scatheless. Such, indeed, was the attitude and fate of President Wilson. He journeyed to New Jersey especially to vote for suffrage in that State. He gave out powerful interviews urging all the States to proceed similarly, but he ventured to protest mildly against forcing suffrage upon the States by an amendment to the federal Constitution. This cordial and just attitude seemed only to arouse additional venom. Amazonian furies, bearing aloft insulting banners, marched against the White House, posted their pickets and declared a state of permanent siege. Another detachment invaded Lafayette Square and at the foot of the heroic Frenchman's monument the President's message was derisively burned, whilst in the uncertain light these weird sisters screamed their incantation: "Votes for women! Votes for women!" in rhythmic harmony with the barbaric war dance of the Sioux.

The zealots were seeking and deserved arrest. They finally got it. In court their conduct was contemptuous and in jail, riotous. One of them kicked and terribly injured a poor woman whom the vicissitudes of life had driven to the hard post of jail matron. Congressional poltroons, shivering with fear, simulated conversion and capitulated for votes and favor. Moreover, they actually raced with each other for the suffrage goal, and engaged in heated disputes as to who got there first. It was a scurvy business.

Such was the beginning. More of like kidney was to follow. In some of the States the ratification of the amendment was characterized by lamentable scenes of disorder and irregularity, if, indeed, they were not stained with fraud. In other instances, "yellow" legislators were intimidated into violating their State constitutions. In still others, they were coerced or cajoled into voting directly opposite to the recently expressed will of their constituents. But to the suffragette crusader, what booted the vote of a sovereign State?

The amendment was passed. What then? What became of the promised "disappearance of crime, the regeneration of politics, the moral purification"? Strain your eyes as you may, you will be unable to observe even the faint auroral dawn of the prophesied millennium. *Per contra*, the dresses are a little shorter, the flapper is a little flappier, the hair-bobber becomes more opulent, and the cigarette vendor enjoys a boom. These fortuitous conditions may be the result of the new freedom, or mere coincidences. I venture not to say.

But why worry? As there was little to rebel against, the revolution can be neither of great violence nor of long duration. We may confidently await the hour when the hysteria of a few agitators will be neutralized by the sound sense of tens of millions of good women who never adopted the doctrine of discontent nor became converts to the fantastic notion that their fathers, brothers, and husbands were imposing upon them a brutal enslavement. Wherefore, the philosopher contemplates the change in the serene certainty that nature's law of love and life will prove supreme; that men and women will continue to link their fortunes and go down the road of time sharing each other's burdens and joys; that bonds of affection and mutual interest will prove stronger than political party ties; that man will remain master in external conflicts, including politics, and that woman will continue mistress of the home, the mother and guardian of the generations yet to be.

The women having been rescued from "the slavery imposed by brutal husbands, fathers, and brothers," what more natural than to start rescuing the babies from

"their unnatural mothers"? He who listened to the clamorous tongues of the advocates of the Baby Control bill was astounded to learn that nearly all mothers were ignorant, incompetent or vicious, and that babies were generally grossly mistreated and allowed to die of hardship and neglect. In wonderment he asked how a race, so cruelly mothered, could have not only survived but advanced from barbarism to a high state of civilization.

The remedy proposed by the baby-savers was, of course, statutory. A Washington bureau was created to regulate and reform the motherhood of the land. The humor of the project was accentuated by the fact that the members of the bureau, almost without exception, were spinsters beyond the period of hope, and therefore necessarily devoid of experience in either the pangs or passions of motherhood.

The uplifters contemplated a thorough job. Among other things, they demanded that any woman *enceinte* should be compelled to register the fact at the town hall, to the end that a government snooper might give her a thorough going over and decide whether she really knew how to have a baby. Midwives were to be selected. Rules for the accouchement were to be laid down. Some strange freakishness led to the importation of a Jap to help devise rules for the government of American motherhood!

Shorn of its more monstrous terms, the law was enacted. But—oh, marvelous to report!—women continue to have babies in much the same old way. Children roll in the dirt, make mud pies, and thrive almost as well as did their troglodytic ancestors. Mothers still cover with kisses the smudgy faces of their offspring, tuck the little forms in at night, and like the mothers of all time, guard them from evil with an infinite and deathless love—a love that can never be supplanted by a government agent, whether a superannuated spinster or a town constable. But what of the Society of Spinsters? It still exists on government bounty, and tells the world how to raise babies!

## IV

This by no means concludes the gamut of current reform schemes, some of them half socialistic, some half bolshevistic, some half idiotic—the other half in each case being usually a compound of maudlin sentimentality and a natural desire to nose into the business of others.

The city of Washington affords a recent and ludicrous illustration. Good-hearted busybodies, themselves living in sumptuous homes, concluded that all "alley-houses" must be torn down. An alley-house is so called because it fronts on an alley. The plumbing is not modern and bath tubs are not sufficiently in evidence. Accordingly, it was decreed that the alley-houses must be forthwith demolished. After the order had gone forth it was discovered that more than nine thousand poor people would be turned into the street without roof or wall to protect them from the elements! The law had to be disregarded. Whereat the reformers gathered the skirts of their righteousness about them, gave their feathers a scornful shake, picked up their sables, and packed themselves off to their customary afternoon teas, bridge parties, or cigarette confabs. Thereupon the poor alley darkey moved back into his home and thanked God he had been saved from the reformers.

Truth to tell, Washington has become the universal Mecca of human freaks. To that city protagonists of vagaries gravitate by all known routes, some by election, some by appointment, and some by "divine command." The great majority, however, merely follow noses that itch for the business of others. There they bed and breed. They haunt the corridors of the public buildings, crowd into the offices of congressmen, and insist upon displaying their fantastic and sometimes loathsome wares. Consumed by passion for experimentation, they regard the public corpus as a legitimate subject for ceaseless exploratory operations and clinical vivisection.

To this array of freaks the Constitution is not a bulwark of liberty but a shackle

upon progress which they hold in contemptuous disregard. Congress itself is full of men who do not think of the Constitution save as an obstacle to their desires. They study it only to devise some plan for its circumvention. There is no subterfuge they will not employ, no deceit to which they will not resort, if peradventure the limitations imposed by the Constitution may be cheated.

A favorite device is, by a false recital of the real objects of a bill, to bring it apparently under some specific power granted to the federal government. Witness:

The Mann Act which, pretending to be an exercise of authority to regulate commerce between the States, in fact sought to regulate commerce between the sexes.

The penalization of doctors for prescribing beer as a *medicine* under the pretended authority of the amendment prohibiting liquor as a *beverage*.

The attempted prohibition of interstate commerce in the products of child labor on the pretext that the use of such goods was injurious to the public health.

The recent effort of the Nebraska Legislature to forbid the teaching of any other than the English language on the false recital that the child's *morals* would be thereby impaired.

Under another grouping, but even more monstrous, is the proposal by Congress of a constitutional amendment empowering the federal government to pass laws denying to all human beings under eighteen years of age the right to work. Happily, that barbarous and tyrannical proposition is being rapidly rejected by the States. Evidently there is an awakening of the States, if not of Congress.

A single further instance. Very recently a joint committee of both Houses proposed a bill to send to jail in certain cases any citizen who failed to inform against himself or his neighbor. Seemingly no member of the committee ever heard of the constitutional provision: "nor shall [any citizen] be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." Instances might be indefinitely extended. The Capitol is choked with the advocates of changes.

What shall the end be? Will that race of men who for a thousand years have asserted the "right of castle," rejected governmental interference in domestic affairs, proclaimed the right of the free man to regulate his personal habits and to rear and govern his children in accordance with the law of conscience and of love, now become subject to a self-imposed statutory tyranny which from birth to death interferes in the smallest concerns of life? Shall we endure a legal despotism, the equivalent of which would have provoked rebellion amongst the Saxons even when under the Norman heel?

I doubt not these statutory bonds will be eventually broken. The right of the free man to live his own life, limited only by the inhibition of non-infringement upon the rights of others, will again be asserted. But before that day arrives will the splendid symmetry of our governmental structure have been destroyed?

# MODERN CONQUISTADORES

BY WILLIAM McFEE

SAILING eastward from the wide and desolate bayous that fringe the estuary of the Magdalena, past beaches of sand, blackened and solid with petroleum, and littered with the bleached logs that have come down from the forests of Santander, and have been washed up again by the tide to resemble twisted human forms, we cross the Cienaga of Santa Marta and come abruptly upon a huge volcanic formation, black and grim, around whose beetling crags the easterly wind blows forever from the Leeward Islands.

And it is here, entering Santa Marta, that we deviate imperceptibly into romance. Our white ship becomes the *Juno* of the Occidental Steam Navigation Company (the O. S. N.) and the Morro Grande at the entrance changes to the Great Isabel that lay athwart the opening into the Golfo Placido. The reader may complain that this is not fair. He has contracted to visit New Granada, not the shadowy Costaguana of Joseph Conrad's "Nostromo." He may assert that he is not prepared to enter so sinister a territory, that he is not equipped to enjoy a few revolutions with no more chance of being rescued than might be derived from the favor of the magnificent Capataz de Cargadores.

But it may be doubted whether anyone, landing on the shores of what is now called Colombia, and especially at Santa Marta, can escape the thrall of Conrad's masterpiece. It has a universality of appeal that can be understood only by those who have become accustomed to the history and geography of Central and South America. The present writer has stood on the beaches and rocks of Honduras, of Guatemala and of Costa Rica as well as of New Granada, and realized with a slight shock of astonishment that the very essence and atmosphere of those scenes were in his memory and were derived from a novel read long before. And so with the somber records of Latin America. One seems to be reading again and again, chapters from the life work of Don Jose Avellanos, "Fifty Years of Misrule," the volume so often mentioned by Conrad in the course of his novel. With the intuition of genius the author has divined the fundamental glories and tragedies of Latin America, and has created a scene, a group, a problem such as may be discovered in any of these unhappy lands from Ecuador to the Rio Grande.

But Santa Marta, hidden securely among those volcanic hummocks, at the foot of snow-clad mountains, will afford the present-day traveler none of the actual thrills and casualties of Latin-American revolt. Peace has descended upon the valley of the Cold River, and the jungles where buccaneers and Spanish patriots died and sank in the pestilential slime are groves of flourishing tropical fruit-trees. Below the conical rocks, over which the English corsairs are reported to have crept when they moved to the assault of the sleeping city, are petroleum-tanks and railroad shops and docks for steamers from the North and from England. A sea-front that conveys to a stranger on an anchored ship an entirely fallacious hint of Asbury Park or Atlantic City, in its curving line of lights, runs westward from the dock and beyond that again rises amid a sea of foliage the inevitable symbol of modern enterprise, the masts of the local wireless station.

There is, to the philosophic traveler, a fascination in observing that same curving line of lights. He may, if he has a retentive memory, recall other illusions of New Granada. Behind them, instead of the crowded gaiety of Coney Island, Long Branch, Far Rockaway or Atlantic City, there is nothing save a high wind blowing a blinding dust between the blocks of white Spanish houses. It takes him by the throat, this appalling discovery of shabby, sloven emptiness. It reminds him of the time when, chugging through the ramifying channels of the Magdalena Delta, languidly observant of alligators, the boat skirts what appear to be smooth velvet lawns of delicious turf, while through the tangled interstices of the trees beyond he imagines he can discern some great house with rose gardens and gazebos. The illusion is powerful for an instant and is gone. Those lawns are no more than floating platforms of greenery into which the boat's propeller lashes and goes foul, while behind the thickets there lie fifty miles of dense dark jungle. In the same way the sea-front of Santa Marta by night plays upon the home-sick traveler's fancy. He goes ashore later, and standing amid that desolate squalor, marvels at the diverging temperaments of Europe's races.

## II

And yet Santa Marta is worth a visit, if the traveler remembers the first law of travel. He will discover there as much, for example, as Joseph Conrad actually beheld in the original Sulaco, in the Occidental province of Costaguana. This perhaps is the first law of imaginative literature, to appraise justly the "light of magic suggestiveness," as he calls it, that plays over even such dire localities as Santa Marta, and projects them upon our minds as the abodes of magnificent romance.

She appears, if you arrive from the southward, as a haven, gleaming white against dark altitudes flecked with swift-moving thunder-storms and scored with boulder-choked ravines. It is permissible to believe that an enormous glacier came down from the mountains just here, tearing the flanks of them into gorges and planing out the wide platform upon which the city is built. She appears, it is insisted, as a haven, such as Turner painted with a thorough comprehension of the nature of a refuge from the stormy Narrow Seas of England. The Caribbean hereabouts is not the azure insipidity of the advertised ocean that is supposed to attract the tourist upon the principle of promising him an impossible exemption from the hazards of existence. The Caribbean is a sea of strong character, with occasional ebullient moods. Those who delight to call it the American Mediterranean might remember what the other Mediterranean is like, in the Gulf of Lyons in January, for example, or round Cape Malea, or even between Sardinia and the Peninsula. And one of the main Caribbean features is the wind roaring ceaselessly past the headlands, outside Santa Marta.

It is very deceptive, that wind, for it never enters the harbor. You go out in a motor boat, if the chief-officer consents to lower it for a few hours, and you are entranced by the placidity of the water. You recall, if you like, the great Golfo Placido of Sulaco, and you espy, against the rocky islet of the Morro Grande, a delightful passage. It would be an excellent scheme, you think, to circumnavigate that savage particle of South America, and something to describe to those at home. But the moment the boat arrives in the rock-strewn channel the aspect of nature changes. The romantic and picturesque shores of Santa Marta appear now to be veritable jaws of death. The wind rises to what you imagine to be hurricane force, the boat plunges in emerald-green rollers that explode in white thunder upon walls of broken basalt. You decide it is not such a picnic after all. You may even, if you have a turn for pessimism, wonder what will happen if the engine stops, as motor boat engines are notoriously prone to do. Your proximity to a coast resembling those depictions of the

haunts of the sirens becomes unpleasant, nor do any sirens reveal themselves to afford you an adequate excuse for disaster. You decide that motor-boating under such conditions is overrated. The sides of the islet, as the boat forges slowly out of the riot of the channel, appear more than inhospitable. They resemble the jagged walls of a mythological nightmare. Presently the one accessible spot comes into view, and beyond it you behold, with much affection, the placid security of the harbor. The boat no longer rolls, and your garments are no longer wrenched by a ruthless roaring wind that has at last made you understand how the ancients endowed such air-currents with personality, and an active malevolent intelligence. High up the steep track leading to the lighthouse you see heads upon walls, like knobs, that indicate the observant family of the lighthouse keeper. At the tiny ramshackle jetty rocks a boat, which tradition says was built upon the summit of the craggy pinnacle and launched by lowering down the cliff. It may please you to believe this. Once more safe from that outer stormy coast, you will be in the mood to believe anything.

The city itself, however, lies as it were in the flare of a wide flat funnel, and at night the off-shore wind comes rushing down from the narrow valley beyond, and carries with it in swirling vortices the deep dust of the surfaceless Spanish streets. It is a blast with the relentless pressure of a mechanical blower, it sweeps hats into the sea and evokes in the wayfarer a petulant anger. It bears upon its pinions all the foulness and stagnant airs of the purlieus, and accounts for the strange healthiness of a city of primitive conveniences.

And sometimes, as in the early dawn, when the last fruit trains have screamed and wheezed themselves round the curve into the docks, and there is no sign of life in the city, Santa Marta becomes even more of a whited sepulchre than Barranquilla. At such hours the blanched houses might be the débris of the glacial era, left piled with a ghastly and fortuitous regularity by the deliquescing ice. The chill radiance of a full moon enhances the impression of *rigor mortis* as one looks fearfully down the wide straight empty thoroughfares. On the flanks of the Sierra, the lightning darts from one black nucleus of vapor to the next, and, beyond the shadowless waters of the harbor, unruffled now in the hush before the landward breezes, rises the Morro Grande with its clear steady beam.

There are many, familiar with this region of New Granada, who will assert that commerce has monopolized it, and that beyond the export of tropical produce there is nothing to hold the traveler's attention. This is true in so far as external observation goes, and it may be doubted whether production, on a large scale, of anything can be achieved without bringing in an atmosphere of more or less chilling bureaucracy. The great trading companies of all eras were so afflicted, and we forget, when touring as philosophic voyagers, that within the powerful, well-oiled mechanism of such enterprises the component individual parts suffer no inconvenience because their business is with efficiency rather than adventure.

Yet the present writer must confess that for him Santa Marta has been tinctured at times with the rosy hues of fancy and he has beheld, walking amid those mundane surroundings, fabulous beings who bore, unknown to themselves, the stigmata of romance. They were, in short, remarkably like characters in some novel that Joseph Conrad, by some extraordinary mischance, omitted to write.

## III

There was one who might have easily found his way into the community at Sulaco, an elderly man of heavy frame and innocent eye, whom we called Old Wolf, though that may have been merely his name. There was nothing wolfish in his attitude towards us who came from Garston Docks and Avonmouth, in Old England. All he desired was to practice the homely nautical custom of exchanging

reading matter, with a leaning towards American magazines that dealt with scenes of violence in the Far West. These were his meat, and he would reckon one of them adequate barter for half a dozen of the milder English periodicals.

He lived up on a small mountain of his own behind the docks in a house that had to be dismantled after the oil tanks came because the air up there became charged with the odors of the lighter petroleum derivatives; but that was long after Old Wolf himself had gone home, as will be told. It was a house ordinary enough until one had climbed near it, up a very steep track, and saw how it was fashioned of the débris of the railroad shops, with a yard-fence of corrugated sheets and stanchions of old rails, and a flooring of old ties. The roof was of corrugated iron too, and came down low over the veranda, which was adorned with windows from old cars. That roof was like a larrikin's cap pulled down over a disreputable head. It bade you beware.

And up at the back the house was even more remarkable. It was not built at the top of the mountain. The wind already mentioned would have simply blown it away bodily, so the garden, a patch of ground at an angle of forty degrees, full of cactus-like prickly pads, rose up there, and on the summit was a summer-house facing the East. It was made of rails and hardwood planks, buttressed with rock, and it needed all those reinforcements. To climb up to it was a memorable experience, if a nightmare can be called memorable.

For when you had reached it and struggled with the door and went out upon the platform, you felt faint, and your knees gave under you. There was nothing save the great sky and a roaring wind and a clean plunge to those savage black rocks two hundred feet or more below. It staggered you as you held to the humming iron rail, and looked from the seat, where Old Wolf had often sat looking toward England, to the fluorescent commotion of white water and black-green rocks beneath you. If you had any imagination at all you would shiver a bit at the macabre humor of that retreat in the very eye of the booming wind. Here he would sit when his day's work was done in the yards below, cut off from the world, nursing one of his numerous progeny and reading tales of he-men in the early West. Forgetful, apparently, that he himself was far from effeminate.

He had come from England long ago, and in our day Old Wolf was reputed rich. His house, that was like a crow's-nest made of rubbish picked here and there, with no great care for matching or symmetry, was to many of the inhabitants of the town like the home of a spider who watched them wriggling more and more feebly in the threads of his mortgages and loans. Astutely he had made friends with the *jefe politico*, the *commandante* and the governor of those days, and all was within the law.

Such were the tales, borne to us by survivals of the old Imperial Line that carried the fruit in those earlier days. Old Wolf's wealth became a tale to tell to new hands in the night watches while waiting for the fruit to come in from the plantations, arms asprawl on the rail, and taking a look now and then at the low-browed truculent house on the hill. How much was true may be only conjectured. The point is—he had caught our imaginations as cowboys had caught his. Old Wolf wanted to be a fearless rider of purple distances, joining posses and winging bad Indians and greasers. To us he was a buccaneer forgotten by time and living disguised as a yard-master. What tales were told of his *mestizo* harem of days gone! And anyone could see his wife, a massive brown woman hanging out clothes on the wire behind the house. His children were brown too, and he seemed very fond of them in a pasha-like way, though they ran nearly naked.

He scarcely lived up to the traditions about him when he came aboard for "reading matter," yet nobody had any difficulty in believing the wildest tale. He was like a retired shipmaster, and he may

have been one, with that faint air of having drifted slowly away from all his sinful past, floating into view a highly respectable hulk, that many ship-captains have in their old age. He had known the men who first began trading on that coast, and had been in some fine shindies in the Frio Valley. We would watch him and decline to be taken in by his pacific paternal appearance. We knew all the officials in the place were secretly in his employ. Land for many leagues was in his possession and he had mortgages on many a fine mansion along the shore. He seemed to have no objection to being regarded in this sinister light so long as he got a fresh batch of "reading matter" with titles like "The Fight on the Lazy B" or "Riders of the Desert Ranges." Strong stuff, and much liked by the engineers' mess. Mates ran more to love stories.

And then we came back from Garston or Avonmouth and found him gone. It was a tale to whip the languid interest of anyone who had been on watch for fifteen days without a thing to break the monotony. He had gone home, retired, bought a country estate in Somersetshire and settled down to end his days in dignified seclusion. That was nothing however. Anybody with the loot could do that. There was nothing even very startling about him leaving his domestic establishment where it was, adequately provided for, we were assured. Englishmen often did that, Out East. What would that huge brown woman and her tribe of brats be doing in the Manor House, High Over-roads, Walsingham-cum-Maltby, Somersetshire, England? Answer that.

No. What carried us away was this: he had gone home with his fortune in gold stowed in a strong box. He had liquidated all those fabulous securities and loans and had somehow got the bullion aboard a Dutch steamer. There was the true buccaneer touch! It was in harmony with that terrible summer-house above the sheer drop of the basalt cliff, the house with the look of a sullen and ruthless bandit, the career of thrifty trading and money-lending with a feckless and not-too-bright population. It gave one the impression that there was something in that Nordic business after all! It was impressive, to see how, in spite of all those years of expatriation on that coast, he had gone back to the settled thousand-year-old quietude of his native land. And with a chest of gold, like some old pirate of the Spanish Main, to be a squire and have hats touched to him, while in the drowsy afternoons he would sit in the great paneled library, and read the last new tale of western life, and thrill with the gusty sentiments of the virtuous cowboys of cactus and sage!

## IV

They did not pull down that furtive and sinister house at the time. It had another tenant, mysteriously antithetical to Old Wolf. Not a sheep exactly, but a lamb, to whose shorn nakedness the wind had never been tempered to any extent. Yet so different from the former proprietor, so forlorn, and with so little chance against fate, that it was a fabulous adventure just to see him at home. It was as though the destiny of that house was to shelter extraordinary people. Old Wolf had a *mestizo* mate, and the tale ran in the barracks and cantinas that he didn't know half of his progeny. Which possibly had a grain of truth in it. But Señor Manzanares, who came after him, was as brown as a suit-case, and he was wedded, with a sort of despairing finality, to a quiet woman from Stamford Hill. And they had a baby, the like of which had never been seen before on earth.

How they came to be in that unfortunate house was not easy to determine. Señor Manzanares was from Bogotá, of a first family, though he didn't look it, and while working in a bank in London "had met his fate," as he remarked to the present writer with startling candor. She did not resemble one of the Fates, being a smiling, unsophisticated Cockney girl, much occupied with the baby, who seemed to have

more energy and snap than the two of them. They would sit and watch him with an absorption that shook the observer's faith in his own philosophy. It was impossible to distract them from the one devouring preoccupation of their lives.

Señor Manzanares, however, turned out to be no more than a temporary arrangement. And he lived in that house because there was no other vacant. As the stray visitor gained their confidence, having been a Londoner himself in his time and knowing Stamford Hill, it transpired that their fortunes were of the same ramshackle architecture as the house. The courage, or the audacity, if you will, or the folly of a man who married in such circumstances, was amazing to anyone who was partial to an anchorage with a good holding ground. The wife seemed to have the calm assurance of a—a sleep-walker. They knew no more of the future than that. The baby was everything, and one could not help wonder whether his passionate outcries and mighty kickings were not in the way of a warning to those two to look out and get busy, instead of sitting there almost befuddled with philoprogenitiveness.

Because as soon as the regular yardmaster came out from England it would be necessary for Señor Manzanares to hunt employment. He was a small, meek creature, with large woebegone brown eyes, his long nose, small mouth and chin meeting at the apex of an ineffective phalanx. What he was to do he was not particularly able to say. This problem was occasionally discussed in the evening over some warm beer, on the veranda. The visitor was inclined to suggest North America as a solution, but the pair of them plainly flinched from so wild a journey. However, if one heard of anything perhaps one would let him know? Oh certainly, certainly. And the visitor pondered, and thought of the roar of Nassau street, and Forty-second, and Fifth avenue, and wondered where those people would finish up.

There was electric light up there in that house, from some extremely uncertain source down below, and as the problem was reviewed in a low tone (the baby having retired) the light would die down until the filaments were mere reddish loops. Then it would rise again a little, so that the interior could be seen. Señor Manzanares would look up at the lamps and make a gentle gesture of despair. That was the way of this place. Perhaps the light would go out altogether, and he could be heard remarking that the service was scandalous, but nothing could be done about it. To the visitor, seeing them slowly swallowed up in obscurity, it seemed like a symbol of their future, and he was not astonished, coming back one day, to find them gone, and the house partly demolished, while the skeleton of an oil tank was rising in a scooped out space at the foot of the hill.

And where they went was shrouded in mystery until one day many years later the traveler was informed, in Bogotá, that a Señor Manzanares had telephoned and would call. Which he did, with the family, and explained how he had come home at last and for many months had sought for something to do. Meekly they sat and gazed at the sturdy youngster ranging the hotel room and testing his muscles by assuming strange attitudes. No, there was nothing he could find to do. Was it possible the visitor, with his vast knowledge of North America, knew of anything? Was he likely to hear of anything? Would he "use his influence"?

It wasn't easy to give an answer to a pathetic plea like that. It was beyond the stranger's power to tell the bald truth, that a man has to get his job himself if it is to be of any value to him, that influence is a foolish myth and the world a difficult place for those who have nothing definite to offer. Yet the problem attracted him, for it was the problem of so many young men of Colombia. They drift up to Bogotá, living on their families, hoping that influence will get them some government billet, some dignified sinecure. They become afraid of the hot lands and the com-

petitive strife that wages in the northern countries. Their minds become attenuated in the rarefied atmosphere of the Plateaucracy, if the reader will forgive a strange but expressive word.

So the visitor looks at this little family and wonders what the indomitably energetic child will think of his parents later on. One cannot imagine him staying up here to hang about government offices for a job. There is a secret principle of compensation in the genesis of families, herein made manifest. Master Manzanares dislodges a vase of flowers with a satisfying crash. Possibly he carries within him the germs of revolt, of spectacular success. Whatever it may be, it will not take him begging in the ante-rooms of the great.

## V

But to return to the white town behind the black cliffs of Santa Marta. The coming of oil, which, although New Granada has many pools of it beneath her jungles, is still brought from Mexico, has razed that strange house on the mountain, and possibly the new incumbents have no such attractive personalities as those here described. Possibly too, Mrs. Effingham has been replaced by a conventional chatelaine. It is sad to think this, for Mrs. Effingham was something to see in the drab monotony of a bureaucratic community, each member so exquisitely sensitive to the weaknesses and peculiarities of the rest. Mrs. Effingham was a symbol of bohemianism and the arts, of a protest against the enslaving influence of capital and the atrophy of intellect engendered by professional cares. Mrs. Effingham was talked about. But so was Joan of Arc, and Catherine the Great and Lady Wortley Montague. It may be doubted whether Mrs. Effingham compared herself with these celebrated females, but she was certainly indifferent to the gossip that passed in company quarters or on the promenade decks of ships in port. This, of course, was long ago.

In her way she was as bizarre as Old Wolf, who lived on his mountain above the yard, while she lived in a fantastic villa at the other end of that illusory curving line of lights. Fantastic to our way of thinking, of course, for it resembled one of those villas they show you in Pompeii today, that the Latin bureaucrats used as Summer homes. There were paintings in fresco on the walls of the wide veranda, and it had a *patio* within, and heavy red tiles above, and a fussy front door. Apparently Mr. Effingham occupied so high a position in the bureaucracy that he didn't have to live in a sort of glorified rabbit-hutch in the general compound, as most of them did. In person he was a quiet dignified creature, very much the accomplished executive and an effective background for his unconventional spouse.

Yes, in her way she was bizarre. Because it seemed to be her ambition to establish a salon at the very point where, some million years or so before, a glacier had plunged into the Caribbean. To the fascinated observer, piecing together the fabulous tales he heard here and there, it was plain that the city harbored a frustrated Aspasia. It was impossible to refrain from imagining what she might have done but for that over-shadowing bureaucracy and the sardonic humor of agriculturists who took no interest in the arts.

There was, for example, that eminent author from Boston who was practically kidnapped from his ship and made a lion of by Mrs. Effingham, and compelled to read a most marvelous drama she had written. There was the artist from Pittsburgh, who thought she was a fresh passenger, and found himself in an automobile with the lady, driving rapidly across a wind-swept desert (as he imagined it) and arriving at the villa with the pictures on the walls beneath the veranda. These, since he had always associated such things with residences of the less edifying sort, alarmed him until he underwent a fresh transformation and discovered that the husband was offering him some particularly good whisky.

It is time, however, to clear Mrs. Effingham's name of scandal. The phrase, frustrated Aspasia, used above, may stand, but it must be used in its entirety. Whatever she might have been if Santa Marta had remained under the Bourbons, in actual fact she was no temptress. Her restless temperament chafed at the limitations imposed by the environment in which she resided. To be the spouse of so eminent an official as Mr. Effingham was regarded by all the other ladies as the pinnacle of social and biological achievement. But to Mrs. Effingham being a spouse was no great shakes. Being the spouse of the eminent Effingham meant, to her, slow tropical martyrdom. It was her grievance that she was married to one of those monsters common in American fiction—a business man absorbed in his business. His feeble attempts to appreciate his brilliant wife aroused in her short sardonic laughter. That same brilliance was the occasion of much amused whispering among the company employés. So far from coöperating with her to establish what might be called a look-out tower upon the great world of art, music, letters and philosophy, they took refuge in oafish grimacings. The key to their skepticism was this—that Mrs. Effingham so far hadn't done very much to justify her regal airs. The marvelous drama, for instance, had not only never been produced; it had never been seen, and a gross creature in the auditor's department voiced a disbelief in its existence.

That was the mistake they made. Mrs. Effingham might behave like a fraud, but she was genuine. As genuine as any successful artist can be, that is to say. And that is why it is fortunate, perhaps, that Joseph Conrad, picking up his hints for "Nostromo," never ran across her. Conrad lacks the patience so necessary for the sympathetic depiction of the artist. The sea-captain is as far from the artist as one human being can get without being entirely insane, which explains Conrad's difficulty in combining the two apparently incompatible things. He had to give up being a sea-captain before he could develop as an artist. It explains also his apologetic attitude towards his achievements. He secretly suspected he was breaking some unwritten law of the sea by writing at all.

And therefore, the present writer thinks, he would have passed her by with Slavonic contempt for her poor little attempts to make something of her life in Santa Marta. In the revolutionary troubles in Sulaco she might have been reserved for a slightly ridiculous destiny—let us say the forgotten prisoner of General Montero. . . .

It was difficult not to smile, of course, if you were merely an accomplished agriculturist or construction expert, or a figure-juggling accountant, when a scornful impatient woman tried to lord it over your wife or daughters, and could produce no adequate warrant for such assumption of superiority. What had she done to justify such an attitude?

As for the native ladies of New Granada Mrs. Effingham had a brief and damaging epithet, *sotto voce*, for them. It wasn't that she made pets of them, even if that were possible. Mrs. Effingham might be accurately described as aggressively Nordic. Her prescription for the solution of Latin-American problems, as exemplified in New Granada, was that of the English statesman regarding Ireland. She would have sunk the country for half an hour and raised it again, an uninhabited paradise. Some parts, it is to be feared, and Santa Marta in particular, Mrs. Effingham would have directed the cosmic forces to leave permanently submerged.

Because, for a woman with a brain bursting with brilliant Broadway successes, Santa Marta was, to use her own figure, a dead loss uncovered by insurance. That was the secret the local humorists failed to discover. They never suspected that Mrs. Effingham would use an assumed name when she reached the Great White Way. Her motive in so doing may seem obscure to the thoughtless reader. He, or she, will forget that before Mrs. Effingham attained to this supreme felicity, she had pried Mr.

Effingham from his apparently impregnable position in the great fabric of the trading company, carried him away northward to New York, and established him in an office in Nassau street, while she herself attended to the furnishing of an extraordinary abode just off Washington Square South. Black wall paper and blood-orange lamp shades were the least of the trials Mr. Effingham had to endure. The place resembled South America in this—it was like a jungle, out of whose screened and shadowy fastnesses strange female shapes could be seen smoking cigarettes in eighteen-inch holders, and revealing stockings rolled far below the knee.

## VI

The logical dénouement of this episode of Santa Marta should be, according to the rules of fiction, that the misunderstood business man permits the erring wife to discover her own incompetence, and after making an enormous fortune in the office in Nassau street, takes her back, sadder, wiser, sweeter, more womanly, to the haven beneath the snow-capped Sierras. What actually happened was not like that to any notable extent. For the play, under a name that the present writer feels he is not permitted to divulge, was a formidable success. Mr. Effingham made no comment. He subsided into the rôle for which he had been trained for many years. He furnished the apartment above his wife's in plain oak and oxidized fittings and dreamed of Santa Marta. For him there would always be a faint regret for that painted villa by the sea, whose red roof glowed like a ruby against the green bosom of the plantations. It appeared all the more alluring from his present forlorn prosperity in the garbage-can of the spurious arts. Indeed, Mr. Effingham was to discover that South America is very like the Orient. It grows upon one, so that no measure of success elsewhere will compensate the exile.

But Mrs. Effingham is happy, and therefore by the great laws of sentiment that reign over us, he must be happy too. She will soon have another play ready, and Mr. Effingham will be directed to purchase a fine old New England mansion and install electric light and Chinese servants. Whereupon Mrs. Effingham will fill it with hook-rugs and pine tables and intellectuals, and they will achieve the apex of artistic success, a Summer home.

Will this compensate Mr. Effingham? It will not. His years on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta will haunt him even in New England and Fifth avenue. He will regret the days when he rode on horseback up the valleys, and reaching some one of the lower summits, caught a glimpse of the great fields of snow, flushed with rose and heliotrope and mauve as the sun was sinking in the distant sea. Perhaps the awful stillness of those high places will be contrasted, in his mind, with the roar and racket of automobiles rushing along the roads, and the unrestful turmoil of Manhattan. It is almost certain he will fall to thinking, one of these days, upon the contrasts between the two continents, and wonder whether the attempt to transform the Latin lands by North American efficiency will not prove a costly error. He may stumble on the thought which comes at times to those who have seen that efficiency at work, but which would never come to Mrs. Effingham with all her brilliance—that possibly we are missing something very wonderful indeed, the renascence of a Mediterranean culture in a region peculiarly fitted for it.

Neither Mrs. Effingham nor anybody else will ever know now, because it is too late. The distance is too great for them ever to catch up. Their period of hope ended nearly a hundred years ago, in this city of Santa Marta, where they will show you the house that received the worn-out body of the Liberator, the extraordinary being who comprised in his own career the weakness and the strength of Latin-America, and whose ideas might have led his countrymen to establish a system that would have been the glory of mankind.

# HELL ALONG THE BORDER

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THERE are three kinds of legends about the fringe of frowzy hamlets and small towns that have been placed by Providence, working through the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, just across the southern border of the Federal Union. They are said (mainly by railroad folders and the local guide-books of the American metropolises opposite them) to possess a "piquant foreign atmosphere" and to wield a "quaint Old World spell." They are said to be unsafe for Americans visiting them who do not wear their oldest clothes, raise three-day beards and leave their jewelry behind. And they are said to offer Bacchanalian revels on such a lavish scale that only a millionaire's pocket-book can take care of the check.

Throughout the United States vast numbers of people believe in these droll sayings. In El Paso, where I am expiating the evil done in my youth, some stranger from the Corn Belt or the high Sierras drops into my office almost weekly to ask my advice as to whether he (or she) should risk a visit to Ciudad Juarez at all. Even in the border cities themselves there are hordes of Angles and Saxons no better informed. They are the men and women who, for fear of being seen in more than one half of one per cent alcoholic surroundings by customers, clients, patients, pastors or rivals in local social-climbing, never cross the Rio Grande. Thus the life of the Mexican towns becomes as romantically remote to them as the life of the Falkland Islands. And thus they take on faith the declaration of the Rev. Dr. Bob Jones, a favorite evangelist of the Southern backwoods, that "I would rather shoot my son and throw his body in the river than have him spend an hour in the raging inferno of Juarez," or the equally gorgeous fantasies of visiting inebriates who, having lost $7 in a Mexican gambling den, raise it to a robbery of $7,000 on complaining to the police on the American side.

With such nonsense, piously repeated, they warn away visiting strangers from the dangers of a foreign strand only fifteen minutes distant by six-cent trolley. In El Paso visiting conventions are regularly scared out of holding their banquets in Juarez by an alliance of such propagandists with the even more enthusiastically righteous El Paso hotel and restaurant keepers. Disappointed lodge brothers and members of commercial orders spread the evil tidings into the farthest fastnesses of the Republic. And so the legends grow.

But after according several years of loyal patronage to Mexico's sinks of crime, I now rise to protest. I have studiously observed the viciousness and even the mere faults of decorum in Juarez, largest of the corrupting foci, in season and out for at least twelve seasons. I have had my glimpses at the life of the equally ill-reputed Nogales, Mexicali and Tia Juana. I have been in confidential communication with habitual visitors to Nuevo Laredo, Matamoros, Piedras Negras and Agua Prieta. And I can find in all these towns no sins more gorgeous than those enjoyed by every Massachusetts lodge of Elks at its annual fish-fries prior to 1920.

The Mexican border towns, it is true, offer a certain show of moth-eaten adobe architecture, and have dark brown inhabitants who speak Spanish, and an occa-

sional visitor from the interior flourishing a serape or the high-peaked sombrero by which Mexicans may be recognized in the movies. Mexicali, in addition, provides a few turbanned Hindus and black-pajamaed Chinese. Tia Juana sometimes—and not always veraciously—supplies a Hollywood star indulging publicly in his or her bacchanals. But the only "quaint old-world spell" really worth noticing is exactly the same spell which was cast by the row of two- and three-story "store-construction" buildings on the west side of Court House Square in any bibulous middle western county seat on a Saturday afternoon 20 years ago. It is the spell of a noisy and confused babble mixed vaguely with drums and fiddles, and the whirr of swinging doors plied busily, and a rich alcoholic smell. The charm, the prosperity, the usefulness of the border resorts are all rooted in the fact that they are the only relatively accessible, reasonably inexpensive, all-year-round, snow-free life-saving stations for the arid population of inland United States: in short, cheap Bahamas to which minor Babbitts can come from Kansas by Ford.

## II

Their charm for the conveniently located sociologist is that the minor Babbitts keep on coming. In Winter, the endless string of motor and train traffic seeking the snow-free routes to California strikes the border at El Paso and clings to it all the way to Tia Juana's near neighbor, San Diego. In general, this Winter visitation is mid-western or "sure enough western" in origin. The bar-room clamor at the Big Kid's Palace or Jimmie O'Brien's in Juarez, the feminine chatter from the immaculate tables at the Central or from behind the naughtily curtained booths at the Office or the Lobby, is shrill with the harsh, flat *a*'s and the insistent *r*'s of the Corn Belt. In Summer, when terror of the desert drives this migration over the northern routes, the same places are pleasant with the musical accents of the lower Old South, mixed with the whiney drawls of East Texas and Arkansas.

Either season the procession is made up, as to class, of much the same elements: small-town bankers and grocers seeking retirement and mild dementia praecox in the suburbs of Los Angeles; dissatisfied young clerks and mechanics seeking "new openings" somewhere "on the coast," and their pert young flapper wives seeking new ideas in bungalows and bathing suits at Long Beach and La Jolla; occasional sportsmen on their way to chase big game in Mexico; fairly well-to-do tourists, embracing all classes from church deacons to racing touts, seeing the country on long vacations; traveling salesmen and other special agents, often accompanied by their wives, and eager to enliven business with serious intervals of pleasure; floaters looking for jobs, locality of no consequence, that will not seriously inhibit their floating; semi-nomads in battered Fords bound from Nowhere to the same place. Either season, too, the outward-bound procession encounters another flood—the thinner but constant ebb of the disillusioned from California back to where they came from.

In any case, they are bound from and for localities infinitely more arid than the thirst-begetting desert. They have either sorrows to drown or pleasures to accelerate in a way that is relatively difficult and expensive, and sometimes socially inexpedient at home. Juarez, the first border resort encountered by probably seventy-five per cent of them, is the place where more convinced Prohibitionists, including those from States where their cause triumphed a generation ago, gloriously escape from the régime they have made, than are to be found anywhere else. Even the trans-Atlantic liners, speeding north-eastward twelve miles off Sandy Hook, carry smaller passenger lists. Even on the Quebec border there is no spot where so many trails converge for rich and poor alike.

But they converge most of all, it must be admitted, for the less than entirely sophisticated. It is true that Juarez has

entertained during the past three years an English lord, a French ace, a British novelist, a popular American poet and a national field agent of the W. C. T. U. But the ace proved to be one of the new race of Frenchmen, so bound by athletic training rules that he forswore even tea and coffee, the poet was a member of the Christian church and a former lecturer for the Anti-Saloon League, the novelist expressed his distaste for the beer because it was not heavy enough by British standards and would try nothing else, and the El Paso newspapers cryptically quoted the W. C. T. U. lady as saying that she had never enjoyed an experience so much as her trip to Juarez, but left it to the reader to determine what she meant by that.

The lord did his best to conform to the fictional traditions of his caste, but on his attempting to pick up a handsome young woman sitting alone at a table at the now extinct lobster palace of the Oasis, he was publicly and ferociously slapped. On investigation it was learned that the young woman hailed from Wichita, and was keeping a date with a Kiwanian of that city who was incidentally her husband. Sophisticates, though rare on the border at best, have almost a reputation for being disappointing.

## III

Instead of coming to Juarez to learn their latest ways—as one once sought the drinking rooms of the Brevoort or Lafayette—it is far more entertaining to spend a loose evening making the rounds in search of stern, red-blooded men who have not yet mastered the art of conversing with bartenders. In the Fall or early Winter, when the migrants from Kansas are most numerous, one can frequently find them in swarms. They can be identified by several infallible signs: the roving and embarrassed eye they cast upon the fixtures of the establishment, especially the nude masterpieces and the array of esoteric bottles. By their blushes and the peculiarly stammering "hod-doos" with which they return the grand servitor's equalitarian salutation, "Good evening, gentlemen, what will it be?" And beyond possibility of doubt, by the long minutes of timid-toned debate by which the order is decided.

Nowhere else in the world is it so easy to show what Kansas' generation of Prohibition has done to the American he-man's innate *savoir faire*. If the onlooker suffers with the inferiority complexes of others, the effects may be acutely painful when an especially attentive bartender follows up the sale with the harassing inquisition, "Are your drinks O. K., gentlemen?" I have personally seen prosperous and up-and-coming men, who at home would not be embarrassed by being called upon to read a lodge ritual or to lead in prayer for the dying, blink their eyes and clear their throats for a full minute before they could produce a half-hearted, "Yeh, I guess so."

I remember a representative of the type, slightly more voluble than the average, whom the bartender in a dull hour had enticed into confidences. He had, he explained, followed literally the advice received from fellow passengers on the Golden State Limited about wearing his oldest clothes and letting his beard grow two days. Now, obviously in perfect sobriety, he demanded to know as man to man if he had not done the right thing. He must know on account of the wife. The lady, though curious, had not yet ventured off American soil. But he had been around a little without seeing anything untoward, and now he wondered if it would not be safe to bring her across in suitable raiment just once.

Patiently and tactfully, Charlie—who had learned patience and tact at the shrine of Mr. Ramos in New Orleans—explained that a man who kept his wits was in no more danger in Juarez than in Brooklyn and that even a man who lost his was not in much more. Perhaps it was done too tactfully. Anyway, the man from Lawrence committed the unpardonable indiscretion of doubting a bartender's word. "How do I know you're giving me the

right steer, friend?" he asked, putting into his eyes all the cunning of a suspicious life.

"Whaddyu take me for?" Charlie snorted so fiercely that even the Kansan knew himself snubbed. And sensitive onlookers turned away, suffering as only serious breaches of male decorum can make strong men suffer.

The next day I saw the man from Lawrence timidly consuming luncheon at the Central Café. He was still in his patched suit and his beard was well along in its third day. But his companion was a comely woman of middle age dressed in the height of Main Street fashion.

A classic example of unfamiliarity with the atmosphere of "sin and degradation" was afforded by the elderly gentleman with whom I fell in one fine March afternoon while going from place to place searching for a disconnected friend. The old man was following the same route. After we had opened the swinging doors of two or three establishments, only to glance around for a moment and pass out, he accosted me. "I see you're just lookin' 'em over, too, brother. My, it's an awful place, ain't it?"

We travelled along together and he unfolded more or less of his life story. He had never touched liquor or tobacco in sixty-five years, and owned a printing establishment in an Iowa county seat. They had had local option there since '95—"and enforced it, too, thank God!" Still, he thought it was a man's duty to see what life was like, no matter how bad it was. He had been born, in fact, with a passion for the higher sightseeing. In 1881 he was a printer's apprentice in a newspaper shop in Cleveland, and the boss kept him at work in the basement while President Garfield's funeral passed by the very door.

"That made me so mad," he said, "that I made up my mind I'd never miss another sight when I could help it as long as I lived. And so I'm here."

We went our ways together, he glowering nervously at sin and I contemplating it inquiringly for a familiar face. Finally we located my friend, and the two of us invited the ancient to join us in something soft. But muttering that he would look it over once because he ought to, but he wouldn't drop a nickel in the devil's treasury if his life depended on it, he left us forever.

## IV

Inevitably the women folk who follow in the wake of such indiscretion are more indiscreet still. Nor is the fact that a male escort knows his way about a sure indication that all that is "not done" will remain undone in even the most respectable of feminine coveys. Once, at dinner in the most splendid of the Juarez cabaret palaces, nine people, three dour and taciturn men of obvious small-town substance, and six daughters and wives of varying ages, were placed at a large table next ours. The conversation soon informed us that they were two motor parties from the same town in Mississippi. The men said little and looked despairing and frightened. The ladies, even before the order was taken, burst into such remarks as "What would you take to have the folks back home see us here?" and "Lemme say it. What would you take to have the Reverend Jones see us here?"

At length a simple dinner was served, accompanied by one small beer apiece—and they serve the small beers very small in all border resorts. Immediately the two elderly ladies proclaimed themselves feeling hilarious, and when, at the second and final round of the wassail, the shriller of the two developed hiccoughs, the party became such a riot of giggles as would have disgraced a group of 1907 schoolgirls enjoying the first edition of "Three Weeks."

Even the professional cabaret entertainers paused in the night's work to smile indulgently. But the whole salon roared its appreciation when, as the nine filed out, one of those fortunate general silences permitted all the world to overhear the eldest daughter ask: "Poppa, do you mean to say that meal cost eleven dollars?"

Poppa merely nodded; and, with two other bowed and graying male heads hang-

ing shamefully beside his, passed into the cool darkness.

It was in another of those terrific silences that we learned how the new institution of the cover charge is viewed from the Gopher Prairie angle. They were a party of three couples, middle aged and visibly constrained, sitting with uncomfortable erectness while the gentlemen solemnly emptied three small beer glasses—people whose air of acute wonderment attracted attention even before the check was presented. Then a feminine voice, angry and dominant, broke upon the stillness: "Waiter, do you mean to say you have the *nerve* to charge $1.80 for those three *miserabul* drinks?"

An unintelligible patter of soft Mexican-English evidently explained that three cover charges were fifty cents "the couple," and the beer ten per. The head waiter was called to confirm the news. Waving him aside, the lady rose grandly. "Arthur," she boomed awfully, "we are going back to El Paso and you are *not* to bring us here again."

But the saddest sight of many nights in Juarez was the family party at the Big Kid's Palace. The Big Kid himself is enormously tall, enormously fat fore and aft, with a face and head like a cherub's seven times enlarged. Wearing a battered cap several sizes too small for him, he gives his Palace quite a tone. Also he affects the fourth-rate prizefighters of the border athletic clubs, and his jazz hall is their favorite place to meet their somewhat hard-boiled shebas. For a seasoning to local color one finds, too, a generous representation of young El Paso married couples of substance, and another of emancipated flappers and their escorts, come to see the bouncer work. Despite wild jazz, and customers and waiters who look still wilder, the Big Kid is particular about rough stuff. The place never goes for more than thirty consecutive seconds beyond the limit.

Here on a hectic July evening, an iron-gray, life-scarred gentleman of fifty-odd had brought what appeared to be his aged mother and two maiden sisters. From the general atmosphere of spectacles and restraint, "the girls" might have been the Latin and geometry teachers from the high-school at Malden, Mass. The gentleman drank frequently and with a lowering visage small glasses of something neat. His aged mother seemed to adjust herself comfortably over a tall, cool schooner. But the maiden ladies sat in aloof and ox-eyed contemplation consuming nothing for more than an hour.

Then, suddenly, the orchestra struck into the most fiendish jazz motif of the entire evening and one nudged the other and they got up. Slowly they took positions, as only some town dancing master in 1895 New England could have taught them. Their stiff and wiry bodies the prescribed six inches apart, out among the flea-hopping pugs and hoydens, jellybeans and flappers, they vainly but unfalteringly sought to wrestle from that furious tempo the innocent rhythms of a two-step.

I looked at the brother's face. His eyes never blinked, his mouth did not even draw down in disgust. But I thought I had never seen an expression so romantically sad. Yet, fortified with more small glasses, he endured it time and again in the next hour—a good son and brother and an entertainer without peer.

## V

But it would be a libel both upon one's fellow countrymen and upon the atmosphere of the border towns to imply that the whole American race, in the bitter experience of the past few years, has forgotten all the rules of etiquette as they apply to alcoholic indulgence. The fact is that sophistication is far more often overdone than underdone. Years ago, when Mr. Babbitt and his friends could drop into Jake's place and perhaps a dozen places exactly like it during an evening or a busy cocktail hour, the fashion was to do it with a certain nonchalance. The bartender would be saluted as casually as any barber.

His comments on the weather, business conditions and the news of sport would be accepted with the grunts of friendly but plainly unmoved familiars. Each little group of companions would seek its table or form in a standing knot at the bar, as became serious men enjoying a serious pleasure. To make one's self noisily and spectacularly at home, one at least waited for the poisons to work.

But in Juarez or Tia Juana one often sees a brand new and perfectly sober customer rush upon the bartender with loud cries, wring both his hands and begin exchanging stories before the first drink is poured. Enforced abstinence from such entertainment has in five short years driven many Americans into a vociferous air of familiarity, which is the high sign of unfamiliarity. Even ladies who show by their orders and their expertness in consumption that they are familiar with all the vinous and cereal products, often name their drinks to the waiter with little squeals of delight. Perhaps it is for such reasons that the bartenders and waiters of Juarez seem to bear the most patiently cynical faces I have ever seen on men.

Yet the enthusiasm is mainly flash-in-the-pan. The excitement of the first two rounds over, Main Street tends to relax, even when there are more rounds, into its accustomed conversational grooves. Once from an indiscreetly secretive booth in the Office, I heard a foursome conversation degenerate from the heights of daring repartée concerning a home-town scandal about two young married couples, into the usual bi-sexual grouping, all within 15 minutes by the watch. Before the next half hour had passed them out through the door, the ladies had entertained each other with the repetition of one moving-picture plot each, a discussion of the relative values of several kinds of hairpins and barrettes, and a polite dispute as to whether a lapidary meant any jeweler or merely an expert carver of precious stones. The men had canvassed the 1924 wheat crop prospects in the Northwest and argued somewhat heatedly the merits of Senator La Follette. In fact, booth eavesdropping is nearly always disappointing, because sooner or later one reflects that one can get as good on a street-car for six cents.

On another occasion, in a fiendish group at a dinner party in one of the gilded palaces, two women participants smoked what was obviously the first cigarettes in their combined eighty years. But the moment their choking spasms were over, they began a low-toned and evidently confidential debate as to whether their pastor in the United Presbyterian church in a Tennessee town was feeble enough to be superannuated. Even those "situation" parties which intrigue the inquisitive diner-out often fail one. Once I saw a man and woman sit over a wine bottle for an hour with their eyes glued on each other. But when I approached them to join friends at the next table, it developed that she was telling him the exciting story of how somebody was jockeying her husband out of some patent rights on washing machinery.

One of the most thrilling and outwardly flirtatious two-somes I ever witnessed was between a rosy old capitalist of sixty-odd, just back from the oil fields at Tampico, and an imperially voluptuous false blonde for whom he bought all that the house offered in the way of food and drink, from cocktails through champagne to some special kind of cordial. Then suddenly and disappointingly he called for his chauffeur to take her back to El Paso. As they shook hands in parting, she scraped the last rouge off our illusions in two sentences: "Gee, but John'll be glad I ran into you. Now when you come to Chicago next Summer, you've just *got* to stay with us out in Evanston or John'll be mad."

## VI

So it goes. The more one frequents the Mexican border resorts, the more one is brought to realize that the great American gift in depravity is for playing devilish

rather than being it. Even in the wildly denounced gambling hells of Juarez, which are open or shut for months at a time according to the fluctuations of obscure arrangements with the Mexican officials, the frantic playing of nickels and dimes on mechanical devices is what takes one's breath away. Tia Juana draws on the wealth of southern California and is sometimes more thrilling, but more often not so. For, due to the regions and populations from which the border resorts mainly draw their customers, the very business of being devilish is mainly on the small-town, high-school alumnus scale. This is abundantly shown by the fact that out of four or five rococo lobster palaces that have attempted to do business in Juarez during the past three years, only one survives. A real one, pre-Prohibition, metropolitan style, has never been tried.

The truth seems to be that the tourist from the American inland, whether he comes by Ford or Cadillac, by day coach or Pullman, is looking for thrills at a low price. So the establishments which are content to do most of their business in those bar-room simples, beer, gin and whiskey, and which cut down about fifty per cent on the normal chile allowance in their Mexican viands, are the only ones that can pay the exorbitant Mexican license rates and still prosper. The real thrill, obviously and always sought in a border debauch, is to carry the memory of from two to nine drinks back to some town like Coon Rapids or Memphis, and to be able to say at the next gathering of cronies or lodge brothers: "Lemme tell you, li'l old Juarez is some town to raise hell (feminine equivalent: raise the roof) in. And, boy, we sure raised it!"

By such trivial vauntings do men make themselves feel better than their betters, and rid themselves for the time being of the persecutions of the inferiority complex.

# CHIROPRACTIC

BY MORRIS FISHBEIN

"The spine is a series of bones running down your back. You sit on one end of it and your head sits on the other." A simple definition and one that is sufficient for the average man! But there is much more to the spine than that. If you don't believe it, ask any chiropractor. In a glib and rhythmical manner that indicates hours of study of what the salesmen call a selling talk he will tell you things about the spine that will astonish you. Imagine, then, the astonishment of scientific anatomists, physiologists, pathologists and physicians when these amazing views of the spine were first launched upon them by Andrew Still, the founder of osteopathy! It was only later that they were adopted by the chiropractors and elaborated into a comprehensive system of pseudo-medicine.

Still, who had been a free lance doctor among the Shawnee Indians in Kansas, "flung to the breeze the banner of osteopathy," as he recounts in his autobiography, on June 22, 1874. He is said to have been convinced through cogitations on some osteological remnants unearthed in an Indian graveyard that the primary cause of disease is an interference with the blood supply or nerve function, brought about by pressure on the spinal nerves at the little openings between the vertebrae through which the nerves and blood vessels pass. In the fifty years since he first promulgated this doctrine, osteopathy has departed very largely from his original tenets. Utilizing the right to practice osteopathy as a back door into the practice of medicine, the osteopathic healers have embraced all of the new mechanical, physical and electrical methods of healing. They have even reached out warily for the right to use drugs, including narcotics, antiseptics and anesthetics. The osteopathic course has been lengthened greatly, and now it approaches a period in which a reasonable amount of knowledge regarding the human body may be accumulated by a student whose mental capacity has been sufficient to allow him to graduate from a high school. In other words, modern osteopathy hangs but loosely to the original ideas of Still.

About 1894, or some twenty years after osteopathy first saw the light, the following incident occurred in Davenport, Iowa. The story was told under oath on the witness-stand by B. J. Palmer, high priest of chiropractic and son of D. D. Palmer, its founder:

> Harvey Lillard was a janitor in the building in which father had his office at that time, in the Ryan Block at Davenport. Harvey came in one day thoroughly deaf. Father asked him how long he had been deaf, and he told him seventeen years. Father said, "How did this occur?" Harvey said, "I was in a stooped, cramped position, and while in that position I felt something pop, and heard it crack in my back." Father looked him over, laid him down on the cot, and there was a great subluxation on the back. Harvey said he went deaf within two minutes after that popping occurred in the spine, and had been deaf ever since, seventeen years. Father reasoned out the fundamental thought of this thing, which was that if something went wrong in that back and caused deafness, the reduction of that subluxation should cure it. That bump was adjusted, was reduced, and within ten minutes Harvey had his hearing and has had it ever since. He is now janitor in the City Hall of Davenport.

This little tale is inserted that the reader may see just how much credit is given to osteopathy by chiropractic for the idea on which the latter system, like the former,

rests. As for Harvey Lillard's deafness—if it was not imaginary—one can only surmise that it was of that order known as hysterical deafness, not due to any organic defect, and curable, as thousands of such cases always have been cured, by any strong suggestion, including the laying on of hands. The osteopaths will tell you that chiropractic is the first three weeks of osteopathy; the chiropractors will insist that there are vital differences between the original tenets of osteopathy and chiropractic, but no neutral student has ever been able to discover those differences. The younger Palmer told on the witness-stand how his father, confronted with his experience in the case of Harvey Lillard, arrived by pure logic at the conception of chiropractic. But there is some evidence that the elder Palmer, while practicing as a magnetic healer, also took a course down in Kansas with old Dr. Still. So much for the founding of chiropractic!

## II

The explanation offered by the chiropractor to account for all disease is very simple, and hence well calculated to attract the minds of those who like to think for themselves in the absence of facts. Even a moron knows that when you remove the brake on a motor-car wheel, it will spin merrily, and that when the brake is applied the wheel stops. When the chiropractor tells him that the brake pressing on the nerve as it emerges from the spinal column keeps the nerve from transmitting the energy that makes the wheels of the body go round properly, the moron is impressed by what he calls "reason." Unfortunately for this "reason," the fundamental facts will not support it. The brake and the wheel are material objects that can be observed; the spinal column and the nerves that emerge from it are also material objects, but they cannot usually be observed. A man tries the brakes on his car and finds that they catch hold and the wheel stops. But let something go wrong under the hood of his car, in some of the internal workings that are beyond his ken, and he will have to take the word of an expert for the fact that the thing is wrong that the expert says is wrong. There have been, as we all know, motor mechanics who were not above taking a little advantage of the car owner's ignorance of its internal mechanism. There are also body mechanics who do not appear to be above taking advantage of the layman's ignorance of the anatomy of his spinal column.

The nerves that emerge from the spinal column are much smaller than the holes between the bones of the column from which they emerge. The space about the nerve is padded with fat and soft tissue. The back may be bent into all sorts of angles and postures, and everyone has seen the acrobatic dancer of the stage assume such angles, and yet these nerves are not squeezed or damaged because of the padding with which nature has protected them. Professors of anatomy have dissected thousands of dead bodies and have been unable to find any spinal nerves pinched or compressed in the manner which chiropractors allege is responsible for disease. The X-ray has been used to search for the dislocations which the chiropractors assert are present, but those dislocations cannot be found. Indeed, substances opaque to the X-ray have been injected into the canal within the spinal column, and photographs taken later have shown the fluid passing around the nerves in a manner that would be impossible if these nerves were impinged on by the bony structures with which they are surrounded. Moreover, experiments conducted in California have shown that a force of 1200 to 1300 pounds, while it will fracture one of the spinal bones, will not dislocate it or cause it to press on the spinal nerves. Thus the fundamental dogma of chiropractic, that disease is caused by dislocations or subluxations of the bones of the spinal column, pressing on nerves, is simply a complete misrepresentation of the demonstrable facts. Any chiropractor who tells an invalid that he is ill for that reason is

either willingly deluding the patient or deluding himself.

The action in the chiropractor's office is usually something like the following:

PATIENT—Are you the doctor?

CHIROPRACTOR—I am the doctor. And what's the little difficulty today?

PATIENT—Well, doc, it's this rheumatism I've been sufferin' with.

[*Of course it may be a cold, or a sore throat, or diphtheria, or diabetes, or almost anything else that has already been diagnosed, or that the patient, in his rough and ready manner, has essayed to diagnose.*]

CHIROPRACTOR—Well, strip off your things and get into the kimona.

PATIENT—How much are the treatments, doc?

CHIROPRACTOR—Two dollars.

PATIENT—[*Stripped, so far, of clothes only*]—All right.

CHIROPRACTOR—Well, I should say so. [*Rapidly runs fingers up and down patient's back.*] Why, here's a subluxation of the third, fifth and ninth, and almost a lateral curvature. [*The figures might just as well be first, seventh and twelfth.*] Get up here.

[*The patient mounts a leather-covered board with pillows at each end, that depresses the spine. Then the chiropractor gives the patient a push in the back, using one hand, two hands, and sometimes the knee, according to what he thinks the system will stand. There are court records of fractures of the bones brought about by this gentle manipulation, known as the Chiropractic Thrust.*]

PATIENT—Go a little easy there, doc.

CHIROPRACTOR—We've got to get these little dislocations back into place. Now turn over on your back. [*The chiropractor now jerks the patient's head until his neck cracks or pulls his leg, depending on the particular school of chiropractic in which he was instructed.*]

PATIENT—Doc, I heard that crack. I think I feel better.

CHIROPRACTOR—Well, yours is a pretty difficult case. Those bones may slip out again. It may take a series of treatments. Lessee, this is Chuesday; come in about Thoisday. Yeh, make it Thoisday an' bring a kimona. I'll give you a locker for it. Yeh, two dollars for the treatment an' a dollar rental for the locker.

Thus chiropractic diagnosis and treatment. Disease is caused by certain bones of the spine impinging on certain nerves. Disease is cured by pushing those bones off those nerves until by some unknown mechanism of physiology they are persuaded to stay off.

## III

The "fountain head" of chiropractic is at Davenport, Iowa, and B. J. Palmer is its prophet. It is not always well to go directly to an individual for an evaluation of his attainments, but Palmer explained his on the witness-stand some years ago, and we may accept the record as representing the most that he could give himself. On December 22, 1910, a chiropractor was placed on trial in Milwaukee and Palmer appeared in his behalf. In the course of his testimony, Palmer told the court that he had learned chiropractic from his father, that he was at the time of testifying twenty-eight years of age, and that at the age of twelve he was in the field as a practitioner of this strange art. He had attended common grade-school at Davenport, Iowa. He said in one place, "At the age of eleven I was kicked from home, forced to make my living," and in another that his education had been chiefly "common sense" and "horse reasoning." Beyond that he had "graduated from the Palmer School of Chiropractic under my father" and had "studied art some in Chicago, not very long . . . landscape work, painting. . . . I have studied music."

Now as a result of all this delving into knowledge, with what degrees did Palmer decorate himself in the annual announcements of his college? It appeared that he had the degrees of D.C. and Ph.C., conferred by the Palmer School of Chiropractic, which he owned. And after his name appeared: "Is a student, author, lecturer and teacher on any phase of chiropractic philosophy, science or art anywhere any time." He was also described as the developer of the philosophy, science and art of chiropractic; author of many volumes on the science, art and philosophy of chiropractic; secretary and philosophical counsel to the Universal Chiropractors' Association, honorary member of the German-American Chiropractors' Association, secretary of the Iowa Chiropractors' Association, counsel for the P. S. C. (Palmer School of Chiropractic), and manager and assistant editor of the *Chiropractor*. And it was further said of him that "one of his aims in life is to be a Therapeutical Idol Shatterer" and "de-

stroyer of superstitious ideas regarding man, and replacer of practical studies."

From the evidence in the case cited it became quite clear that in the Palmer School, as conducted by the elder Palmer, anyone could embark on the study of chiropractic. It was not even necessary that he be able to read and write. The standard, by 1910, was higher. No primary education was required, but B. J. Palmer said that "each student must have a brain and know how to use it." Every student was required to spend twelve months, totaling twenty-seven hundred hours, in the college before he got a diploma. If he passed his examinations with a degree of 98 per cent he was awarded the degree of Ph.C. But when Dr. Thomas F. Duhigg reported the results of an inspection of the schools of Davenport for the Pennsylvania Bureau of Medical Education and Licensure he pointed out that in 1915 the three colleges which had developed in that capital of chiropractic were really little fit to educate anybody in anything. None had a library, a hospital, a laboratory worthy of the name, post mortems or capable teachers. To these institutions came students without preliminary education, and after one year of study in miserably equipped buildings, consisting mostly of lecture halls and demonstration rooms, they were turned loose to minister to the sick.

When Dr. George Dock visited the fountain head of chiropractic in 1921, he found the business growing. The original plan of Palmer had expanded into a large plant for teaching some three thousand aspirants annually, at a cost of several hundred dollars each. But the large buildings, Dr. Dock reported, were still not devoted to teaching any of the fundamental facts of physiology, pathology, bacteriology or even hygiene and sanitation. There were class rooms seating from 300 to 500 students in which the lecture method was used to force home the ideas of B. J. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer and their colleagues of the faculty. There were a cafeteria, a printing plant, a private branch post office and express service, a room containing specimens of bone lesions and a roof garden. More recently there has been established Station WOC, which radios chiropractic philosophy to prospective patients, the while it dispenses the usual form of ærial entertainment.

It would seem that the chiropractic course has now lengthened—presumably with the advance in chiropractic knowledge—to three years of six months each, although arrangements may still be made to take the whole eighteen months straight through. In this course, alleged to be of 5,335 class hours, the student is taught the philosophy of chiropractic, how to use the chiropractic thrust, how to adjust patients, something about obstetrics, and more about salesmanship. With from three to five thousand students annually paying from $350 to $500 each, it can be readily seen that the business does not exactly lose money.

Consider now the length of the terms of the ordinary medical school, the expensive equipment of its laboratories, and its large staff of professors in the various fundamental branches and medical specialties. At once it will be realized why the medical school requires state or philanthropic support for its maintenance, and why the ignorant and unequipped aspirant who wants to embark on a career of healing will choose chiropractic, with its eighteen months of lectures, instead of medicine with its preliminary high school and college education, its four years in the medical school, and its one to two years of internship in a hospital. Incidentally, in the medical schools, there is no course in salesmanship.

As may well be imagined, chiropractors have multiplied. And as they have multiplied, so also have chiropractic schools. In 1920, B. J. Palmer made a speech at a convention of chiropractors in Butte, Montana. The astute B. J. was a little incautious, or perhaps the wine of fame had gone a little to his head. For he said:

> Our school back at Davenport is established on a business and not a professional basis. It is a business where we manufacture chiropractors. They have got to work just like machinery. A course of salesmanship goes along with their training. We teach them the idea and then we show them how to sell it.

This phase of chiropractic education has become more and more important. Indeed, advertising concerns have been formed for no other purpose than to aid the chiropractor in reaching his prospective patients. One such organization in Indiana is frank:

> To advertise inside the chiropractic, medical and truth laws, requires some adroitness, some ingenuity of expression, some more than common ability as a wordsmith.

It is an aphorism that where there is money there is power. Expensive legal organizations were early established for taking care of the chiropractor who fell afoul of the laws governing the healing art. Funds were established for releasing him when he chanced to be the victim of an enforced rest behind the bars. The usual committees for lobbying protective legislation through State and national legislative bodies began to function—and it must be said for them that they have functioned efficiently in most cases. Already chiropractic is legally established in many States, and apparently immune to prosecution in those where it still flourishes without legal warrant.

In the meantime, B. J. has not been idle. His fertile mind saw that chiropractic must grow if it was to survive. In 1910 he testified that he would not adjust the vertebra of a dog for a stomach-ache or yelping at night. "I think I would use a shotgun in that case," said B. J. But in 1921, chiropractors were adjusting mules that refused to get up and cows that were somewhat swelled. But in this bright land of the free trifling with the health of the animal seems to be a much more serious matter than offering treatment to one's fellow citizens. Chiropractic veterinarianism has not yet become popular.

## IV

Those who have taken at least a casual interest in medical quackery will remember that one Albert Abrams, of California, some years before his death propounded an entirely new method of diagnosing and treating disease, the same having to do with certain vibrations, currents and ohms, and a mumbo-jumbo of pseudo-electrical nomenclature. The osteopaths, struggling against the flood of chiropractic sewage which threatens to engulf them, saw in the Abrams method an opportunity for a new lease of life. Many osteopaths hailed its coming with shrieks of happiness, both in the public press and directly to their cliéntèle. And the exceedingly clever Dr. Abrams, knowing the superior flavor that attaches to exclusiveness, announced early in his exploitation of the "oscilloclast" and the other oscillating devices with which his name was connected, that their use would be limited to physicians and osteopaths. The humble chiropractor was to be excluded.

Now, the astute B. J. Palmer is not averse to taking a leaf from some other man's book. As has been mentioned, his esteemed ancestor, the magnetic healer, adopted certain principles promulgated by Dr. Andrew Still. So B. J. suddenly appeared on the horizon with a little device of his own called the "neurocalometer"—"the little wonder instrument which so accurately locates impinged nerves." B. J. is too wise to discard chiropractic ideas in favor of any theory of vibrations, and thus to sacrifice the identity of his hereditary science. But he does develop "a little wonder instrument" to put on the spine to tell the chiropractor where to do his pushing. In a letter issued from the chiropractic fountain head on December 15, 1924, a prospective student was urged to enroll promptly in order to take advantage of current prices on this device:

> The neurocalometer is not sold, but is leased for a period of ten years. As you may know, the original lease price for ten years was $620, soon

increased to $1,200, later to $1,500, and then to the present price of $2,200, with the prospect of an increase at an early date to $3,000.

But if the aspirant for chiropractic honors would enroll in the January, 1925, class at Davenport (either cash or deferred payment), he was told, he could get a neurocalometer with his diploma, or even six months later at the current lease price. All he had to do was to pay $200 down and then $50 a month for sixteen months. The neurocalometer is simply one of those sensitive little electro-thermal devices called thermopiles which produce a weak electrical current with any change of temperature. B. J. says it shows such a change when the nerve coming out of the hole in the spinal column is being pressed upon. But apparently he hasn't been able to convince all the rest of the chiropractors that the device is a scientific one. Here and there previous graduates of the Palmer School, as well as chiropractors of other educational ancestry, have begun to object to its intrusion into the field. Here are the resolutions adopted by the Hoosier Chiropractors' Association, printed in its *Central States Bulletin:*

*Whereas*, apparently in order to intimidate chiropractors, to hold a monopoly upon the chiropractic profession, and to increase his own personal fortune by perhaps two millions of dollars, B. J. Palmer has and is attempting to force the lease of an instrument called the neurocalometer upon chiropractors who in turn are required to extort from their patients an exorbitant fee for its use;

*Whereas*, the neurocalometer has been carefully examined and tested by members of this Association, and found to be merely an instrument to be used to enable the user to increase his charges, which increase in his income has been boasted about by many of the users;

*Whereas*, by these tests which were made without prejudice or favor, it has been found that said instrument cannot in any way be relied upon, neither does it add in the least in rendering more efficient chiropractic service, nor can any advantage to the patient be accomplished by its use;

*Whereas*, the statements of B. J. Palmer since the introduction of said instrument have been damaging and apparently made with malice aforethought;

*Therefore be it resolved*, that we, the members of the H. C. A. do hereby condemn the use of the neurocalometer;

*Be it further resolved*, that we go on record as warning all chiropractic patients of the inefficiency of the neurocalometer and against the compulsory exploitation of prices by those chiropractors employing the use of said instrument;

*Be it further resolved*, that one copy of the resolution be sent to B. J. Palmer and that we hereby authorize the publication of this resolution when deemed proper by chiropractors.

And the editor of the publication continues:

The issue is clear cut. Palmer has made the division, it is Palmer and one thousand chiropractors against the field. Every chiropractor must take his stand and choose his side. It might further be added that not all of the thousand will remain put to the neurocalometer idea. Already reports are current that suits have been filed for the return of the money paid on the lease; reports that chiropractors are returning the machines because they will not do what is claimed. . . . Had only a few purchased the leases, B. J. would have had little ammunition and chiropractic would have been little harmed from his ruthless onslaughts. Every time he fails to sell a lease it means about $2,000 less for him to use in his national advertising by way of radio, magazines, etc. A day of adjustment in the future is certain.

There is a story of a woman with a mean husband who returned home one day to observe the husband circling rapidly around the house pursued by a voracious grizzly. The lady commented on this spectacle: "Go it, husband! Go it, bear!" One can think, too, of various proverbs of the past relative to canine masticating canine, of the classic felines of Kilkenny, and what not.

# THE PASTOR

BY JAMES M. CAIN

Of all the rôles in which man may be cast, the one least likely to be ridiculous is that of divine service. The holy man has in him a spark that sets him apart from all his fellows. Whether he be monk, rabbi, dervish, fakir, yogi, or shaman, he moves us to doff our hat; we see something in him that most of us have long since sold for our mess of pottage, almost forgotten. Perhaps it is the touch of poetry that all males are born with, that moony sighing for the stars which practical men learn to put behind them. Perhaps it is something else; I don't know. Whatever it is, we yield it a sneaking respect. A novice clad in flapping cassock, thumbing a clacking string of beads while he meditates in a stone courtyard, moves us curiously and profoundly. Catching him unawares, we instinctively turn our backs, as we would on coming upon a girl swimming naked in a pool: we recognize something eternal, something that has always been a part of the universe and always will be. It makes little difference whether the man as individual is dignified or not. That part of him which is consecrated to the divine mysteries commands our veneration, whether the rest of him be knave, craven, or clown; the rôle itself is dramatically solemn and moving.

Wherefore, it is all the more surprising that the typical American man of God in these our days is so loathsome, such a low, greasy buffo, so utterly beneath ridicule, so fit only for contempt. I refer, of course, to the evangelical brother. He is the only authentic American product; all the other priests and friars among us are exotic species, not germane to the discussion. His condition, if you ponder it, is remarkable. He numbers in his ranks many a man who as individual is undoubtedly admirable, who cherishes his friends and is kind to his family, who goes about in the world doing laborious and often demonstrable good. Yet, as regards his vocation, the observation made above must be reversed: it makes little difference how admirable he is as individual, that part of him which is preacher inspires our contempt, and his rôle is therefore dramatically impossible. Why?

Before trying to answer this, let us have a look at his origin. In the beginning he too was a holy man. But then something happened. Along in the Sixteenth Century he began gibbering and squeaking to himself, and presently was demanding a reformation. What was the significance of this? I don't mean the ecclesiastical significance; I mean the subjective significance. Remember, he didn't stop at halting the gay life at Rome. He demanded other things, and presently he got them. He did away with what he called idolatry and popery: surplices, incense, and Latin. He did away with beautiful churches, and foregathered in mean meeting-houses. He did away with beautiful music, and began yowling mean hymns. In short, he did a wholesale trading of beauty for ugliness, and I think something is to be deduced from that fact.

Although I am no authority on the Middle Ages, I think there must have been some lyric spirit in those times, with their cathedrals, their chivalry and their pious looting trips to Jerusalem, and that this lyric spirit is what froze up in him. With the first settling of the whirling human motley into set forms, this lyricism, this poetry that

accounts alike for monastery and feudal castle, began to disappear. Here and there, of course, it remained, or at least the tradition of it remained; but with the less imaginative kind of men it was lost, and with it went the poetic conception of religion. Such men began demanding religion with common sense in it, religion you could wolf down like meat and gravy, religion you didn't have to fast all night to understand. Well, that is the kind of religion they got. In England, France, Germany, all over Europe, these clods huddled where they could and did their coarse shouting, and formed themselves into godly battalions, and fought wars, and perfected the thumbscrew.

## II

This was the condition of our man of God when he migrated to America and began passing laws against witchcraft. But his development was not complete. The New England Puritan of the Seventeenth Century was still a far different animal from the revival whooper of today. His nearest surviving relative is the Dunkard or Mennonite elder, a narrow, repellent block of flint, but still retaining more than a shred of respectability. What made the finished product we know today? Here, I must say, come threads I can't trace back to their beginnings. But mainly, I believe, even more than the Asbury influence, there was the influence of the national philosophy itself. That is, a gradual osmosis took place. There seeped into him the flabby, pointless urbanity of the American hawker and salesman, the man of trade. The original Puritan preacher, with his belief that sin was abominable and that sin was the flesh, learned to relax his sour face; he learned the jargon of the advertising man, the go-getter; he learned to laugh the har-har-har of the town booster, to clap his lay brother on the back. He learned efficiency. He stuck electric lights in the steeple cross.

Profound changes, then, have taken place within him since the day when he was a holy man. I think we may say that he is no longer a holy man today. Nay, I falter and stammer too politely: he *is* no longer a holy man: the fact sticks out like the grease on his coat collar. No more conclusive proof of it is needed than his revised attitude toward himself, his flock, and his God. Your holy man, pure and simple, is one who has consecrated *himself* to God. He espouses celibacy, he lives in a stone dungeon, he grows a beard, he shaves his head, he dons a cassock, in token of his retirement from the world. And he essays some kind of pious service: he teaches the young, ministers to the sick, or illuminates manuscripts; or if he is especially pious, he makes Benedictine or Chartreuse. He may even conduct the holy ritual or interpret a gospel, but always the emphasis is on himself: his own life is the offering he has brought to Jahweh, the jealous. In this circumstance, I believe, is to be found part of his dramatic appeal: he casts in with his poetry all that he has on this earth; he can do no more. We perceive it to be silly; but it implies a stout spirit, and as I say, we doff our hats.

But with the American ecclesiastic of today the emphasis is the other way around. He doesn't offer himself to God; he offers others to God. He doesn't measure his piety by the number of paternosters he has mumbled in the day, or by the healing draughts he has brought to the sick, or by what he has taught the young, or by the wine he has bottled, or by the fasting he has done, or by the floggings he has endured, but by the number of souls he has induced to hit the trail. Here, I submit, is his fundamental dramatic weakness. For him to be dramatically effective, of course, it is not necessary that he have an eye to beauty. As I have pointed out, the Dunkard elder is as unæsthetic a clod as one can well imagine, yet he remains dramatically passable. I once risked my neck and nearly lost my life attending a convention of most of the Dunkard elders in the United States, and I know a little whereof I speak. The Dunkard will explain at length his belief that the stage is vile, the reason for his own singular clothes and the hideous dresses he

puts on his womenfolk, his general belief that all beauty is the work of the devil. But when he is done he purses his craggy lips and shuts up. He is perfectly willing to let you go to hell in your own way. We may regard him as queer, but he is willing to live out his queerness and let us live out ours. We and he are at peace; we can salute him as we pass with honest good feeling.

But when a man becomes his brother's keeper, he at once loses all charm and becomes simply a stinking nuisance. Why is this? Let us transpose the question out of religion, where our prepossessions are so troublesome, and see if we can apply it somewhere else, and possibly get a helpful answer to it. Let us go, say, to the field of economics. Suppose a man believes in the Single Tax. Well, there is nothing offensive about that. Suppose, being a taxpayer and therefore an interested party, he undertakes to convince us that we should all be better off under the Single Tax. There can be no objection to that. Society is always in a state of flux, and there is a seat on the left for the man with a stake in the game who wants to change it. But suppose, having not a nickel's worth of property, our enthusiast suddenly conceives that Henry George was divinely inspired, and that for some occult reason the rest of us *ought* to and *must* have the Single Tax. At once it appears that there is no seat in the hall for this fellow. He is an offensive busybody, fit only to be locked up. Suppose now, still having no property, he hires out to a Single Tax society to annoy the rest of us with his twaddle. Again, and doubly, he is seen to be impossible. He is a hireling mouthpiece, speaking only because he is paid. He not only has no seat in the hall, he is specifically ruled off the floor as a lobbyist.

Let us return now to our evangelist, and see if we can apply what we have learned. In the first place, there is no view you can take which makes him an interested party to the doings of my soul. It is simply none of his damned business what happens to my soul. In the second place, he is paid by the year and sometimes by the conversion, to tell me what is good for my soul. He gets so much in cash, so much in kind: ham, cabbage, chicken, and Maryland biscuit—and so much in a parsonage. He is no celibate, but has a wife, usually a pretty eyeful. To spade the garden he has sons, and to bring his slippers he has daughters, who mostly take after their mother. In short, he is not in the service of God at all, but a hireling of a very earthy association, chartered by the State legislature. In fact, he has forgotten that he ever was in the service of God. He is making a living like any honest man; and the way he makes a living is to save souls, and the way he saves souls is to yell at them and scare them to death, and make them see it is good business—for them, and, above all, for him.

## III

I come now to his worst offense, one I cannot forgive him: he has degraded God to the level of a cackling Methodist Bishop, has dragged Him in the muck of his own shoddy soul, until He is only a dirty travesty. I wish to dwell on this a bit, for it has direct bearing on the capacity of the American clergyman for arousing our rage; it explains in part not only why he is so loathsome, but the peculiar quality of his loathsomeness.

As to whether there is a God or not, I have no means of knowing and cannot say. But this much I know: if we are to believe in God, the only concept of Him acceptable to imaginative men is a God of the most exalted sublimity, a God of thunder and ocean, of the hushed forest; a God of great cathedrals and beautiful chalices, a God of exquisitely wrought poetry, painting, and music; a God of David, Ambrose, Gregory, da Vinci, Palestrina, Mozart, and Bach. Such a God we may conceive without impiety, and having conceived Him so, we have conceived something as near the divine essence as is possible to the puny mind of man.

But having so conceived Him, it must be

bvious there is only one thing left for us o do: fall down on our faces and worship him. But to stand before the temple, beat a om-tom, and seek to lead a rabble inside—ow about that? No. The man who does hat merely shows he has no conception of he awfulness of what he is talking about. Yet that is just what the evangelical pastor loes. Clearly, it would be impossible for him, even if he felt it, to convey to the attle before him a tithe of the divine significance. He doesn't try. Like all artists of persuasion, he simply offers inducements. He makes God a sodden thing that sodden men can understand. He chats with Him familiarly, waxing occasionally jocose; he extols Him with cheap hymns, that have a shouting chorus; he bellows "amen," and I judge he thinks God is pleased with all this commotion. He does more. He makes God a party to all sorts of absurd notions: he makes God abhor the Catholics, the Jews, and the Negroes; he makes God a Prohibitionist, a Nordic Blond, a patriot, a cad.

To "sell" God this way, of course, was exactly suited to the special American lack of taste. A proceeding already disgusting by its very nature became doubly so when efficiency was introduced into it. In addition to the electrically lighted cross, there came all sorts of innovations. The church was made a community center, and such sanctity as it held was chased out, so that sheik and flapper could pet in the corner, and anybody could come in and warm his feet—provided he were not a Catholic, a Jew, or a Negro. Schools were opened for the training of Sunday-school teachers. Bible classes vied with each other to see which could get the most members; canvassers went forth wearing blue and red buttons, and when the votes were counted, one side accused the other of cheating. Intrigue got into the annual conference, and pastors pulled wires to get fat charges. Congregations turned thumbs down on the poor oaf who mistakenly supposed that religion was something more than pep, a $100,000 edifice, and membership. Energetic district superintendents kept a weather eye peeled, and presently landed jobs with the Anti-Saloon League. Then the whole gabbling crew descended upon us, and jammed Prohibition down our throats. How much, think you, does God concern Himself in all this poppycock?

The net result, as I say, is to inspire those of us who have any surviving respect for God with an unspeakable loathing. We gaze on all this traffic and, without knowing exactly why, we feel a sick, nauseated revulsion. We feel as we felt when we were children, and had a bright glamorous picture of Santa Claus, with his fat little belly and fairy reindeer, and then suddenly came on a vile old loafer ringing a bell over an iron pot. It seems a blasphemous mockery that men can preach such vulgar nonsense, call it religion, and then belabor the rest of us for not being washed in the blood of the Lamb.

## IV

There remains the pastor's greasiness. I must direct your attention to the fact that the popular picture of him, looking like a cartoonist's drawing of a Prohibitionist, is at considerable variance with the actuality. He is no lantern-jawed fellow with flapping coat-tails and a stove-pipe hat. He is usually large and fat, and except for a white necktie, he dresses much as the rest of us dress. His peculiar mark is oleageneity; he looks as though he would smell sweaty, as though his hand would be moist, as though he would paw you over: something tells you to stand at a distance and keep edging away. In short, he looks as though there were something wrong with him, as though he were not the person to have running around in a Y. M. C. A. dormitory, or to trust with the fifteen-year-old soprano of the choir.

Before discussing this side of him, I shall have to digress for a moment. Of late years I have come to the conclusion that religion is one of the two main phases of the sublimated amative impulse. The other phase is the æsthetic, and I think the two are usu-

ally mutually exclusive. That is, the person who is predominantly religious is rarely æsthetic, and the person who is predominantly æsthetic is rarely religious. When you apparently have both together, as in the case, say, of a composer of church music, what you really have, I think, is an æsthete expressing himself resignedly in religious terms.

I am aware that studies in religious history support this view, but I didn't come by it that way. I got it directly: I became aware, either through my own feeling or through watching others, that there is almost an identical quality of exaltation in romantic love, in religious experience, and in æsthetic experience. I became aware of something else: that different religions gratify different kinds of sublimation. There is a lascivious quality in Christian Science, for example, that is different from the sensuous seductiveness of the Church of Rome, and these two are different from the anemic austerity of Episcopalianism. I became aware of something else: that all religions appeal to women vastly more than to men, and this, it seems to me, is because women are more often thwarted in their romantic desires than men are, or possibly because their more imaginative natures doom them to disappointment even when fulfilment is apparently theirs.

Scaling down from such astral forms as Christian Science, Catholicism, and Episcopalianism, it is obvious that the congregation of an evangelical church gets an enjoyment out of the proceedings that cometh not from the heart or spirit at all, but from a point slightly nearer the abode of Satan. Men and women jam tight in the vestibule; there is elevating intimacy, and a pleasant contact of manly thigh and fat female hip. Girls and boys, once the hymns are started, hold hands, and attain loftier communion than the back parlor induces. The pastor bellows about sin, and everybody knows what sin means: it is nice to be able to hear all about it here, and be doing the Lord a good turn as well. The pastor bellows about hell, and the same half-frightened, half-anticipatory shivers run all about as come upon stepping into a brothel. Excitement fills the air; a trance descends from above—a trance, it is true, slightly tinged with the bestial, but still a trance, and everybody is entitled to a trance.

These things being as they are, why do young men enter the ministry? I think the reason is easy to see. Having in them already a strain of sliminess, they hear the call to God—but not with their ears. They have an appetite for sneaking vicarious romance, and the holy office offers a way to gratify it. I don't speak entirely from inference. One or two of these young men, whom I seduced into my confidence, told me plainly that all this was so. They have a pretty nice time when they are preachers—at least their idea of a nice time. I have spoken of the lady their kind usually leads to the altar. As I have said, she is usually no homely wallflower, but very toothsome. She is the kind who gets appointed handshaker to the departing congregation, who goes on tour as hymn leader with the travelling evangelist. There is a cold glitter in her eye and a soft moistness about her mouth that mirror perfectly those rosy dreams of her watery-eyed husband. Never overlook the woman a man marries. Much is to be learned from her.

So there he is.

# AMERICANA

## ALABAMA

From a bull, *De cigaretto*, issued by a distinguished spiritual leader of Birmingham:

> Cigarettes kill character. . . . The fight for the next ten years is to save the generation from cigarettes.

## ARKANSAS

The spread of morality in the back country, is revealed by a recent addition to the statutes of the rising town of Norphelt:

> Ordinance No. 20
>
> *Section 1.*—Hereafter, it shall be unlawful for any man and woman, male or female, to be guilty of committing the act of sexual intercourse between themselves at any place within the corporate limits of said town. . . .
>
> *Section 3.*—Section One of this ordinance shall not apply to married persons, as between themselves, and their husband and wife, unless of a grossly improper and lascivious nature.

## CALIFORNIA

Progress of Christian morality in the capital of the New Thought, as revealed by an announcement in the respected *Examiner:*

> To insure an exclusive and quiet atmosphere managers of the Afton Arms Apartments will lease to married couples only.

## COLORADO

Exercise in transcendental logic by a favorite Trinidad divine, as reported by the eminent *Picketwire:*

> Mortal man never wrote the Bible. A good man could not have written the Bible, and a bad man would not have written it if he could. A good man could not have written it because the Bible tells us 2008 times that God Himself is the author; therefore, if man wrote the Bible, he is a great liar, and, therefore, was not a good man. And a bad man would not have written the Bible if he could, because it tells him what he is, and that is the thing he isn't wanting to believe, because if he did he could not sleep nights as long as he remained unsaved and unrepentant.

## CONNECTICUT

Effects of the Higher Learning at Yale, as revealed by the answers to a questionnaire submitted to the students there:

> *Favorite character in world history:* Napoleon, 181; Cleopatra, 7; Jeanne d'Arc, 7; Woodrow Wilson, 7; Socrates, 5; Jesus Christ, 4; Mussolini, 3.
>
> *Favorite prose author:* Stevenson, 24; Dumas, 22; Sabatini, 11; Anatole France, 5; Cabell, 5; Bernard Shaw, 4.
>
> *Favorite magazine: Saturday Evening Post*, 94; *Atlantic Monthly*, 24; *New Republic*, 3; *Times Current History*, 3.
>
> *Favorite political party:* Republican, 304; Democratic, 84; none, 22; Independent, 3.
>
> *Biggest world figure of today:* Coolidge, 52; Dawes, 32; Mussolini, 3; Prince of Wales, 24; J. P. Morgan, 15; Einstein, 3; Bernard Shaw, 3.
>
> *What subject would you like to see added to the curriculum:* Elocution and Public Speaking, 24; Business course, 8; Diplomacy, 7; Drama, 4.

## DELAWARE

Beneficent influence of Prohibition in lower Delaware, as revealed in a dispatch from the rising town of Wyoming to the eminent Wilmington *News:*

> Since the enactment of Federal and State Prohibition laws . . . not only boys of high school age, but girls and other younger children, frequently are seen under the influence of the prohibited liquor. . . . Boys have been seen staggering on the streets, and asleep at their desks.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Democracy's flowers, as revealed by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

> The following is the religious lineup of the incoming Congress:

| | House | Senate |
|---|---|---|
| Methodist | 90 | 27 |
| Presbyterian | 63 | 11 |
| Episcopal | 57 | 22 |
| Baptist | 48 | 5 |
| Congregational | 32 | 6 |
| Christian Disciple | 21 | 1 |
| Lutheran | 17 | 2 |
| Quaker | 3 | 1 |
| United Brethren | 2 | 0 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Reformed | 3 | 0 |
| Mennonite | 1 | 0 |
| Mormon | 1 | 2 |
| Universalist | 2 | 0 |
| Unitarian | 4 | 2 |
| Christian Scientist | 1 | 0 |
| Roman Catholic | 32 | 4 |
| Hebrew | 8 | 0 |
| Unaffiliated Protestant | 7 | 0 |
| None | 35 | 10 |

The fraternal lineup:

| | House | Senate |
|---|---|---|
| Masons | 304 | 65 |
| Knights of Pythias | 98 | 13 |
| Odd Fellows | 74 | 7 |

HEROIC boast of the Hon. Roe Fulkerson, an eminent Washington Kiwanian, in the *Kiwanis Magazine:*

> I belong to more lodges than Heinz makes pickles.

## FLORIDA

OBSERVATIONS along the American Riviera by the Rev. Robert T. Wightman, a visiting divine from New Jersey:

> Nowhere in this country is there a parallel for conditions that exist in Florida. . . . Some of the biggest hotels shun married couples as their guests, preferring single men and women. Liquor is unrestricted and gambling dens are wide open. Monte Carlo is put in the shade. . . . Any wishing to go to hell can find greased planks a-plenty. . . . Law officers wink at all infractions and reprimands are followed by apologies.

## GEORGIA

MORAL progress in the capital of the Invisible Empire, as described by the pious Atlanta *Journal:*

> A city-wide search for the driver of an automobile bearing on its tire cover the legend, "Follow Me, Chickens, I'm Full of Corn," was instituted Tuesday by police upon direction of Acting Chief of Police E. L. Jett. The driver of the car, according to the orders Chief Jett gave his men, must be charged with disorderly conduct, as the sign tends to disrupt the morals of the community.

## IDAHO

PROGRESS of Law Enforcement and the New Jurisprudence in Idaho, as reported by the American Civil Liberties Union:

> Governor C. C. Moore is endeavoring to strengthen the State Criminal Syndicalism Act by asking the legislature to change the definition of sabotage to cover, among other things, "slowing down work on production," "work done in an improper manner," "improper use of materials" and "loitering at work."

## ILLINOIS

How captains of industry in the faubourgs of Chicago relax from the strains of Service, as reported by the patriotic Southtown *Economist:*

> Englewood Kiwanians . . . starred in the gentle art of rolling popcorn balls with their noses.

THE rewards of a 100% American artiste among the Chicago illuminati, as described by a press-sheet issued by the publicist of Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, the opera singer:

> Mme. de Pasquali is a Daughter of the American Revolution. Her ancestry dates back to the Lovells and Dills of *Mayflower* times. . . . Recently in Chicago she was made an Honorary Elk.

## INDIANA

APPLICATION of large scale industrial methods to the concerns of the spirit in the sterling town of Andrews:

> Seventeen hours in one continuous church service to read through the New Testament is the record of the members of the Andrews Methodist Church. . . .
>
> While a group of 25 persons were in the church auditorium reading the New Testament, townspeople of Andrews were reading through the entire Old Testament, so that the entire Bible was read through in 17 hours, beginning Thursday morning at 3 o'clock and continuing until 8 o'clock Thursday night. . . .
>
> Mrs. S. S. Beauchamp of Andrews has the honor of having remained for the longest period in the church service, having stayed there for 14 hours and 40 minutes. Mrs. Wischmeier stayed for 14 hours and 30 minutes, and Mr. Wischmeier stayed throughout the entire 17 hours with the exception of a couple of hours when he was called away. . . . In the church service the book was read from the start to the finish, as it is written, with no interruptions.

## IOWA

BITTER fruits of the great crusade in rural Iowa, as reported by the eminent *Iowa Legionaire:*

> "Pro-Germanism is so strong in our community we can not have a Legion post!" This astounding assertion was made to the editor of the *Iowa Legionaire* by a Legion comrade in this state. We could hardly believe it; then we got another shock when we received the same kind of a report from another Iowa community. We have investigated. Yes, it's true . . .

## KANSAS

MARVEL reported by the alert Fredonia *Herald:*

A hog bit part of John Eisenbrandt's left thumb off Monday while Eisenbrandt was engaged in putting a ring in the hog's nose on his farm near Fort Scott. Whether it was the quickness of the bite or the sharpness of the animal's teeth is not known, but it is a fact, according to Eisenbrandt, that he did not know that the hog had bit him until he chanced to look down and saw the end of his thumb was missing. It was the sound of the hog's teeth clinking together that caused him to look down.

## KENTUCKY

ANNOUNCEMENT of a candidate for the judicial ermine in the eminent Mt. Vernon *Signal:*

*A Card to the Voters of Rockcastle County:*

I am a candidate for County Judge.

The first reason I want to be elected judge is to fill the vacancy occurred by electing S. F. Bowman in 1921.

The second reason is to relieve Mr. Bowman of the great burden placed on him by the sheriff laying down on his job, thereby causing Mr. Bowman to try to fill two official positions.

The third reason I want to be judge is because the county needs a judge.

The fourth reason is I want the salary.

Yours for a square deal to the great common people,

LEE WARD

## LOUISIANA

CONTRIBUTION to scientific advertising in the classified columns of the Shreveport *Times:*

CHRIST CAN HEAL YOU!

HAVE YOU THE FAITH?
DO YOU BELIEVE IN PRAYER?
DO YOU BELIEVE IN DIVINE HEALING?

Come to the Tabernacle and see for yourself the results being obtained by Evangelist Carl C. Walker, his wife and helpers.

Conversions are being made daily; afflicted people are being cured of their bodily ills; the blind are being made to see; the deaf to hear, and the lame and stiff-jointed to walk and use their limbs.

Tell all of those who are afflicted and need help to come to the services at the Tabernacle.

WALTER POLK, REALTOR
*316 Levy Building*

## MAINE

How the divine blessing has rewarded the labors of a go-getting pastor in Saco, as reported in a current press dispatch:

Mr. Walker, . . . pastor of the First Congregational Church, prints his church calendar in all the colors of the rainbow, and sends them every week to more than 2,000 people. He plasters the countryside with his slogans. Newspapers carry big display ads. Spotlights play on the church steeple. Soft, yellow light floods the pulpit at sermon time, the rest of the church being dark. Every night in the week in the parish house there are dancing, radio programs, pool, cards and meetings of all kinds. The young people fairly swarm there. Two years ago the average attendance was fifty. Today it exceeds 1,000.

## MARYLAND

NOTE on the functions of a public library, from the annual report of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore:

Since the library is the only institution supported by the municipality for the inspiration of the citizens, this high privilege has been accepted as laying upon us the corresponding duty of placing within reach of all such books as will give readers . . . a higher sense of the reality and importance of the future life. . . .

## MASSACHUSETTS

PERSONAL notice appearing in a leading print of the Athens of America:

CHRISTLIKE GENT desires Christlike lady for evangelistic work through life. W., Station A, Boston.

## MINNESOTA

LETTER-HEAD of one of the departments of the University of Minnesota:

THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
*College of Science, Literature, and the Arts*
MINNEAPOLIS

AMERICANIZATION TRAINING
AND
ANTHROPOLOGY

HIGH honor paid to the shade of a patriot and a business man by Minneapolis go-getters, as disclosed by the distinguished *Journal:*

George Washington was made a posthumous active honorary member of the Minneapolis Real Estate Board as the result of a motion made by C. N. Chadbourn. . . . Mr. Chadbourn pointed out that Washington was a real estate man in Alexander, Virginia, before and after he became famous as the first President and the Father of his Country. He said that if there had been a real estate board in those days Washington would have unquestionably joined.

## MISSISSIPPI

EDITORIAL amenities in the Hookworm Belt, as revealed by a leading editorial in the Jackson *Free Lance:*

Our attention has just been called to a recent . . . editorial . . . appearing in the Hazlehurst *Courier* . . . in which it is stated that ex-Governor Bilbo . . . demanded $30,000 to secure a pardon

for Will Sorsby from Gov. Russell. . . . The statement is a willful, perjurious and damnable lie. The party who originated this pusillanimous story ought to be branded with a red-hot iron on the front part of his noodle with the letter "L," so that all truthful and decent people would have advanced warning of the character of the party with whom they were dealing.

## MISSOURI

DOMESTIC life in the mail order and infant damnation regions, as reported in a news dispatch from Houston:

Mrs. Fred Funkey is near death from a shotgun wound, her son, Fred Funkey, Jr., 22, is in a critical condition from knife wounds, and her husband, 65, is badly cut over the face and hands and is under arrest as a result of a free for all family fight Wednesday at their home near Arroll, in which a daughter, Lola, 17, also engaged. The argument is said to have started in a disagreement as to where the family should spend a holiday. The mother and children wanted to go up the creek for a picnic and the father wanted to go down the creek. Funkey is alleged to have shot his wife in the back with a shotgun loaded with two ball bearings. Funkey then was attacked by his son, who was wounded by a large knife cut which severed one rib. Coming to her brother's rescue, Lola beat the father off with a heavy plank.

## NEW JERSEY

FURTHER proof of the renaissance of the poetic spirit in the Republic, disclosed in a current Trenton dispatch:

CHARTERS FILED

*Walt Whitman* Garage and Service Co., Camden, . . .; Leroy A. Goodwin, W. Kennedy, C. A. Wolverton, J. J. Scott. . . .

## NEW YORK

OFFICIAL pronunciamento by the Hon. John L. Reilly, president of the Schenectady Rotarians:

Lincoln was a born Rotarian; born ahead of time. . . . The spirit of Lincoln is the spirit of Rotary.

SIGN hanging in the studio of an eminent Manhattan chirotonsor:

After the hair is cut it should be singed in order to close up the ends. This prevents your catching a cold in the head through the open ends of the hairs.

## NORTH CAROLINA

THE struggle for complete righteousness among the Tar Heels, as revealed by a dispatch from Raleigh:

Flirting with college girls or teachers will be outlawed in North Carolina by a measure now before the State Senate committee on education. The bill classes flirting as a misdemeanor, punishable with a fine of not less than five nor more than fifty dollars or imprisonment for not less than ten nor more than thirty days. It applies to the school buildings, roads and sidewalks used as routes to and from school.

## NORTH DAKOTA

EFFECTS of the Americanization movement on the steppes, as reported by the eminent Fargo *Tribune:*

Paul Salzberger, Fargo, cousin of Fritz Kreisler, will not hear his celebrated kinsman when he plays here Tuesday evening, because, as he explains it, the Improved Order of Red Men meets that night. Mr. Salzberger is secretary of the lodge.

## OHIO

FROM a propagandist address by the Hon. William Clendenin before the annual meeting of the American Kraut Packers' Association at Cincinnati:

Sauerkraut contains more alcohol than the ½ of 1% that the Volstead Act permits in beverages. The alcohol in it ranges from .72 of 1% to well over 1%. These figures come from the experts of the University of Wisconsin.

BROTHERLY love among the Cleveland Wesleyans, as disclosed by the eminent *Plain Dealer:*

It is a friendly place, this Windermere Methodist Episcopal Church. A stranger will have to be an artful dodger if he succeeds in getting in or out of the church without a handshake. The minister, Dr. McCarty, is the most confirmed handshaker of all. One may manage to elude him when entering the church, but one will have to find a side door through which to disappear if there is to be escape from his hearty greeting at the close of the service.

## OKLAHOMA

EDITORIAL announcement in the *Baptist Messenger:*

We have just received a large shipment of baptismal pants. We can fit you and furnish your size without delay. Price, $22.50.

## PENNSYLVANIA

THE strenuous life on the western frontiers of Pennsylvania, as reported by the Beaver Falls *Tribune:*

Monday forenoon fire broke out at the Dam school, Big Beaver township. The fire alarm was given by the school, those hearing first call

quickly organized and selected S. A. Duncan fire chief, W. G. McHattie and Norman McHattie, firemen; Wayne Duncan driver of the chemical truck and Wayne McHattie driver of the hook and ladder truck. After organization the company immediately proceeded to the scene of the fire. After preparing the chemicals and placing the ladders the chief went in search of the blaze, but the teacher informed him that she, with the help of her pupils, had extinguished the fire some time during the early part of the day. The teacher thanked the company for their prompt response and invited them to remain and visit the school.

FOOTNOTE on Law Enforcement in the domain of General Gimlet-Eye Butler, from the columns of the illustrious Philadelphia *Record:*

A few days ago a new face appeared at roll-call of the Prohibition force in the office of Divisional Chief Reuben B. Sams, 1913 Arch street. After roll-call the new dry sleuth stepped upon a little box in the room and said, "Gentlemen, let us pray." The agents, thinking that a joke was being sprung on them, started to laugh. . . .

FROM the church news of the pious *North American:*

Baptisms with a spotlight playing upon minister and candidates as they stand in the pool will take place tomorrow evening in the Fifth Baptist Church, Eighteenth and Spring Garden streets. The Rev. Dr. George W. Swope has introduced the spotlight innovation in connection with extensive improvements, costing $20,000, made on the church. The baptistry has been enlarged, and when Doctor Swope and a candidate enter the pool a white spotlight will play upon them in the darkened church. As the candidate is immersed the color will change to purple.

## SOUTH DAKOTA

COMMUNICATION received by a Sioux Falls newspaper from a subscriber in Garretson:

I have taken your paper for twenty-four years and hitherto have found no fault with it. When you began running cross-word puzzles they were very good and possible to work, but lately they have been harder and now are almost impossible to solve. Having written you about this matter and received no satisfaction, I am compelled to abandon your good newspaper and take another which prints puzzles which can be worked without staying up all night.

## TENNESSEE

THE rise of literary passion in Knoxville, as described by the gifted *Journal:*

"The Novel as an Interpretation of Life" was the subject of an exceedingly interesting address by Mrs. J. K. Harold before the Knoxville branch of the League of American Penwomen Thursday afternoon. . . . Each member gave the title of some novel which had made a deep impression on her at some time. Dickens seems the favorite author of the league, with Gene Stratton-Porter as the favorite modern novelist.

THE process of Law Enforcement in the great Christian city of Bristol, as described in the eminent *News* by the Rev. Dr. George F. Robertson:

Let everybody of any race or color who knows or has heard of any violations of any law in Bristol write the same to the president of the Good Citizenship Club, 1030 Windsor avenue, and say so. If it is only hearsay, so state it. . . . If you do not care to be known, your request for secrecy will be kept to the very letter. No one will in any way be compromised.

## TEXAS

SPECIMEN of elegiac verse from the Cuero *Weekly Record:*

A SAD, SAD EVENT

The Angel of Death has felt no mercy
Tho He knoweth best.
A tender bud He plucked from our neighbor's garden
But He wanted another,
A flower just expanding in the holy bonds of ceremony.
He leaves his life mate,
Who now suffers the torture of living,
But in the beyond, reunion is a blessed comfort.
A mother's heart, who gave and must give again,
Has been torn to shreds,
Which time, only, can heal.
Life is darkness, then sunshine,
Darkness, then sunshine forever.
From our little village, death has claimed little Linwood Dedear,
A child whom God loved better,
The now raging disease, measles with pneumonia, taking him home.
Then, oh! bitter truth!
Another must go, a brother of he who has gone, Adam Dedear,
A bridegroom of a few months, succumbed to the extraction of one eye, having been abscessed beyond cure.

## VIRGINIA

MUSIC criticism in the distinguished *Virginian-Pilot* of Norfolk:

The concert opened with the "Cavalleria Rusticana," of Mascagni, executed with chords expressive of a sighing symphony interspersed with strains caught and held with an intensity of dramatic volume admirably effective. . . . After rendering a descriptive symphony by Goldmark the tender strains of Mendelssohn were sounded in a delicate fashion interpretative of moon kissed gardens and the allure of youth and beauty and life and love.

LAW Enforcement news from the same eminent seaport:

Just as the jury in the case of Julia Rose, a Negress, charged with selling liquor, was filing out to the jury room in the Federal court, there was a dull thud, and lying in the wake of the jury on the soft carpet was a half-pint of liquor.

S. C. Burgess, a Prohibition agent, won over a half dozen other attaches and officials in a dive for the bottle.

"Where did this come from?" Judge Groner demanded.

Burgess explained he found it on the floor.

"Did one of the jurors drop it?" the court asked.

Nobody knew. Before anything further happened, the jury reported back with a verdict of guilty and the incident was closed.

## VIRGIN ISLANDS

EXTENSION of the boons of freedom to St. Thomas, as reported in a current press dispatch:

Rothschild Francis, editor of the St. Thomas *Emancipator*, has been convicted of political libel and sentenced to 30 days in jail. He was tried without a jury before a judge who is his political enemy, and whose appointment he opposed. The libel consisted in charging an unnamed policeman with brutality.

## WASHINGTON

ONE reason why the Pacific Coast 100% Americans are convinced that the Japs are an inferior people and incapable of true civilization, as reported by the eminent Spokane *Spokesman-Review:*

The youngest senior, a Japanese boy, Welly Shibata, who is not yet 15, is valedictorian of his class at the Lewis and Clark High-school. He is graduating in the classical course.

PROGRESS of the New Education in Bellingham, as revealed by the learned *Herald:*

How to dodge automobiles will be a new course of instruction at the Parrish Junior High-school here.

## WEST VIRGINIA

MELLOW reflections of the gifted chief editorial writer of the Beckley *Post:*

Why write books? Everybody reads the newspapers. . . . And the papers are giving the public what is worth reading and knowing along almost every line imaginable.

GIVING the Gospels a lift in Wheeling, as reported by the *Register:*

The following questions will be discussed Sunday evening by the Rev. William Elliott Hammond, pastor of the Way Temple:

What was the result of your personal interview with Fatty Arbuckle?

Tell us what Arbuckle said when you asked him the secret of his reducing 80 pounds.

Should girls with big feet be dentists?

Do the things buried with the dead affect the soul?

What do you think of Raymond Hitchcock's pet superstitions?

Will mental concentration on our spirit friends attract them to us?

Does constant grief over the death of a loved one affect the soul of the departed one?

Should the United States prepare for the next war?

## WISCONSIN

DEFIANCE of the Rev. Crompton Sowerbutts, vicar of St. Michael's, North Fond du Lac:

### TO UNFAIR CRITICS ONLY

Certain canting, long-faced humbugs who pride themselves on their Christianity are performing back door criticisms on what they please to term my "light-heartedness."

I should be far more serious—in fact I ought to go about (in order to please these people) with the look of an undertaker at his duties which he himself would envy. O! you critics I don't know who you are, you may own half of North Fond du Lac, or you may only own a match box; you may be as large as a house and as powerful as a horse. I am not alarmed. If you have anything to say, don't sneak behind my back. Say what you have straight to my face and I'll give you something to think on. Dismal Jimmies, doleful Donalds and woe begone Killjoys, my subject on Sunday at 10 A. M. will be "*The Joys of Being a Christian,*" I hope to see you.

Remember, cant and artificial conventions cripple Christianity. Christ wants men and women with human hearts, loving and responsive. Our Master never had much time for shams. Yet today there are so-called humans walking about to save funeral expenses—in whose veins runs asses' milk and water-whose God is "respectability", who love to be classed as "toney" and "so refined" in fact they are almost ashamed to remember that Christ was born in a stable and for our wretched sins and selfishness died the death of a criminal.

Your unprejudiced friend,
CROMPTON SOWERBUTTS,
*Vicar S. Michael's, N. Fond du Lac*

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit at Elton, in the Revival Belt, as reported by the pastor of the local Pentecostal Tabernacle:

Brother Jim Jones, who had asthma for sixteen years, was saved and healed and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Also, a preacher by the name of Steel was healed of blindness in one eye for thirteen years. He was prayed for and healed that moment, and shouted aloud, and the noise was heard afar off.

# THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

"H————'s INTELLECT," Thomas Bailey Aldrich once wrote, "resembles a bamboo—slender, graceful, and hollow." I do not believe that he then or later realized how well he had described himself. For Aldrich, like so many of his contemporaries, was just that. His whole career was arranged to make him graceful and hollow, and in his later days he elaborately rationalized the result. When he came to fame at twenty in New York he associated himself with Nathaniel Willis, Stedman, Stoddard and Launt Thompson rather than with Walt Whitman, whom he came to detest. The Civil War, which might have burned the tinsel from his mind, scarcely touched him, and when he went up to Boston, it was to a Boston in process of decay. Yet he accepted it with avidity and was very fond of saying that "though I am not genuine Boston, I am Boston-plated."

Every man rationalizes his experience into attitudes toward the world. So with Aldrich. He believed that experience was not at all necessary for a poet, but that to a short-story writer it gave endless ideas. Now, to Aldrich plot was the essence of a story, and his hostility to Henry James, and his æsthetic quarrel with the realists was due to the fact that they failed to use it. Howells put it accurately when he said that Aldrich, in exploiting the snap ending, "invented a new pleasure." That is precisely it; he was not concerned with stories as "reflections of life through a contemplative consciousness," nor did he consider it necessary to furnish the reader with "an extension of experience"; he was satisfied with prettily written exercises in intellectual gymnastics—graceful and hollow.

From the beginning he was devoted to writing, and he devoted his life to attaining skill at it, but he never had anything to say. I know of no incident that so prettily illustrates the divorcement between his poetry and his experience, and shows how early he came to believe that experience had nothing to teach a poet, than a reported conversation between Edwin Booth and the lady who became Aldrich's wife. Booth was telling over the guests at a party, and named Aldrich, just then come to fame with "The Ballade of Babie Bell." The lady interrupted: "Mr. Aldrich must be a man about thirty-five years old, tall, slender, with black hair, piercing eye, pallid face stamped with melancholy which grief for the death of that child [Babie Bell] has indelibly written there." Booth replied: "In poetry and in play acting, nothing is, but what is not. Tom Aldrich does not look twenty; never had a wife, never had a child; never had anything I guess but the Muses and poetical license." That illustrates his whole case. Aldrich never looked at life directly, but was always satisfied with its refraction through books. Howells saw that he was not allied to Hawthorne, but to the author of "Prue and I." The obscurity of that writer today is a measure of what might have befallen Aldrich had he not attached himself to the New England group.

The generation to which he belonged lived through a singularly difficult period. Not only did the Civil War cut across its youth, but its old age was complicated by industrialism. The shift of the balance in

our civilization from 1870 onward was rapid and decisive, and these men grew up in one society and matured in another. Because of the distractions and complications of the age, the sensitive but not virile members of the generation that did its writing fled from harsh reality into pleasing fancy. They considered poetry to be a form of beauty quite apart from the prose of reality, and constantly projected themselves into dreamlands, usually of an Eastern tinge. Of all the men whom Aldrich might have known, who did have the capacity to assimilate experience, Whitman was precisely the one of whom he was most suspicious. When new men began, by their work, to destroy the frail superstructure of the dreamers' world—Norris, Bierce, Crane—Aldrich ignored them and went complacently to his end. His friends all bowed to the corpse of New England, and so did he.

"Much of our poetry," wrote Thoreau, "has the very best manners, but no character." He might have been describing Aldrich's work. So lacking in character is it that even among his praisers there is a disposition to single out only the later lyrics as significant. In doing this they are unwittingly passing a devastating criticism on their idol, for from the very beginning Aldrich was known as a poet; he wrote poetry before and after his prose. In casting aside vast numbers of his early poems, long and short, the inevitable implication is that for years he had nothing to say. What he really had and lacked may be seen clearly by his judgments on fellow poets. Chief among the influences upon him was Longfellow. He thought that Poe would have amounted to nothing had he been a law-abiding, tax-paying citizen. He was annoyed out of all patience by the infelicities of Emily Dickinson and Emerson. Whitman was a "charlatan" whose "manner was a hollow affectation, and represents neither the man nor the time." In Lanier he could see nothing more than a musician. But for Robert Herrick he had a vast and abiding admiration, and his essay on him is in the nature of a self-defence. Aldrich's admiration was reserved for triviality of subject coupled with verbal felicity, and these aspects of Herrick are skillfully brought out. But what the essay lacks is what Aldrich lacked: a perception that Herrick's merits are deeply rooted in his intellectual and emotional attitude of *carpe diem*, and his close and thorough identification with the English countryside. The poetry of those he despised also had qualities he lacked. Set Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee" against Aldrich's "Piscataqua River," and the result is annihilation of the latter. By Emerson and Dickinson he is dwarfed into a nonentity—because they have in them body and substance. Of his comment on Whitman, one need but say that it feebly reflects the current judgment of his set, and is not nearly so discerning as that of the man to whom he was writing, E. C. Stedman. And when he spoke of Poe, he was uttering a moral, not a literary, judgment.

From the beginning he loved Longfellow and he wrote a tribute to him when Longfellow died. He was, in Aldrich's eyes, "white," as Howells put it. But more immediate influences are observable during the New York period. Willis is behind this verse from a poem later barred from the canon:

> Fannie wears an open dress—
> Ah! the charming chemisette!
> Half concealing, half revealing
> Something far more charming yet.

And his companions—Stedman, Taylor, Stoddard—determined his trend toward the poetic exploration of far-away lands and times. He wrote "escape" poetry of the most vapid sort. All of his longer pieces fall into that class; the subjects range in time and place from Elizabethan England to Russia of an undefined date, Assyria, the monasteries of the Middle Ages, and the Spain of 1810. "The Cloth of Gold" is a book entirely devoted to poems of the East; it came out in the same year as "Marjorie Daw," 1873. Al-

drich himself admitted that poems of contemporary experience were not for him. He had no capacity to assimilate experience, and the fact finds a beautiful demonstration in his Civil War stories, "Quite So" and "The White Feather." His experience of the war was fleeting and that of a correspondent behind the lines, but it was infinitely greater than Stephen Crane's when the latter wrote his "Red Badge of Courage." But Aldrich could no more reconstruct than he could assimilate. He had neither a vigorous imagination nor a vigorous intellect. The war chiefly appears in three poems. "Fredericksburg" contains these fine lines:

> The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
> And on the churchyard by the road I know
> It falls as white and noiselessly as snow.

But the war part is only a castrated version of Tennyson's banal "Charge of the Light Brigade." In the "Shaw Memorial Ode" he talks of "dusky braves" (the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, which Shaw led, was composed of Negroes) and then:

> He fell as Roland fell
> That day a Roncevaux

"Spring in New England" is a word draping of a pious sentimentality for the war victims buried in the far-away South, whom the coming of Spring calls up to New England memories. That is Aldrich's pitiable all, so far as the war is concerned.

His poems were always done with neatness and dispatch. The trouble was that the pattern was more absorbing to him than the matter, and that the pattern was ordinary. As he saw life in his fiction refracted through books, so he saw it in his poetry. It seems full of echoes. The imagery is intolerably literary. The smoothness is that of banality. The emotions are those of well-bred gentlemen. Among the best pieces are "Outward Bound" and "Lynn Terrace," both of which express his longing for the far-away lands of high romance, his true homeland. Such pieces as "Snowflake" are charmingly pretty. "Amontillado," "Memory" and "I'll Not Confer with Sorrow" capture fleetingly the attitude of Herrick. In the hands of another, "Prescience" might have had great poignance; it has some even now, but it is so well bred! There is nothing distinguished about the often praised poems on immortality, "When to Soft Sleep" and "The Undiscovered Country." The good things must be hunted out from among the drivelling long poems and such stuff as "Alec Yeaton's Son," which is in "The Wreck of the Hesperus" tradition.

## II

"I always write the last paragraph first, and then work directly up to that, avoiding all digressions and side issues. . . . When the story is finished, I go over the dialogue and strike out four-fifths of the long speeches." So wrote Aldrich on the art and mystery of short-story writing. To him, as has been said, short-stories were things to be invented, and however much skillful observation, or in his case remembered reading, might serve to decorate the framework, the important thing was the frame. There is no particular point in analyzing every story that he considered worth preserving; they number but twenty-six. The most successful are "Marjorie Daw" and "Madame Olympe Zabriski."

Nothing brings out more clearly the quality of Aldrich's mind than the contrast between a story of his and one by Ambrose Bierce. Bierce's reputation is on the ascendency, and Aldrich's on the decline, yet as far as form goes their short-stories are essentially the same. Bierce, however, had a caustic, cynical mind which earned him the name of Bitter Bierce. His stories are often cruel, and the snap heightens the cruelty. On a framework as artificial as Aldrich's, Bierce has draped veracious observation and pessimistic, piercing philosophy. His style is as sparse and severe as Aldrich's, but it lacks the latter's weak prettiness, a prettiness having "the tints

of flowers without their sap and roots." The resultant contrast appears in considering Bierce's "A Horseman in the Sky" and Aldrich's "White Feather." The framework is the same, and both were inspired by the Civil War. A Southerner in the Northern army is called upon in the course of duty to shoot down a relative. Bierce concludes with an officer questioning a sentry who has fired and seems reluctant to say at what:

> "See here, Druse," he said, after a moment's silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"
> "Yes."
> "Well?"
> "My father."
> The Sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said.

But Aldrich, confronted with the identical situation, makes a previously brave man show the white feather, and after brooding a few days, commit suicide. Stylistically these men were near together; mentally they were miles apart.

Aldrich's weaknesses come to a head in his novels. "The Story of a Bad Boy" is as good a thing as he wrote, and as weak. To us today it appears to be sterile, because we know what a story of boyhood can be by "Huckleberry Finn." It is a curious episode in the history of Clemens's deference to the latter-day saints that he considered putting aside his book when he heard that Aldrich was engaged on a similar theme. He wrote: "I was just planning 'Tom Sawyer' when he was beginning 'The Story of a Bad Boy.' When I heard that he was writing that I thought of giving up mine, but Aldrich insisted that it would be a foolish thing to do. He thought my Missouri boy could not by any chance conflict with his boy of New England, and of course he was right." Twain in those days was below the salt, but even Howells, settling in Boston to assist on the *Atlantic*, brought with him an image of Aldrich as "among my elders and betters."

"Prudence Palfrey," "The Stillwater Tragedy" and "The Queen of Sheba" are all very much faded, yet what hopes he had for them! To Bayard Taylor he wrote of the first on January 9, 1873, "I don't expect it to be *the* American Novel, but I do think it will be a slight pleasant story for old folks." No, not *the* American Novel, but evidently a novel which one can think of pleasantly when on that theme. But it is quite crumpled now, and never thought of at all. The second was Aldrich's contribution to the thesis novel and stands with John Hay's "Breadwinners." It is an incongruous mixture of anti-trade union propaganda and murder-mystery story. Superficially, it shows an attempt to be fair, but the bias is very apparent to a careful reader, and is finally illustrated in the shifting of the murder from the shoulders of a capitalist to those of a laborer. It is quite in harmony with Aldrich's known opinions. "The Queen of Sheba" was the subject of a letter to Howells on March 1, 1876: "I am ten letter pages deep in a new story which I fancy will be long enough to print in two instalments. It is entitled 'The Queen of Sheba.' A young fellow falls in with a singularly beautiful girl in an insane asylum, and afterwards meets her abroad, travelling with her mother, and comes near marrying the girl. The girl has recovered, and does not remember that she was once the 'Queen of Sheba.' Here is a grand chance for something at once humorous and tragic. I feel at my poor best in the story, and in respect to style and characterization I intend to leave my other prose tales behind—in their proper places!" Aldrich here had invented a plot (modified slightly in the finished version)—and what a plot!—to his entire satisfaction. It was the beginning and end of his desire, and his own devastating self-criticism.

## III

To his contemporaries Aldrich was a conversationalist of incomparable brilliance, and there is a record of his once vanquishing Chauncey Depew. But he himself realized that his wit of speech was evanescent, and counted for nothing in reckoning his

merit as a writer. Though he was a humorist also, he had only a humor of words and phrases, not of ideas. Though for years an editor, and so a critic by implication at least, he wrote but one or two essays that survived in his collected works. He had, in fact, no taste for that sort of thing. He saw clearly, however, that Holmes' reputation would be tenuous, once his sustaining personality was removed. He was hostile to Walt Whitman, and very skeptical of Emily Dickinson. He knew that Stevenson was entertaining but not great, and thought that Mark Twain struck "deep down into rich soil." These judgments were typical, but they are drawn from letters; the very few formal essays he wrote show that his reasoned opinions were not particularly penetrating.

He was keen enough to realize, when it was pointed out, that he had no close identification with his times, but his theory of literature forbade him considering that a weakness. He wrote to a friend on December 4, 1897: "And what you say of my 'aloofness,' as being due in part to a lack of quick sympathies with contemporary experience (though I had never before thought of it), shows true insight. To be sure such verse as 'Elmwood,' 'Wendell Phillips,' 'Unguarded Gates,' and the 'Shaw Memorial Ode' would seem somewhat to condition the statement but the mood of these poems is not habitual with me, not characteristic." What was typical with him was scintillation, a scintillation from rhinestones however, not diamonds. Clemens said to R. L. Stevenson: "Yes, he is always brilliant; he will be brilliant in hell—you will see." Maybe he is. But his brilliance is sadly tarnished here on earth.

# MARY FISHER'S PHILOSOPHY

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

The rest of us dined at a table about twenty feet long and four feet wide. Mary Fisher presided as hostess. But her father had a little table of his own over in a corner of the room and usually sat down about the time the rest of us were leaving. While he ate, Mary would observe carefully to see that he got plenty of the best of everything. She chatted with the loiterers but her attention was with her father. Three or four times during the course of his meal she would kiss the back of his neck or touch his hair caressingly. And each time she'd say: "Forget it, Dad. Cheer up." One had to observe very closely to see that he shrank from these caresses. The movement was ever so slight.

During the entire course of my acquaintance with them—covering some six months—I never heard him address a word to his daughter. Indeed, he seldom spoke to anyone. Most of the time he sat in a chair beside the large wood-burning kitchen range and looked after the fire. He had an old broomstick that he used as a poker. Mary said he could regulate a wood fire with such ease and precision that it was like cooking on a gas range. To hear Mary tell it she couldn't have prospered without his aid. However, tending the fire appeared to be his sole responsibility. Mary said he was not strong; afterward I learned that was true. He appeared to be a giant, but decades of hard work which brought him to a penniless old age had sapped his sinews.

The first time I dined at Mary Fisher's little hotel and casually glimpsed this by-play between father and daughter I thought it was funny. I supposed he was pouting; and it was delightful to observe Mary's playful, delicate advances. Both might have been sixteen years of age. At the end of a week, however, I began to sense drama. As the story unfolded, little by little, I doubted first my eyes, then my ears, and finally my intelligence. Half a dozen times I thought I had all of the story—certainly any chapter of it was a novel—but the curtain would rise again unexpectedly and my ears fairly tingled as the epic marched to completion.

Mary Fisher's little hotel was situated close to the station in a village on the Texas and Pacific Railway between El Paso and Fort Worth. Its fame reached two hundred miles east and west. But people are more interesting than good food and clean sheets; therefore I shall attempt the difficult feat of describing Mary. She ranks among the most beautiful women I have ever seen—and was fifty-one years of age at the time. Her hair was snow white with a sheen that formed a halo in the sunshine. Her skin appeared approximately perfect, and nearly as white as her hair except for a pinkish healthy glow, softened by a sort of peach down that constituted the only visible sign of age. Her eyes were large and sky-blue. They couldn't have been prettier when she was sixteen. Mary was about five feet seven inches tall and weighed probably one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Her hands were plump, with tapering fingers. Once when I commented upon their beauty she explained laconically, "Work seems to be good for them."

Mary's voice betrayed perhaps her only other sign of age, but I am not certain. It was vibrant, musical, and somewhere between mezzo-soprano and baritone. The

reader may question whether her white hair was not a sign of age. My answer is that it didn't appear so. Indeed, such hair would be beautiful on a woman at any age or of any complexion.

For all her good sense and remarkable executive ability Mary's expression can best be described as a baby stare. Tempered with white hair, however, the baby stare rather suggested innocent, sweet-natured saintliness. She very seldom spoke but was a tireless listener. The twenty or more men who ate three times a day at her hotel were always careful not to say anything that might disillusion a child of eight.

The lobby of the hotel was more like a reception room. In the little bookcase were several volumes of sermons leaning against "Pilgrim's Progress." The phonograph records were a peculiar jumble of comic monologues and hymns, mostly the latter. Dominoes, checkers and chess might be played at the tables in the lobby but no cards were available, even for solitaire. On the walls were pictures of flowers, fruit, game, fish and mountains.

The first suggestion that this was not the only possible environment for Mary came one evening after dinner when I sat at table later than usual and happened to mention a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Come upstairs and hear some real music," Mary said. Her father's face clouded. Mary smiled at him.

In her own little parlor she had a small phonograph and after fumbling among the records she played the prelude to Act I of "Carmen."

"Ever hear that?" she asked triumphantly. One might have judged that the opera had been lost until she discovered it. Then came the amazing comment: "It's got a kick in it like a good stiff drink on a frosty morning."

I looked up, wondering if I had heard aright, and Mary was rolling a cigarette with one hand.

"Can you stand it again?" she asked. I nodded, while trying to recover my poise. The prelude was repeated. Mary's eyes were twinkling stars.

"Why do you try to warm up to Dad?" she asked, as the prelude was returned to its envelope. The question was so unexpected that the truth was shaken out of me.

"He knows a great deal about early days in Texas," I replied. "I am trying to get him to talk because he gives me a point of view I have never been able to obtain elsewhere. Your father is a bitter-minded realist. He doesn't try to make adventure heroic. He tells just what happened, I think, and if there is any coloring of opinion it is to register his resentment against fate and nature."

"That's God's truth," Mary said, earnestly.

"What is his grudge against you?" I asked, attempting to turn the tables and jar the truth out of her as she had done with me.

"He hasn't any grudge against me," was the prompt reply.

"One would think so," I countered. Mary laughed, then rolled another cigarette.

"You write, don't you?" she asked. I nodded. "Well, I'll tell you a true story that is so ten-twenty-thirty you can't use it."

"So what?" I interrupted.

"Ever see 'Way Down East'?" Mary asked.

Again I nodded. She was arranging the pillows in her rocking chair; evidently the story was forthcoming. I glanced at a little book case and recognized four volumes of philosophy beside several classics, including the "Comédie Humaine." That was the first time I rubbed my eyes but the gesture became almost habitual during the succeeding months.

"Where did you go to school?" I asked.

"Same place all the rest of us went," Mary answered. "Down to the Junction School House." So that was that; Mary probably was graduated with high honors in the fourth or fifth grade.

"You know I been married several

times." I felt the story was coming.

"How many times?" I asked.

"Six." My right hand moved to my ear, as though to pluck out the incredible word and examine it. Mary married six times? Impossible! One could look at her face and see that she either had never been married, or had spent the greater portion of her life living serenely with a most considerate, affectionate gentleman who died peacefully and promptly went to heaven. But Mary was ready to tell her story so I did not interrupt with expressions of astonishment.

II

"Out on the farm it was nothing but work, work, work," she began. "I was born out there and never knew anything else. I hadn't read anything, either, but the idea came to me from nowhere that life ought to be pleasanter. Although I had no way of knowing that any people lived differently, I dreamed funny little dreams about women dressed in ballet skirts and men in scarlet or light blue overalls, skipping around and maybe singing one of the more cheerful hymns.

"One day, when I was nearly sixteen years old, Dad let me go to El Paso to visit Aunt Jenny. She was a widow, and lonesome. On the train I met a gambler. He wore a light gray suit with big checks and a necktie with purple and red in it and he had been drinking whiskey and eating cloves. I thought that was wonderful. He had black eyes and a big black moustache shaped like a longhorn's horns. And there were wide red stripes in his shirt—like peppermint candy. He pulled his hat down nearly to his eyebrows. Gosh, I thought he was the handsomest thing alive, and I'll bet I showed it, because he didn't ask if he might come to see me; he just said he was coming and where did I live. I nearly tore my purse up getting out a pencil to write the address and then I asked him about eight times whether he really would come. He said he would. Then he went to sleep. It was awful hot. I sat there wondering, and looking at him. He was so pretty I was afraid I might be dreaming again.

"Well, he came. And just as soon as Aunt Jenny saw him she said he couldn't come any more. Jim always smelled gloriously of cloves and whiskey. So he told me to meet him some time down at the corner drugstore, and I did. I haunted the place till he came. Aunt Jenny sent me home the next day. She caught us there talking.

"Gosh, I thought it was the end of the world! I cried all day and all night. About a week later who should come driving up to the windmill but Jim, in a rubber-tired livery-stable buggy, holding a whip with a blue ribbon on it.

"I was scared to death he'd ask me to go and get some decent clothes on, anyway stockings, but he didn't. He just said 'jump in,' and off we went. Dad followed us about an hour later but he missed the train, and we were gone.

"All the way to El Paso I was talking about our wedding—I supposed, of course, we'd be married. I asked him if he had money enough to get me some decent clothes and he nearly blinded me with a roll of hundred-dollar bills. That was the first time I'd ever seen one bigger than a five.

"There's one thing about Jim that I'll always give him credit for, no matter what anyone may think of him: he saw what he had on his hands and he gave me a wedding that put me in seventh heaven. Of course, I didn't know much about those present but they looked grand enough to be dukes and earls. I was dressed up like a plush horse and carried about one cord of chrysanthemums. He spent all his spare time during the next six months showing me off to his friends. He taught me to roll a cigarette with one hand, and after we'd been out hunting he always told whoppers about how much game I killed. We lived at a hotel. All Jim's friends called him 'Denver'; that was his nickname.

"One night he put five hundred dollars on the dresser and went out without kissing me. I knew I wouldn't see him again and I

didn't. But anyway, I waited. There wasn't much else to do. His friends said he had a way of disappearing like that. If he had an unusual run of luck, they said, he went to Denver to spend his money and if he had bad luck he went to Denver to start over. He was superstitious about Denver but he loved the place, too. I don't blame him. I've been there since and it is a wonderful city. Jim didn't have any need for a wife. It was fun at first but he just got tired of being married.

"After the baby was born I didn't have much money left. In those days the polite thing for a widow or deserted wife to do was to take in washing. I figured that if I was going to take in washing I might just as well have the family for customers. I knew I could please them. So I borrowed some money from a friend of Jim's and went home. He was awful nice about it; told me not to send it back, and came to the train with a box of fried chicken for me and a lot of toys and things for the baby. He was a saloon keeper and director in a bank and had a half-interest in a gambling house and went to church nearly every Sunday. I think he had some kind of a city office, too, but I've forgotten what it was. I married him later.

"On the way home—it was Winter then—a big storm came up, and I stepped off the train onto six inches of snow. It was the heaviest I had ever seen and very unusual for that part of the country. I couldn't get anyone to take me to the farm so I walked the five miles, carrying my baby, and knocked at the door with a shawl over my head just like they do in the weepy plays. Dad stood there, grinding his teeth, with his Adam's apple moving up and down. That was always a bad sign around our place, so I turned around and left. I could hear Mamma whining; poor Mamma never had much to say. I was pretty tired and hungry when I got back to the Junction but I had money enough for a ticket to El Paso. I didn't know where else to go. I sent King a telegram—he's the man who loaned me the money. It was an awful nervy thing to do, King being so prominent, but I was desperate on account of the baby. It was the first telegram I had ever sent. Gosh, it seemed important. I was afraid he'd think all his folks were dead.

"When I got back to El Paso, King—that wasn't his name, that was a nickname on account of him being lucky drawing kings—he met me at the train and took me to his house. I don't know whether he fell in love with me or the baby; maybe both. Anyway he was mighty nice to both of us and kind of crazy about the kid. You see, he and Jim had been good friends. One day after I'd been there about a week he came in with a Denver newspaper. Jim had married a beautiful girl out in Denver. Their pictures were in the paper. So King and I figured he must have got a divorce. Anyway we got married the next day."

"And had he got a divorce?" I asked.

"I never did find out," Mary replied, as blandly as though bigamy ranked among the least important social errors. She was eager to get on with the story.

## III

"Later on the boys left the farm about like I did, and Mamma died. All of us children acted mighty bad about that. Of course I didn't know how they were getting on for years. Dad always went for the mail and it wouldn't have done any good to write. The first news I heard came about eight years ago when I got a notice from the county judge back home that I was responsible for Dad if I was able to take care of him. Well, I was, so I sent the money for him to come on and he's been with me ever since. Naturally, he doesn't feel any too good about all this after putting me and my baby out in the snow. I can imagine about how he feels. But I've forgotten all that long ago. I've tried to tell him so. But a man can't understand what comes over a woman with a baby when she gets turned out. I'll tell you"—Mary's eyes flashed—"that's when the fire and steel enter. I wasn't afraid of anything on

earth after that and I've never been afraid since. I knew then that it was strictly up to me. Dad doesn't know it and I can't make him understand, but I never would have amounted to a row of pins but for him. I appreciate what he did for me. He's all right. He was raised that way and he can't help it. He used to beat the boys until the blood came because he thought it was good for them. His father had done that to him and he thought he had to do it. I feel awful sorry for Dad because he's in this fix. That's why I try to be affectionate with him. Anyone who knows him has got to respect him. Let me tell you what he did one time; he owed a note for one hundred dollars and couldn't pay it for six years. In the meantime the storekeeper went broke, but just as soon as Dad got the money he hired a lawyer to find out who was entitled to that hundred dollars. Mamma and I didn't have shoes at the time but it was Spring and didn't matter. That's the kind of a man he is."

Mary slipped out of her chair and began examining phonograph records.

"That Carmen girl didn't have any sense but there was good stuff in her," she remarked, again deciding in favor of the prelude. I sat speechless. Naturally I supposed I had the story of Mary and her father. It would appear so, wouldn't it? But that was just Mary's version and an introduction to her character. I don't mean to say that the facts she related were untrue. On the contrary, they were absolutely true. But I later became better acquainted with her father.

On the third conclusion of the prelude, Mary said: "I've got to set some bread tonight." So we went downstairs, and as we walked my hostess added, "There isn't anything on earth smells so good as new-baked bread. I love to bake. And the prettiest sight on earth is snow-white sheets, pillow cases, towels and tablecloths spread out on the grass in a glaring hot sun, drying. There isn't anything I like better than washing, if it just didn't tire a fellow out so."

## IV

The details of my long and patient stalking of that mysterious quarry who usually sat beside the kitchen range in Mary's little hotel would unnecessarily burden this tale, and since only the facts are of interest, they shall be told without undue reference to the time consumed in obtaining them.

His name was Leo Strongheart Sterling and he was seventy-nine years of age at the time Mary was fifty-one. He enjoyed good health, was in full possession of his faculties, and so far as appearances were concerned might have been almost any age above fifty. His teeth were nearly perfect, a condition which he explained by the use of table salt for tooth powder. However, he had been reduced to the necessity of using tooth paste because table salt is now ground so fine; he said he found it of no value either to the toilet or on the table. A mop of gray hair made his brow impressive and rolled down the back of his head to his coat collar, where it curled up about half an inch. His face, and especially his nose, suggested the eagle.

Like that much praised but not very beautiful bird he had eyes set entirely too close together. They gave warning of his nature. He was about five feet and eleven inches tall, slender, and had an amazing breadth of shoulder.

I learned, in time, that after the evening meal he retired to his own room, where he would spend an hour or more whittling soft pine sticks. Then he would read his Bible for a few minutes and pray for fifteen or twenty minutes. Unless interrupted he was then ready for bed, although the hour might not be later than half past eight o'clock. He rose before the sun.

To this day I am baffled by the fact that his Bible reading had so slight an effect—if any—upon his religion and philosophy of life. His was primarily a sort of ancestor worship. His God recognized hard, grinding work as the highest of all virtues. If any other ranked close, it was primitive honesty in paying debts; I mean debts to

the grocer and the banker. On this point his religion was approximately identical with that of the Chinaman who will sell his daughter or starve to death rather than take food from a neighbor's field in time of famine. Truthfulness in all things was another of his virtues. There was no mystery and no overtone of beauty in his religion. He endeavored to render to his God full measure of such virtues as he understood and in return to win immortality as provided in the contract. His religion might, I think, have been reduced to mathematical symbols.

It was amazing to learn, in my earlier conversations with him, that he could remember distinctly incidents that occurred when he was three years of age. He denied that this was due to a return during old age of childhood's previously forgotten events but explained it on the ground that his tenderest years were filled with terrifying incidents and physical suffering that no one could forget. He was among the youngest of fourteen children, all born on a Texas ranch that was also a farm. Because everyone had to work, it was the custom of his parents to turn him out after breakfast with a cow bell tied to his waist and a dog to guard him. Several times, between the ages of three and four, he and his dog had been surrounded by wild goats that harried and overturned them until they took refuge in thickets. On more than one occasion he had thus remained prisoner, with his dog, until thirst caused his tongue to swell.

At the age of eight he was sent on horseback to a farm ten miles away to get a quart of cream. On his father's ranch there was but one milch cow and it was dry at the time. He was returning with the cream when three Indians saw and pursued him.

"Did your parents know the danger when they sent you?" I interrupted.

"Yes, but they had plenty of children and could take a chance. Cream was—well, there isn't anything nowadays I can compare with it. Not many people had it. I was riding the fastest horse on the place. My saddle was a buckskin thong with holes burned in it and my bridle was one rope fastened to a home-made halter."

"What were the holes in the buckskin for?" I asked.

"To put my big toes in—they were my stirrups. I carried the bucket on my left arm.

"The Indians—when we spied each other —were off to one side but ahead of me. I could see them begin lashing their ponies to cut me off and I tried to guide my horse away from the trail but he wouldn't go. So I cut down on him with the lash and held to his mane. It was nip and tuck to see whether the Indians would cut across the trail before I got by. If they did I was either tortured to death or adopted. People don't forget things like that, no matter how young they are. Well, we reached the same spot at about the same time but I was maybe ten yards in the lead and my horse was going like an eagle. They shot at me but guns wasn't much good in them days. My horse gained at every jump until they gave up. I got home with my nose broken and my face cut all to pieces and my left ear mashed."

"How did that happen?" I asked.

"The bucket," he snapped impatiently. "It pounded me in the face. I lost all the cream."

Thus his stories would run; no heroics, no laughter, no attempt to cast a glamor; not even pride in narration, nor the usual loquacity. He was a gold mine of realism.

In spite of insistence that his father was right no matter what he did, the old man could still tell the facts relentlessly. He was proud that he had endured much parental correction.

On the subject of his own sons he was bitter. The story he told is as old as the hills but will probably be re-enacted as long as farms exist. Briefly it is that the colts, calves, the lambs, the baby chickens, and I know not what all belonged to the children but the finished product was ruthlessly seized by father without a word of explanation, thanks, or any other courtesy. One need go no farther than this basic

fact to account, in large measure, for the growth of cities.

On the subject of whipping children he was much more interesting. He maintained that a child has no memory nor sense of responsibility, nor instinct for order; that these must be inspired by the male parent. Love, he thought, was not of such a nature that it would remind a child to close gates, no matter how beautiful the sentiment might be. Closing gates, he said, required the instinctive prick of active memory and the only way to cultivate such a memory in a child was with the whip. One thing was crystal clear, he held himself blameless for the departure of his children.

I never tried to steer the conversation toward his family relations, nor had I any great curiosity. I supposed during the greater part of this time that I had all there was of Mary's story, but I could not fail to note how completely she was left out of his conversation. Any remaining chapters of his daughter's career would necessarily be narrated, I thought, by her, since they related to her various husbands. I should state at this point, however, that Mary's father now knew her story. How he learned it, I do not know.

## V

Not being immune to the seduction of such spirited gossip, I sent away for several opera records and thus obtained other evenings with Mary in her pleasant little parlor upstairs.

After she had played a selection from "Lucia di Lammermoor" and commented that the characters in grand opera were "kind of quick on the trigger and handy with their Bowie knives" I asked her what later befell the friend and husband whom she called King.

"He was killed," Mary said, apparently pleased to resume. "Two mining men from Mexico were having a little argument one night in the gambling house I told you about. Everyone in the place had ducked for cover when King, not knowing anything about what was going on, came upstairs. They began shooting at each other just as his head appeared above the floor and a bullet hit him right between the eyes.

"I was awful sorry because it seemed like he was just the man to make a good father for my boy. And he was always in a good humor except on Sundays when he had to get up early to go to church after being up late Saturday night. That was always the big night and he couldn't get to bed before two or three o'clock. I don't think he cared a great deal about church but we were sort of society folks and had our position to keep up. He was always mixed up in politics one way and another. I didn't know much about that but everyone said he was straight as a string.

"I supposed, of course, that there would be plenty of money for me and the baby, but after the lawyers got through there wasn't any. Saloons in those days had to have a proprietor that people liked, so after King died the place went broke in about a month. It seemed like his half interest in the gambling house was just a matter of arrangement while he lived. Anyway, there wasn't anything to prove it ever existed after he died. His bank stock was sold to pay his debts, and we didn't own our house. All I ever got was some money for the furniture.

"One day, about two months after his death, I was walking down the street and I met the man who was brakeman on the train when I first came to El Paso. We spoke and I told him I was looking for a job and some place to live, so he took me and the baby to his home. He had a wife and two children. She was a little suspicious that first day, but after I had done one washing we were friends for life. He got me a job waiting on the lunch counter in the railroad station. It certainly was a come-down after riding around in a carriage, but things like that always struck me as funny. I didn't have anything to start with—not even stockings—so I couldn't say I was worse off. At that time I had more clothes than I knew what to do with.

"The thing I remember best about that brakeman was his good sense in buying meat. We always had calves' liver and bacon for breakfast. For five cents you could get all the liver you'd take home. The butcher would slice it till you made him stop, and then give you another piece for the cat. Bacon was ten cents a pound. For supper each of us had four fried eggs spread out on a whole slice of ham. I was young and it seemed to me I could eat a whale after tramping around behind that counter all day. I paid them four dollars a week for board and room but I helped with the housework.

"One day a prospector came in from Mexico and I waited on him. He had a lot of money. He hadn't seen an American woman for a long time, so he said, 'Let's you and me get married.' Well, I liked him so we went out a couple of times and I sized him up while he played with the baby. Then we got married and went to Denver on our honeymoon. That certainly is a fine place. He met some friends there—mining men—and in about two months they all went off together to Arizona prospecting. He left me in Denver. I wrote to him but the letters came back. So I went to El Paso again, but this time I got my own divorce because I heard in Denver that Jim had married a couple more times and was sent to the penitentiary for it. Jim ought not to have done like that. It isn't right. Some women just get all broke up about a thing like he did to me.

"Young man, it's getting late and I'm sleepy. What's more, I've got to put things to rights in the linen closet before I can turn in. So I'll tell you good-night."

We rose, and it seemed to me that Mary's expression changed before she reached the door. The young woman from El Paso was filed among the phonograph records, and a saintly, innocent creature with snow-white hair, untouched by life's rough edges, bowed me out. The transformation was so complete I could scarcely credit my senses, for the woman to whom I said good-night seldom spoke.

## VI

Admittance was gained to Mary's parlor a few evenings later with the aid of the Bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah."

"Sounds like someone had had a drink," was Mary's comment on the music. Her eyes were twinkling again.

"What do you think of Prohibition?" I asked.

"It doesn't make a bit of difference to me," was her prompt reply. "I've lived under it before. Some of my husbands were dry and some were wet."

"That's what I don't understand about you," I meditated aloud. "You seem to me a very strong character and I should think you would have been nearly as set in your ways as a man."

"I am," Mary declared. "But the big game for a woman is running a man; not taking a drink."

"I believe we left you in Denver at the conclusion of the last chapter," I hinted. Mary tugged at the pillows in her chair, a sure sign that the tale would be resumed.

"On the way back from Denver I met the handsomest man I have ever seen." Mary laughed. "There never were such bright brown eyes. He had curly hair and his cheeks were so pink you'd think he was burning up with fever. There was just a touch of gray around his temples and his face was thin. I knew as soon as I looked at him that he was an educated man, and he was. He introduced me to books. His mother was with him. They were from New York State and his mother was not well. She was very old and seemed to have consumption. He asked me if I'd keep house for them in El Paso. They were going to Texas for his mother's health after trying Colorado. Well, I didn't have anything else to do so I said I would. Both of them were nice to the baby.

"Jackson and I—his name was Jackson—we fell in love with each other. He was for getting married right away but I explained about my divorce, so we waited. Pretty soon I could see that he had consumption,

too. I didn't think I ought to marry him but I had promised. By the time we were married, though, he was flat on his back. His mother was about well. I took care of him until he died. When his mother went home she gave me all his books and a thousand dollars. You know, people certainly are good. All my life people have gone out of their way to be nice to me. Sometimes I think a girl is better off for being green as grass. For three Christmases after that Jackson's mother always sent me a card and a lot of toys for the baby. But the books alone were worth all I did for them."

"You like philosophy?" I asked, referring to the four volumes on that subject that were visible.

"Yes," Mary answered. "It makes me laugh."

"It does?"

"Yes. All of it's written by men. They go chewing and mulling around proving things that women have known since the beginning of time and would find out all over again in one generation if all the books were burned up. Men have always been good to me and I love them, but they aren't very bright in the head; anyway, not the ones that write books."

"Do you like novels?"

"Well, it's the same in novels. The writer goes on telling you and telling you what he said and what she said and what they thought and what they did when you can tell all the time they're in love with each other. The writer seems to be the only person on earth that can't find it out. Why doesn't he say so and move on with the story? If I had mumbled around like the women in books what would have become of me?"

"You advocate going full speed ahead then?" I asked.

"Certainly. One husband is as much like another as two peas in a pod. I ought to know. I've had all kinds. Whatever they are, agree with them and make the best of it. You may think at first they're all wrong, but wade right in and you'll find out that one way and another they're having a lot of fun. When it comes to common sense, men haven't got any, but they sure know how to have a good time, and practically all of them are doing it, whether it's fishing or selling lumber. I'll take their advice on that subject any day."

At this point Mary noticed that I was counting on my fingers, so she anticipated the question.

"That's only four," she said, smiling merrily. "My next husband didn't live long either. You'll think I brought them bad luck, but life was kind of uncertain out here in those days.

"After Jackson's death I moved back to the little hotel where Jim and I used to live. I wanted to rest awhile and read some of those books. One day in the dining-room a young man named Merton Gilbert, son of a ranchman, flirted with me and pretty soon we were acquainted. He was about my own age and looked just like I always felt —sort of ready for a lark. You see, all my husbands had been a good deal older than I was and it struck me for the first time that I ought to marry someone my own age. I can't say that I was thinking about marrying him on first sight, but I liked him.

"The next time he came in, his father and mother were with him. I liked them, too, and they were awful nice to the baby. The poor little thing wasn't very well at the time and they suggested that I visit the ranch. I went back with them three days later. It was a wonderful place. They even had a piano. The old man told me straight out that he wished the boy would marry me and settle down because he was an only son and kind of wild —not about drinking, but he liked to do crazy things on horses that were only half broke. He tried all the circus stunts. Once he broke his arm trying to stand up in the saddle while his horse jumped a fence. Well, we got married, but it didn't have any effect on him so far as riding was concerned. I had to ride with him—but I liked that. One day while we were riding like the wind his horse stepped in a prairie-dog

hole. We had been married about six months then. He and the horse broke their necks.

"I stayed on the ranch until after my second baby was born and then I went back to El Paso. The old ranchman and his wife never got over their boy's death. I don't know why, but I wanted to live with that brakeman and his wife. They had one of the most comfortable homes I've ever seen and a wonderful lawn to spread the washing on.

"The brakeman got to be a conductor while I was there and I went with him and his wife to some sort of a picnic given by the conductors. That's where I met Fisher. He was an older man and very settled in his ways. His sister had been keeping house for him but she had just been married and I reckon that's what put the idea into his head. He owned his own home and put his money in the bank every pay day. He had a horse and buggy, too. He was very religious but never went to church. The babies liked him right away. He had sense and planned for their future.

"I lived with him longer than with any of my other husbands. When he was transferred we had to sell our home. This seemed like as good a place to settle as any other, so we came here. He was sick a long time but kept right on working; it was kidney trouble. We had several thousand dollars in the bank and owned our own home here when he died. None of my rich husbands ever left me anything. There had been a lot of complaint about the hotel here, so I bought it. I've been running it ever since."

Mary tossed her cigarette into a tray.

"I've got to put some beans to soak," she said. So we went downstairs. I marvelled at her executive ability. She superintended everything from the chicken yard and garden to the cash register and kitchen range. Most of the employés appeared to be less than half witted, but under her direction each might have been a field marshal in disguise. She was never hurried nor flustered. No wonder Mary held men in amused, affectionate contempt.

## VII

During the period of these occasional interviews with Mary, I spent nearly every other evening with her father, and learned many interesting bits of unwritten history. He thought, for instance, that a considerable number of the murders charged to Indians were committed by white men in Indian costume. Beef, he said, was produced at a loss to the cattle raiser during the entire period of his life. Increases in land values, due to the influx of farmers, saved the entire cattle country from bankruptcy, in his opinion.

In spite of their utterly different conclusions about life, I could see a certain similarity between the mental processes of Mary and her father. Both had vigor and arrived at answers.

One evening—the last I spent with Mary—it occurred to me to ask her whether a woman could love all of six husbands.

"Certainly," she replied. "What's more, I've known men who were good husbands to four or five wives. There are men who have a genius for seeing the good qualities in different women. They don't try to make every woman fit into a mold. I can see that every man has his good points. I'll tell you another thing, too. Men are attracted to women who are happy with their husbands. About the poorest way on earth for a woman to make friends with a man is to complain about her husband. What ever made you ask such a question?"

"Well, Mary," I said apologetically, "I got the impression that you recovered very quickly from the loss of a husband."

"I did," she agreed. "Any healthy-minded person has got his or her own life to lead. I never was sunk in someone else. That's the sure way to make them tired, especially a man. Any woman can get a man—the test is to keep him."

"What became of the boys?" I asked.

"Both of them went to college," Mary announced with a pardonable glow of triumph. "Jim married a rich girl and settled down in the husband business. But

I'll say this for Jim; the whole family likes him. Merton was like his father, all fire and energy. I figured I'd turn him loose on electricity and keep him away from horses. He's building some kind of a power plant in South Africa right now but he'll be home next year. I hear from him once a month."

I usually spied upon Mary's father before knocking at the door in order to avoid interrupting his prayers. It was thus I happened to learn the meaning of a peculiar action of his at meals. He would sit silent for five or ten seconds, then move his lips without uttering a sound. After another interval of silence he would begin eating. He was saying grace.

Knowing that I would remain at the hotel only a few more days, I decided to venture a suggestion this evening. The old man and I had now become quite well acquainted and even somewhat intimate. I peeked in and saw him sitting in his chair, whittling. Seldom have I observed a face that so clearly registered a bruised and suffering soul. Anyone who noticed him at all would feel an instinctive urge to lighten the burden of tragedy that weighed upon his spirit.

I remarked with much trepidation that he might as well sit at table with the rest of us; that I had observed his saying grace and I felt sure everyone would be pleased to have him say grace aloud. Mary would be proud to have him at the head of the table. At first he appeared to be astonished, then incredulous, but when I mentioned Mary's affection for him his eyes blazed fury.

"That hussy forgive me!" he exclaimed. "Forgive *me!* Well, that is a come-down. I raised her decent. After the way she's lived she'll forgive me, will she? I can say grace at her table, eh? Do you think I'd eat at her table?"

"You eat her food," I managed to say.

"I'm entitled to that under the law," he roared, "but I don't have to associate with her. I can keep my self-respect. She isn't fit. The——!" He used a word that stung. I was too dumfounded even for resentment. Rising from the trunk on which I had been sitting, I stumbled to the door under the lash of his angry eyes. His Adam's apple was moving up and down. Now I knew why Mary didn't wait long at the door that day she returned with her baby. Verily, I was being judged and condemned by a creature not entirely of this earth. Safe in the hallway, I took a deep breath and wiped the clammy perspiration from my brow. A moment later my hair seemed to rise on end. A skirt that looked suspiciously like Mary's was disappearing into the first intersecting corridor. Hoping that she had not overheard, I pursued it to make sure. The corridor led to Mary's little parlor. I saw her enter the doorway and made bold to knock.

"Yes, I heard," she said, before I could ask a question. But I saw no sign of resentment. "You've got to give him credit," she added, "for standing up for his convictions. I told you he was like that. I've been thinking he was maybe a little bit sorry about putting me out in the snow, but I ought to have known he wouldn't be. No, he's like that. But it's awful foolish. It doesn't hurt me; I love him; he's my father and I can't help it. But he poisons every bite he eats. I told you men haven't got any sense. Come on in for a little while and we'll play one of those records. But tomorrow, or before you go, apologize to him."

"What were you doing there?" I asked.

"I went to put some money on his dresser. I always do that when he's asleep so as not to hurt his feelings."

"And this hasn't hurt you?" I stammered.

"Why, not at all," Mary hastened to assure me. "I tell you people have to live their own lives. If he can't forgive and forget that's his trouble. He's been making himself miserable about me for thirty-five years and meantime I'm much obliged to him for putting me and the kid out in the snow. Let's play that 'Carmen' record again."

# Perfumery

## THE ART OF THE PERFUMER

By Henry Tetlow

Time was when all good perfumes were predominantly floral. The key-note of these "bouquets" was rose, supplemented by roseate and citrus elements like geranium and bergamot, and by dashes of a dozen or more different florals and aromatics "to round out the bouquets," so it was said; actually, to insure greater uniformity, to take up the slack of crop variations from batch to batch, as the champagne maker does with his cuvées.

Now the American consumer sneers at these dainty old-fashioned bouquets and demands stronger meat. Perfumes today must be loaded with animal musks. Ambre (or amber) is the word the salesgirl uses to designate such smells. Popular etymology sees in the word a derivative of ambergris, and of those who know what ambergris is, all but a handful believe it to be the most expensive raw material in perfumery, which it is not. Also, that it smells like the very devil. Wrong again. The faint native odor of ambergris is as gray and characterless as its own raw texture. But ambergris has an important function, especially in the make-up of old-fashioned bouquets, long ago described by Septimus Piesse in "The Art of Perfumery." (Parenthetically, "The Art of Perfumery" appeared about seventy years ago. Charles Dickens reviewed it in the *Household Journal* for July 3, 1857. No authority has yet superseded it.) Piesse devised a double scale of odors. The florals, the aromatics—sandal, vetivert, benzoin, etc.—and the citrus odors are on the treble side. The bass is composed of animal odors: musk, civet, tolu (beaver musk) and ambergris. You can strike a simple chord in C major and derive the most popular perfume ever made in America. That is how it was made. But if you omit the bass note (*i.e.*, ambergris) the chord dissolves sensorily into its component parts. That is the function of ambergris: to synthesize the perfume's ingredients into an harmonious whole—nature's unbeatable device for safeguarding trade secrets. But the so-called ambre odors have nothing to do with ambergris. They are musk or animal odors akin to the poor but proud smell of sweat. The word ambre is derived (stolen) from a certain manufacturer's trade name for his synthetic musk.

Most so-called synthetic perfume materials are combinations of natural primary materials which smell like certain other natural primary materials. With a few notable exceptions, they are not derived from coal tar in the manner of aniline dyes, nor from any other manufactured substances. Mostly, they are like synthetic bergamot, which is made by stretching a little true oil of bergamot with a lot of oil of lemon, to which it is closely allied, and adding a dash of this and that to cover up deficiencies. They are like a recent synthetic rose falsely branded by an American agent as the original true otto of his Bulgarian principal. This was made with Bulgarian otto of rose, ten per cent; rhodinol, citronellol and geraniol, fifty-five per cent; and phenylethylic alcohol, thirty-five per cent. It went well for a time with the perfumery trade, because the snuff manufacturers—the largest users of otto of rose in America—and the Bulgarian government were running up the price of real otto of rose. But the joker was soon discovered by those whose recipes already contained big percentages of the other ingredients of the

misbranded synthetic. They were unbalancing their perfumes by cutting down the proportion of true otto of rose and running up the rhodinol, citronellol, geraniol and alcohol. They could better buy an honest though more expensive true otto of rose and use less of it. The worthy American agent then lost his job; and I am indebted to my good Bulgarian friend, his former principal, for the formula.

Apart from synthetic rose, which made some advances during Bulgaria's wartime isolation, the progress of synthetics in twenty-five years has been slight. All odorous substances, whether natural or synthetic, are highly unstable and little understood chemical compounds. No one knows really what makes them smell. Few perfumers care to jeopardize their formulae and investments by adopting new materials which may, for all they know, react unfortunately with the old stand-bys, or even break down completely under such uncontrollable alien influences as variations of light and heat, or the effects of the only satisfactory perfume medium, grain alcohol. (How many persons outside the two trades know that the Prohibition Director once tried to compel flavoring extract makers to denature their alcohol with tartar emetic, and perfumers to do likewise with formaldehyde?) So, in making new perfumes the perfumer is shy of synthetics: he sticks to the old-time materials whose little vagaries and vices he knows. As for perfumes of established popularity, the rule is, when you get a good thing don't trifle with it.

Picture the great virtuoso. After years of painful toil in his laboratory and of patient submission to the suspicious, contemptuous sniffs of his fellow men on his way home evenings, he finally hits on the great combination destined to bring him immortality and wealth. Is he going, after that, to try something new in his formula? Not a bit of it! His problem is to keep his product ever constant to the original conception; and it is no mean job. Since he probably forgot to write down the processes and materials of the triumphant experiment as he went along, his first task is to duplicate it from memory. Suppose that on the second attempt he manages not a duplicate but a very fair likeness of the original dream. He makes it up in quantity. It sells. It is a good perfume. He wants to make some more. He wants the second batch and every succeeding batch to be exactly like the first. If he is an honest perfumer—and I protest that self-interest generally makes him one—he will strive to match his original materials regardless of cost. If he has been using true neroli at $265 a pound he will not look at the nerolis selling at $20 a pound. He will use only what he has always used. But it is not enough for him to seek the best that money can buy. Often, in truth, he does not want the best. Suppose the original masterpiece contained a cheap, nauseous Turkish geranium. He will then continue to use Turkish geranium, rather than a better grade Algerian or the best grade French geranium. Substituting either of the latter would certainly improve his finished perfume, but neither Algeria nor France could give guarantees that it would improve his perfume's popularity.

The selection of his cheapest ingredients is easy. It is when the case is reversed, when he buys his high-grade neroli for instance, that the agony begins. There are of a fact artists—in their obscure way—who can stretch a $265 pound of neroli till it can be sold profitably for $20 a pound, and the Hounds of Heaven themselves could not tell one from the other in the raw state. For all aromatic chemicals smell one way when raw, another when dilute, a third when compounded and a fourth when dried out. That is why the perfume in your bottle never smells the same on your handkerchief. And it is the handkerchief alone that the perfumer is interested in.

Septimus Piesse was, I think, the progenitor of the long line of psychologists, playwrights and other *luses naturae* who imagine that the sense of smell is a reliable aid to memory. Buncombe! In thousands

of cases that I have surveyed, not one has even indicated, let alone proved, that the sense of smell is anything but capricious and untrustworthy. The stories about recognizing your long lost sweetheart's Peau d'Espagne before she has necked you from behind are like the stories about perfume drinking. Have you ever actually drunk perfume? I thought not. Neither has anyone else. You may have been tempted, and you may be tempted again. If you are, dilute your perfume with at least one part in four of water or you cannot swallow it. Better yet—call upon me some day when I am making tincture of civet. It'll certainly be a lesson to you.

How could the sense of smell be accurate in random cases when even the trained perfumer is not sure that his nose knows, and has the greatest difficulty, blindfolded and uninstructed, identifying the most obvious materials of his craft? He is never sure in his heart that he is right. When I was initiated into the guild's mysteries, shortly before I stepped out of swaddling clothes, I began making a simple test. I have since questioned myriads of laymen of every race, color, creed and condition. So far I have not found one who could, save only when aided by the most laborious hints, identify the odor of carnation, a strident, self-assertive smell that everyone knows.

You don't know what it is? Have you always thought of it as carnation, a thing apart? . . . Well, then, were you ever, once upon a time, in a saloon? Then think back and you will remember the lowly clove. Carnation is clove.

## Law

### THE UNIFORM LAWS CRAZE

By John Hemphill

The American Bar Association and the bar associations of a number of the States stand sponsor for and control the conduct of an organization of some years' standing, which operates under the name of the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws. This body confers annually and has done so for some thirty-five years. It had at inception a reasonably valid *raison d'être*. Its declared purpose was to draft, and then to induce the legislatures of the several States to enact, legislation upon certain subjects over which the federal government could exercise no control, but on which for the smooth administration of commercial and industrial enterprises it was advantageous, perhaps almost necessary, to have uniformity throughout the several States. The conception of this child by the American Bar was a stroke of genius. It provided a workable and extremely intelligent mode of accomplishing the desired end of uniformity, and spiked and silenced the guns of the scatterbrains who were demanding federal power to control such subjects, formerly and still clearly within the State's province, thus justifying larceny from the States and the destruction of decentralized democracy on the plea that the end justified the means.

The National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, this child, the half-brother of many another, since its mother was necessity, lived for a number of years happily and usefully with its father, the American Bar. From their workbench the two produced the Uniform Sales Act, the Uniform Conditional Sales Act, the Uniform Warehouse Receipt Act, the Uniform Bills of Lading Act, and the Uniform Negotiable Instruments Act. Then their work was done, completed—admirably performed. If the child had died then, its father would and should have been very proud of its brief career, and would have been put to no trouble or expense about getting it indulgence in purgatory.

But the child merely became anæmic. The able lawyers who had flowed red through its blood and brain, finding no

longer a need for their presence, quit, and in the place of each red corpuscle, a white one, a mediocre mentality, an opportunist lawyer, was insinuated. The child was weakening, but no one seemed to realize it. Its father, busy with other things, neglected it. The sovereign horde of yokels within and without the State legislatures continued to doff their hats to it and to do its bidding, for it still lived in its father's house and anything the father nurtured and sponsored was assumed to be all right. So the invalid got out a Uniform Stock Transfer Act. That perhaps was still excusable. But then came the Uniform Partnership, Acknowledgments, Aeronautics, Desertion and Non-Support Acts,—and then a real fever, a mad desire to make *everything* uniform. There followed a wholesale production of nonsense, and the plant is still in 100% operation. There are, among others, the Uniform Child Labor Act, the Uniform Cold Storage Act, the Uniform Declaratory Judgment Act, the Uniform Extradition of Persons of Unsound Mind Act, the Uniform Fiduciaries Act, the Uniform Flag Act, the Uniform Illegitimacy Act, the Uniform Land Registration Act, the Uniform Marriage Act, the Uniform Marriage Evasion Act, the Uniform Occupational Diseases Act, the Uniform Vital Statistics Act, the Uniform Wills Act, and the Uniform Workman's Compensation Act. And the end is not yet!

The papa, the American Bar, still harboring and humoring this messy child, must have justified itself, if it gave the matter any consideration at all, with the thought, comforting to itself but not a bit comforting to the people, who are affected not so much with the theory as with results, that no State legislature need pass the acts proposed by the now imbecilic child unless it desired them. But this was and is a clear case of evasion of parental responsibility, for the father ought to know and must know that the pestiferous activities of his offspring are putting laws through the legislatures at the expense of every State's individuality,—that bad lawyers are selling their goods to the legislative louts upon the representation that Mr. Hughes, Mr. Wickersham, Mr. Davis, Mr. Root and the American Bar generally will be broken-hearted and have grave doubts of the future of the country if all States are not induced at once to enact the same Flag Act, the same Illegitimacy Act.

Each and every piece of uniformity jockeyed through the dull legislatures of the several States is, in the final analysis, an attack upon decentralized government and to that extent a theft from the States. The greater the uniformity, the greater will be the demand for more uniformity, until eventually the States will be but townships of the American Empire, and the people will be led and cajoled and driven like soldiers. It may be argued, perhaps, that this tendency should not be curbed, for the eradication of individualism and local government will be best for the rank and file, but it is submitted that this argument should not prevail unless and until the American experiment in government has definitely proven to be a failure. Mr. Madison's ideas of the rights of the States are still worth fighting for; it is not yet futile to contend against federal larceny by constitutional amendment, and it is still worth while to give battle against the half-brother of federal larceny, the pressure for uniformity.

Is there any real need for uniformity in the matters which are now being foisted on us by thoughtless legislatures acting upon the recommendation of this anæmic child and the militant urge of its self-seeking white corpuscles? Consider the Declaratory Judgment Act. Itself of such exceedingly dubious merit that any State would be justified in refusing to enact it, why, in the name of the American Bar, should it be the uniform law of *all* the States? It has only to do with judicial procedure and no substantive rights or obligations, civil or criminal, are involved. What possible difference can it make to the people of Arizona if the citizens of Maine are permitted or not permitted by

statute to demand the advice of their courts by petitioning for a declaration? What is the reason for this uniformity? Why not let the people of each State, uninfluenced by the National Conference or the American Bar or any person or thing without their borders, decide for themselves the question of the desirability of remodeling their judicial procedure to provide for declaratory judgments? Isn't the action of the National Conference, and of the American Bar standing at its back, simply impertinent?

Judge Gest, of the Orphans' Court of Philadelphia County, said in his opinion in the Duff Estate, 4 Pa. D & C 315, speaking of the Pennsylvania Declaratory Judgment Act:

> It is difficult to see why, in matters of legal procedure, it is desirable for us to assimilate the practice in Pennsylvania to that of Kansas or Florida, however appropriate such uniformity may be with respect to negotiable instruments, warehouse receipts and the like. For some purposes it may be desirable to dress in ready-made uniforms, but it is better for most men to be measured for their clothing and have their coats cut to suit their individual requirements.

Next the Uniform Marriage Evasion Act. What a title! Are we to understand that this is an encouragement for bachelors to stay put? Is there to be prescribed a uniform manner to avoid the noose? Will it be against the law to sidestep in any way not laid down? If the purpose is actually to benefit single men, it cannot be passed even in the most rustic and mid-Victorian of legislatures. If its purpose is to further confound the bachelor, is it not likely to provide only a duplication of the paternal liabilities to illegitimate children found in the Uniform Illegitimacy Act?

The Marriage Evasion Act covers a subject of purely local concern. It provides that parties who cannot marry in their home State because they are first cousins or for some like reason may not come back home if they go elsewhere to be married. What is to be gained by uniformity here, or in the Illegitimacy Law, or in any of the other latter-day uniform laws? All the States that desire them in whole or in part will pass them, and the ones that do not want them should not be interfered with by outsiders, particularly one so influential and apparently authoritative as this favored child of the American Bar.

Then there is the Uniform Cold Storage Act. Why uniform cold storage? Is there the same need for cold storage regulations as a proper exercise of police power in Maine as in Florida; in Alaska as in Hawaii? Why the uniformity? Does the National Conference think that the legislatures of the several States cannot think for themselves and are crying for the light of infinite wisdom, such wisdom as will rise superior to all the local influence of climate, race extraction and employment? Finally, there are the Uniform Child Labor Law and the Uniform Workman's Compensation Law. Is it likely that in all particulars an ideal workman's compensation act, framed to meet the exigencies of the logging industries of Maine, would also be the ideal act to apply to the cotton fields of South Carolina?

The American Bar, I believe, will catch this imbecilic boy thieving in his cloak of good past deeds and it will smite him down in the indignation born of the sudden realization of his abuse of the freedom given him. That this must happen is inevitable, for each year the white corpuscle conferees jam through things more idiotic than the year before. It is only a question of time. May the time come soon—for the atmosphere will be clearer when the uniformity fad is safely behind us.

# THIS AIN'T THE WALDORF

BY GREGORY MASON

The inhabitants of the older continents have attained to nothing like our understanding of the possibilities of the public caravansary for general social utility. To a man of Wales, Württemberg or Wei-hai-wei an inn is a place where he may eat or spend the night on those occasions when it is deplorably necessary for him to be away from home. He has yet hardly dreamed of the day when, as in the United States, every hotel shall be also a town hall, a barber shop, a Turkish bath, a lodge hall, a City Club, a ball-room, a private *salon*, a semi-private saloon, an office, a brothel, a church and, above all, a home.

Even in tiny American villages these versatile possibilities of the inn are coming to be understood more and more, while in the huge cities it has become almost impossible for a hotel guest to enjoy any solitude. In certain Rochester taverns the unacquainted transient is taken in charge by a salaried woman social organizer, and introduced to the nobility and gentry of the town. In New York you may park your children for a haircut in the barber shop of the Teddy Bear Cave at the Roosevelt while you join a friend across the street for spiritual exercises in the chapel of the Biltmore. The free newspaper every day, with the oleaginous matutinal message of Service attached thereto, and the box door for the insertion of such clothing as one wishes to be pressed and disinfected while one sleeps —neither of these is any longer the latest wrinkle. Whatever I might write were the latest wrinkle would not be the latest wrinkle by the time these lines get into type.

But one of the latest, certainly, is radio service in every chamber. Soon it will be possible for the traveler to be washed, shaved, massaged and serenaded while sleeping, and for substantiation of his later claims to having wallowed in all that luxury a photograph of him reclining in a porcelain bath tub will be wired gratis to his home in the sticks. Moreover, the massage aforesaid will be mental as well as physical. That is, thanks to a future but inevitable invention, the wandering drummer whose mind has been innocent of all filling but fertilizer facts and Follies' figures will awake the possessor of an inch or two of Dr. Eliot's Famous Five Feet, painlessly inserted during his repose. And this will be nothing extraordinary, but merely the up-to-date Service of the alert hostelries of 1942.

However, it is not my purpose here to deal with the vast bed-barns of our larger cities. As a man who has hoteled in the small towns of every State in our glorious Union except Arizona, I shall try only to drop some hints which may be helpful to poor devils destined to bivouac through the thinner settlements. Let it be understood, then, that I am discussing the sort of inn which boasts no elevator and no bell boy, the sort where the proprietor gives you a lift up creaky stairs and embarrasses you with his gratitude if you pass him a Chancellor or a Peter Schuyler. Our scientific age loves classification, and the discerning traveler soon learns that the hick hotel may be classified according to a few simple tests.

The most obvious division, of course, is geographical. Speaking by and large, the

Western hamlets boast better hotels than the Eastern ones, with the South offending more than either. The superiority of the West may be due in part to its possession of that abundance of vigilance and vigor that is claimed by its inhabitants, but I am cynically inclined to think that the main cause lies in the accident that it was settled more recently than the East. Choose at random a Western town of 2000 people, and your chances are that its caravansary was built within the past ten or fifteen years. But in an Eastern village of the same size the probability is that the inn has withstood from forty to eighty hard Winters—in short, that it was thrown up long before the era of comfortable devices for watering and heating guests. And for some reason which is close to the well springs of human character, more initiative is needed to remodel an old thing than to construct a new one.

Having mentioned the small Southern hostelry unfavorably, it is only fair for me to add that its horrors may be matched in the put-you-ups of semi-abandoned Eastern villages. Take a town in a backwater, left to stagnate when the flood of progress swept elsewhere—a valley town, for instance, whose river industries languished when "corrupt interests" bestowed the railroad on a rival valley. I know such a rookery in Massachusetts where most of the inhabitants are over sixty, and destined, to judge by the graveyard, for many more years of Sabbath rumination and Saturday buggy races, where one has to look long for a headstone carved within twenty years. Fortunately, this town has no admitted hotel. If you're lucky, the Widder Hollister will put you up, or, if not, perhaps Deacon Eaton's wife will git you a snack an' give you a shakedown in the hay-loft. I say, *fortunately* this town has no admitted hotel, for while a hay-loft has its disadvantages, I know that an inn there would be akin to the "hotel" I found in a similarly circumstanced village in Pennsylvania. Tired and strained by travel, I was dull to the outward shortcomings of the place, and had no misgivings until I was shown a room. Long and narrow, with a short and narrow window, it suggested a penitential cell under a medieval city, or a dark den in one of those old prisons which served the Spaniards to bring the Aztecs to a knowledge of the true God. I asked to see another chamber, and, finding it similar, repeated my request. They were all alike. Regretfully I saw looming ahead the prospect of a night under the tent of the Chautauqua which was then exhibiting me. However, I went through the formality of asking:

"Haven't you got a room with more than a single tiny window in it?"

"No," growled the proprietor, and he grumbled steadily as he followed me out of the dank corridor toward the daylight. As I crossed his threshold his swelling rage found coherence. Raising a mottled fist he roared:

"No, we ain't cuttin' no winders terday!"

The attitude that Mine Host is doing you a favor in admitting you at all is surprisingly common in an era which has made Service its religion. But don't misunderstand my animadversions. All in all, the hotel which makes no pretensions is better than the place which pretends to a splendor obviously in excess of what the traffic will bear. Quill toothpicks downstairs usually mean quill pillows upstairs. Foreign languages on the menu card mean foreign matter in the water pitcher.

A friend of mine tells a story about a hotel of an honesty so *épatant* that the tale deserves being recorded in print, even though a few of the more traveled of my readers may have heard it. Dirty and at outs with the world after three hours in a cindery day coach, the voyager reached this squalid inn about dusk. Bidden by the slatternly proprietor to find a room at the head of the stairs, my friend entered a chamber with peeling plaster and rugless floor, furnished only with a washstand bearing a cracked bowl and a bed draped by a single filthy blanket. Indignantly he

started downstairs to remonstrate. Then his eye fell on this notice scrawled on a bit of paper tacked to his door:

THIS AIN'T THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, IF IT WAS IT WOULDN'T BE HERE.
YOU AIN'T J. P. MORGAN, IF YOU WAS YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE.
WE KNOW THIS HOTEL IS ON THE BUM—WELL, HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?

Cowed by this logic, my friend slunk to the crazy bed and without undressing slept a few hours on the blanket with his overcoat as covering.

Yes, the pretentious hotel, like the pretentious citizen, is apt to be a fraud. One of the worst meals I ever ate was in a roadhouse where the proprietor was wont to conduct each guest to his room and there declare with a flourish, while presenting the incomer with a piece of cambric half the size of a handkerchief:

"In this hotel we take pride, Sir, in presenting each and every guest with an individual, freshly laundered towel."

Equally disappointing in another way was a Middle Western hostelry which bragged of its beds. They weren't bad either, and we wandering Chautauquans counted on making the most of them, inasmuch as for the only time in the whole Summer the train schedule did not necessitate our rising with the milkers.

But at 6 A.M. a hard hand pounded on our door.

"Time ter git up, Number Four!"

Jealous of our precious sleep, we responded gruffly:

"You're mistaken. You must have the wrong room. Our train doesn't leave till ten o'clock."

Came back the proprietor's response, earnestly nasal:

"It don't make no difference when your train leaves; this is Monday, an' we need them sheets for the laundry!"

Strengthening the old traveler's suspicion of the pretentious hotel is the simple fact that among taverns of the class I am discussing the guest usually finds better food where the hungry are herded to one table than where diminutive tabourets offer an imitation of urban privacy. In the latter places the food seldom attains even a remote approximation to urban excellence. In general, you will do well in the corn, wheat and cotton belts to shun any inn which, by batik or taper or by an indefinable air of the diluted *chic*, seeks to imitate what some venturesome sister, returned from New York, has reported to be the mode in Greenwich Village.

Strange though it may sound to the uninitiated, in hotels of fifty rooms and less the bowl and pitcher place is apt to be cleaner and cosier than the house which boasts a spigot in every cell.

## II

Speaking of spigots, there is no surer test of the nature of a hostelry than an examination of these simple mechanisms. Where you have the chance always look at a hotel's faucets before you register. If you find one of those damnable contrivances which emits water only while it is held down—or up—then beware! As sure as you live you are in a stingy hotel. The host who will not promote his guests' comfort at the risk of a little wastage of water is never generous in more important items. The house with the spigot which refuses to stand and deliver while you remove your collar or strop your razor, is invariably an inhospitable kennel, niggardly with towels, sheets, food, and even matches.

Another pretty good barometer is the towel. Shun the place which invites you to chafe your hands on a piece of paper crêpe. Usually even an over-used, old-fashioned cotton roller towel and a public wafer of kitchen soap are better auguries than liquid soap and paper towels. The soap is not so significant as the towel, but taken together their testimony is almost as revealing as that of the spigot.

Of course, none of these tests should be given blind credence. Judge a hotel by its equipment about as much as you would judge a man by his clothes, gait, and ton-

sorial upkeep—no more. To read the character of an inn is really as fine and difficult an art as to read the character of a human being. For illustration, the Cottage Hotel at Coleman, Texas, is an unpretentious little bowl and pitcher place of twenty-five rooms, but the discerning drummer who detects a certain jaunty cheerfulness in the air as he crosses the threshold is not surprised to find that a pair of white sheets and two clean towels are put into his room every morning, irrespective of whether or not he is checking out that day. To the man who has ventured only into crowded places this may seem a service to be taken for granted. But not so. Any wanderer in the pork and pie belt will tell you that such lavishness is rare indeed among establishments of the calibre of this little Texas hospice.

Coleman is an agricultural town, and one other generalization that an every-day coach drummer makes is that the agricultural town of 2,000 people always provides better beds than the industrial kraal of the same size. Granted that the farmer presents as many blind spots to refinement as he does warts to the sun, it is still a fact that the Class A manure-caster is a pleasanter and better rounded animal than the Class D iron-caster. And, obviously, a settlement of 2,000 is a large town for an agricultural community, whereas such a population would indicate a rather poor and insignificant massing of industrial *Kultur*. Anyway, size for size the rural village inn is commonly cleaner and better bedded than the factory town tavern, although the eating is rarely any easier for the fastidious.

Be on the lookout for signs of originality, enterprise and pride in hotels. As in human beings, they augur well. An able hash-house is the one in Van Horn, Texas, whose wall bears the legend (I paraphrase from memory):

THIS IS VAN HORN, TEXAS. THE FINEST TOWN IN THE WORLD OF ITS SIZE. OUR CLIMATE IS SO HEALTHY WE HAD TO KILL A MAN TO START A CEMETERY.

One of the best meals I ever digested was assembled in a hotel at Sakonnet Point, Rhode Island, an inn original in the arrangement of its fundamentals. On entering after a long day's sail and asking the location of It, my companions and I were told, "Behind the fireplace."

Believing our ears at error, we inquired again.

"Behind the fireplace, I said. Step right around those stones."

Imagining that this must be the prank of a facetious clerk, who had jumped to the conclusion that our minds were as uncouth as our sea clothes, we nevertheless followed his directions. And although the proximity of such antagonistic elements as fire and water seemed shockingly unconventional, sure enough, built in under the broad chimney of New England boulders, we found It. To this day the phrase, "behind the fireplace," is one of esoteric use in my family. And even though it bring a smile, it is invariably spoken with an undercurrent of affection, for we do not forget that its first utterance marked an event of rare pleasure, the discovery of a good hotel. Heed my advice then, and be on the watch for the unique. If you find a hostelry with its office on the top floor, or one with rubber cuspidors, or one clerked by flappers and bellhopped by bald-headed men, cleave to that place, throw anchor there!

In hotels character counts, and equipment means little. The best public food I have ever found in this land of tasteless prosperity graced the unlinened table of a little boarding-house in Itasca, Texas (population 1,599). The best public bed it has ever been my lot to hire in these States of unimaginative comfort still stands, I trust, in the Atlantic Hotel at Berlin, in the Maryland Free State (population 1,366). Some seven feet over all, it had very little overhang; in short, it was all bed, as the cognoscenti say. Beamy, in accordance with the sane custom of that region, it dispensed with that nuisance, a centerboard, and still preserved staunchness without im-

moderate draft. It was a thing of beauty, and yet, as in a good Bath schooner, grace and streamlines had not been emphasized at the cost of carrying capacity. Although it was an impossibility to load that bed to the danger point, at the same time the most fastidious traveler might have been seen in it anywhere without feeling shame. Alas, the old order of designers is passing and soon such beds will be built no more!

III

In the previous paragraph stands the phrase, "unimaginative comfort." That word *unimaginative* implies the manner in which the American small hotel falls behind the similar tavern abroad. In extent of equipment, in the number of luxurious extras accepted as a necessary minimum, we exceed all the continental peoples. In beds we surpass some, albeit we have earned no more than an even break with the English, the French and the Teutons. But meanwhile, America has been the principal offender in promoting that curse, twin beds. This form of depravity, once introduced, was bound to be popular with a people whose anæmia of spirit had already been evinced by the abandonment of the poolroom for the Y. M. C. A., of cut plug for chicle, and of Bourbon for near-beer. While this new manifestation of Puritanical puerility has been taking the country by the toes, flimsy *decor* in frames and headboards has been advanced at the cost of all size, until now a traveling man of parts is lucky indeed to find a couch large enough to hold him without the aid of such outriggers as a desperate man's ingenuity may make of chairs and tables.

As for cuisine, here we make a yet poorer showing. Our cooks, it is true, do excel the sorry practitioners of the culinary art in Great Britain, but in their turn they are even farther behind the tasters and basters of France and Switzerland, and are considerably outdone by those of Scandinavia, Alemannia, Italia, yea, and even of pre-Bolshevik Rossiya. An analysis of the food prevailing in our hick hotels is an accurate gauge of the national diet. Despite the decline of the American Plan, coffee is still our principal lubricant and meat and pie are our principal fillers. The next time you are in a rural ham-house just try to order tea or chocolate with your meal. Ten to one your expressed preference will be overlooked, and the habit of the waitress will bring you a cup of the slop the yokel calls coffee.

It is true that the syndicated newspaper health article and the radio have lately whispered through the wheat that vitamines mean vitality and that the use of salad indicates social dignity. Yet, even now, the bulk of the fruit and greens is left for city folk and cattle. As for the three staples themselves, meat, pie and coffee, the bumpkin's appetite seldom requires his women to vary the manner of their serving. Imagine a Minnesota nabob in the Lido or Au Caneton! He would call for "Steak, fried potatoes, pie and cawfee." His wife, taught daintiness by the Chautauqua, would take a chicken sandwich.

But to resume the thread of my argument, the chief point in which our inns are deficient is in that personal warmth and attentiveness on the part of Mine Host which made the old innkeepers of England objects of such popular affection that the names of their taverns have been kept alive for us in jocund legend and gallant ballad. Vaguely sensing that the personal touch pays, Americans have consecrated themselves to Service. But they do not know the thing whereof they prate; they have so formalized its exterior appearance that they have missed its inner spirit. For innocent interest in the wellbeing of their guests American hosts must bow to the English, French, Germans and Japanese.

Vast organization is obviously inimical to individual creativeness. The growth of the chain hotel may be raising the quality of physical equipment, but it is reducing our hostelries to a dead level of bleak uniformity. The small proprietor of ideas is usually stifled because the chain gang can

purchase supplies cheaper than he. If, by a miracle, he succeeds, he is bought out and his place taken over by an agent with the mentality of a file clerk and the social warmth of a Standard Oil executive.

A cheering exception to this rule about chain management is presented by the Fred Harvey eating-houses in the Southwest. By a miracle this man Harvey has gained all the advantages of combination —superior physical output at low cost, etc. —and yet preserved the individual touch. Why is it that on the cook's night out all knowing residents of the Southwestern towns seek the Harvey Dépôt Restaurants? Just as good food can be found in other cafés—sometimes—but seldom at the same moderate rates and never in the same atmosphere of *simpatico* informality. Such temples of deglutition are joys and things of beauty in a land sorely smitten by the cattle tick and the Ku Klux, the boll weevil and the W. C. T. U. The man who has once traveled through our sandy States never forgets those train stops at Harvey restaurants, with the subsequent leisurely reembarkation of the toothpick battalion, wreathed in that smile which advertising agents correctly interpret as an index of Satisfaction. If Western Chambers of Commerce but knew it, the best assets that every one of their barren burgs possesses—dry sunshine excepted—are the Harvey restaurant and that miracle, the "service car," whose chauffeur will drive you two or three miles, tote your heavy bags aboard the local, and smile gratefully when he receives his two bits.

Alas, that we have not more Fred Harveys! The Republic is flattened by unimaginative standardization. Even in Texas, though manicures are still under suspicion, horn rims are now *de rigueur*, and even in New Mexico the Pueblo Indians are distracted by paper towels and the Gideons.

Yet as the sea wanderer, Masefield, sings the loveliness of the ships he has known, so may the more prosaic land traveler list a few inns for their remembered pleasantnesses:

The tavern in Chocorua, New Hampshire, with breakfast cream so thick the ladies stole it for the smoothing of their skins.

The sun parlor's drowsy security in the Weldon, at Greenfield, Mass.

The refuge at Kalispell, 'mid the frozen Montana mountains, as tight and cosy a hostelry as anything in Quebec.

Buffalo's Touraine, of the good Howie—gay and generous, for all he be a Scot.

The excellent Mayflower, near rippling Shepaug in the Nutmeg State, whose portly Van Sinderen delights his well-stuffed guests.

The ancient English prints in the snug tavern at Doylestown, Pennsylvania.

The Richardson of Dover, Delaware, conspicuous for that Southern hospitality more often sung than seen.

Lincoln, Nebraska's Lincoln—of all places!—for genial chambermaids. (*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*)

# THE NEW HISTORY

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

A SAGACIOUS contemporary observer has asserted that historians are the most learned but undoubtedly the most futile of social scientists. The writer must admit that there is truth in this estimate. History, being the oldest and most respectable of the social sciences, perfected its technique earlier than the rest, and has gathered its data in a more thorough and reliable fashion; the historians are thus a somewhat more advanced growth, intellectually, than the economists, political scientists or sociologists. That they are at the same time the most futile and exert the least influence is due, in the first place, to their prevailing methods and orientation, and, in the second place, to the relatively slight capacity of mankind to apprehend or make use of the lessons of the past.

In the main, the historians have been concerned with recording events which, however well understood, have little or no significance for men of the Twentieth Century. The Assyrian head-hunting, the petty wars of ancient Greece, or the political intrigues of the last century of the Roman republic certainly have but a slight bearing upon the problems of contemporary America. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that even if the historians had a more vital outlook, were concerned with much more significant material, and placed it clearly before the people, the great masses of mankind would find it impossible to understand the importance of such historical evidence or to apply it to a solution of contemporary problems. Worse, this difficulty is likely to persist, and so history will probably remain justifiable chiefly on the ground that it furnishes a real satisfaction to the cultivated intellect to unearth adequate information about the past. If, in the course of progressive enlightenment, such information can also be rendered pragmatically valuable to the majority, this will be an incidental advantage not to be overlooked. But that the day is far distant when the facts of history will be intelligently applied to public policies is admirably demonstrated by the current attempt to enforce the Dawes Plan at a time when every reputable historian fully recognizes that every premise upon which its existence rests is invalidated by the facts concerning the origins of the World War.

Perhaps the chief reason why one may expect the "idle curiosity" of the historian to become more and more fruitful lies in the fact that there is coming to be an ever greater break with the old tradition that historical attention should be concentrated primarily upon trivial personal anecdotes, party intrigues and diplomatic chicanery. The beginning of impatience with this infinitesimal calculus dates back to such men as Green, Rambaud, Frytag, Altamira and McMaster. Writers of this sort refused to let their interests be constrained by the respectable tenets of Droysen, Stubbs and Freeman. Since their day there has developed a systematic movement toward a more vital and realistic type of history. The father of this movement was Karl Lamprecht, of Leipzig. There is no doubt whatever that he envisaged the probable future of dynamic history by his insistence upon the significance of material culture as an aid in recreating the collective psychology of past ages.

His attitude has been adapted, with much greater insight and flexibility, by Henri Berr and his associates in France, by F. S. Marvin and his fellow-workers in England, and by what was formerly the Columbia school of historians in the United States. This school, which was organized by James Harvey Robinson, James T. Shotwell, Charles Austin Beard, William R. Shepherd and Franklin Henry Giddings, represented the most advanced group of historians yet gathered in any institution of the higher learning, and it is a great disaster that they have been separated and their energies dissipated. At present the ascendency in the newer history has passed to Chicago and Cornell, where it is being forwarded by such men as Breasted, Thompson, Schevill, Dodd, Becker and Smith. Meanwhile, the younger generation of historians in this country is becoming more and more restive under the restraints imposed by the orthodox list of historical topics, the departmental requirements of courses, and the pedantic pettiness of the programmes of the American Historical Association. Their restlessness is tempered by the fact that for the most part history departments are still headed by men whose sympathies are wholly with military, diplomatic and constitutional history. Thus, the younger men must sit tight and await the new order. But within another generation we shall see an enormous revolution in the subject-matter, teaching and writing of history. A powerful aid and stimulus to this development will be found in the publication of the great "History of Civilization" series, incorporating the French "Evolution of Humanity" and "Universal History of Labor" series, along with many new volumes.

## II

The most significant work being done today is connected with: (*a*) the origins of human progress and culture, and (*b*) the period since 1910, which is associated with the origins and results of the World War.

Ten years ago it was extremely difficult for the educated man, not technically proficient, to obtain an adequate knowledge of the so-called Pre-historic Age. There were only a few learned manuals in French and German, and the revision of the old English treatise by Lord Avebury. In the last few years, however, the situation has been entirely changed. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn has provided us with a sumptuous volume on the Eolithic and Paleolithic Ages, and this has been followed by the work of Professor J. M. Tyler on the Neolithic. The Bronze Age had already become known through the researches in Crete and the Ægean area. The entire pre-historic period has been admirably summarized for us in the last three years by MacAlister, Crawford, Burkitt, Wilder, De Morgan and others, and only a few months ago there was published in New York the most complete manual which has so far appeared in any language, namely, Dr. George Grant MacCurdy's "Human Origins." Meanwhile, De Morgan and Breasted have linked up in a thorough-going fashion the Pre-historic and early Historic Ages, and there is now no more break between them than there is between the Roman period and the Middle Ages, or between the Middle Ages and modern times.

The anthropologists have paralleled the achievements of the archeologists by making careful studies of existing primitive peoples. Ten years ago we possessed in this field only the chatty introduction by Marett, and Professor Boas' highly scholarly but somewhat difficult little book, "The Mind of Primitive Man." Today we have admirable general works by Goldenweiser, Lowie, Kroeber, Tozzer, Lévy-Bruhl and Wissler with several more in immediate prospect. These deal acutely and lucidly with primitive institutions. Never before has the historian been so richly equipped at the threshold of history.

In the field of ancient history the most spectacular achievement of recent years has been the excavation of the tomb of Tut-Ankhamen, which has revealed to us with unprecedented completeness the remarkable

development of art and material culture at the height of Egyptian civilization. This has not, however, altered to any great extent our general notions of Egyptian history, and it is probable that it is really less significant than De Morgan's discoveries of tombs of the Egyptian Neolithic Age, or Professor Breasted's work on the diffusion of the Egyptian civilization over the Near East. Archeological work in the Near East is progressing, and its relation to our knowledge of ancient history has been recently summarized in a competent popular volume by Dr. James Baikie, with the somewhat misleading title of "The Life of the Ancient East." Our information on Egyptian civilization has been enhanced also by the admirable little book of Professor Petrie on "Social Life in Ancient Egypt." There is a need for an equally serviceable summary of the life of ancient Mesopotamia, Sayce's book being distinctly out of date.

Far and away the most impressive work which has appeared in recent years on the early history of western Asia is Professor Olmstead's "History of Assyria," a companion volume to Breasted's monumental "History of Egypt." It should and doubtless will be followed by another volume by Professor Olmstead on the history of Babylonia, a subject to which he has already contributed many important monographs. A comprehensive treatment of the history of the ancient Orient has been begun in the extensive work entitled, "The Cambridge Ancient History," of which two volumes have already been published. While the product of competent scholars and possessing some excellent chapters, it is inferior to the work of such American scholars as Breasted, Olmstead and Jastrow. The long-needed comprehensive history of ancient Persia is now upon the point of completion by Professor Robert W. Rogers, author of a notable "History of Babylonia and Assyria." We may expect a great addition to our knowledge of the history of western Asia from the recent mastery of the Hittite cuneiform, and Wace and others are continually adding to our information about the civilization of Crete, the Ægean and the Greek mainland in the period before the rise of the classical Greek civilization.

## III

Our historical views on ancient Greece and Rome seem likely to be revolutionized by the great series entitled "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," published in a large number of small but attractive volumes. While in large part the product of propaganda for maintaining the classics in American higher education, it is nevertheless an historical achievement of the first magnitude, for which every liberal-minded historian must be duly grateful. In addition to this enterprise, we have had in the last two or three years an unprecedented number of interpretations of classical civilization by such writers as Croiset, Van Hook and Dickinson, together with excellent composite volumes on "The Legacy of Greece" and "The Legacy of Rome." Mention should be made, too, of Professor Tenney Frank's "Economic History of Rome," which has for the first time brought together in comprehensive fashion our knowledge of this subject, though it is to be regretted that he gives so little material on the imperial period. This gap is to be filled by a forthcoming work of Rostovtzeff, and O. Seek has recently attempted a voluminous sociological interpretation of the decline of ancient civilization. The weak spots in its history remain, as they have been for the last generation, the treatment of the Hellenistic Age and of the Roman Empire after Tiberius. Though probably the most significant ages of classical culture, they have been curiously neglected, doubtless because ancient history has been written chiefly by students of philology, who have been mainly interested in the periods which produced the classics of Greek and Roman literature.

An enormous mass of new information is continually coming to hand from the great body of papyri recovered from Egypt and

other areas. It is now being classified and edited. So important has this source become that there has been founded a new science, called papyrology, the science of utilizing these papyri. There are enthusiasts who claim that only in this field can constructive and important work be done in ancient history. But probably, as Professor Rostovtzeff and others contend, archeological and other sources will continue to be of importance. What is more needed than anything else is an adequate synthesis of our knowledge of Greek and Roman civilization, interpreted from the standpoint of the newer dynamic history. We can scarcely expect that this achievement will be satisfactorily executed by the closing volumes of "The Cambridge Ancient History."

In the field of medieval history there has been some interesting work since the war. The more important facts concerning the obscure Celtic basis of early medieval civilization have at last been rendered accessible in readable and popular form in A. L. Guérard's "French Civilization to the Close of the Middle Ages," which is based largely, for the earlier period, on the monumental works of Camille Jullian. From now on, even school teachers will have no excuse for continuing to begin the study of the medieval period with the Germanic tribes and their so-called invasions of the Roman Empire. We also have in English a thoroughly scholarly study of these very invasions in the revised edition of J. B. Bury's "History of the Later Roman Empire." His work brings together the latest scholarship on the subject and constitutes a complete refutation of the old mythology, which dates from such writers as Charles Kingsley. Instead of being a myriad of virtuous forest-children working the avenging will of God by sweeping over the Roman Empire, the Germans appear to have been relatively few in numbers, many of them seem to have been settled for a long time in the Roman provinces as a dependent class, and their actual conquest seems to have been chiefly a seizure of the political machinery of the Empire. The process was not unlike the gradual capture of the political machinery of New York City by the Irish chieftains, following the invasions of the '40s and '50s of the last century. The second volume of this same work by Bury constitutes the most thorough study of the reign of Justinian and the early Byzantine Empire in any language. The intelligent reader and alert teacher can now approach the study of the Middle Ages with a sane orientation and an adequate factual equipment.

Perhaps the most important work which has been done on the Middle Ages in the last few years relates to the intellectual history of the period. Hitherto our knowledge of the subject was limited for the most part to information concealed in monumental French and German works, or obscure monographs. Professor L. J. Paetow has recently provided us with a masterly bibliography and guide to this literature, thus making a knowledge of the most obscure sources available to the student. Professor Lynn Thorndike, in what is by far the most formidable contribution yet made by a single individual to medieval intellectual history, has presented us with two volumes on the history of magic and experimental science through the Middle Ages. This work is in reality an enormous sourcebook and commentary on the intellectual life of the period. A more severely scholarly, but rather more restricted and less widely useful work has been produced by Professor Charles H. Haskins on various aspects of medieval science. The most original and valuable part of this work is the sketch of Arabic science in the Middle Ages and of its adaptation by the Christians. In a widely different work, which is a masterly piece of scholarly popularization, he has given us our first clear picture of medieval university life. In a highly penetrating work, "Medieval People," Miss Eileen Power has published an interpretation of the life and outlook of representative medieval types from the period of Charlemagne to that of Henry VII of England. One also

gains new insight into the psychology and culture of medieval France from the brilliantly written, if slightly careless, work by F. Funk-Brentano on "The Middle Ages," in the National History of France Series.

A general survey of medieval history based upon the best and latest scholarship has been provided in the careful, if somewhat conventional, manual of Professor Dana C. Munro. But what is perhaps the most promising project of all for the illumination of the period is the resumption of the "Records of Civilization" under the direction of Professors J. T. Shotwell and A. P. Evans, of Columbia University. This series will provide well-edited translations of and commentaries on the chief intellectual figures of the Middle Ages. Rapidly we are getting away from the old and grotesque misconception of those ages as a period of unbroken stagnation of culture.

What is most needed at present is a thorough-going study of medieval social, industrial and commercial life. Already we know that the older assumption of the uniformity and universality of the gild and manorial systems needs some qualification. Likewise our interpretations of feudalism, as Professor J. W. Thomson has well insisted, have been based too largely upon specialization in the history of this or that country. Interest has been aroused in the medieval gilds by the current popularity of gild socialism as a scheme of economic reform, but unfortunately much of the study given to the subject has been designed to obtain historical evidence to support a particular hypothesis, rather than actual facts about a highly complex and varied industrial system. The only modern and scholarly general economic histories of medieval Europe now available are the recent works of Professors Rudolf Kötzschke and P. Boissonnade.

## IV

There has been no more significant contribution to our interpretation of history made in the last generation than the new view of the nature and origins of modern times. Until relatively recently it was the custom of even progressive historians to account for the origins of the Modern Age on the basis of influences coming from either the Italian Renaissance or the Protestant Reformation. More thorough-going studies of both these movements, divorced from a sentimental and sectarian basis, together with a better understanding of the nature of the medieval period, have served to discredit this older, if still popular, view. It has been shown that both the Renaissance and the Reformation were primarily backward-looking movements, the former to the literary canons of classical writers, and the latter to Pauline Christianity. While the Renaissance may have done something in the way of reviving a slight interest in things of this world, and the Reformation something in the way of breaking down the unity of organized obscurantism, they both pale into insignificance when compared with the influences flowing from the expansion of Europe overseas and the resulting commercial and cultural revolutions. This chastened attitude towards the Renaissance and Reformation is admirably illustrated by the recent work of H. O. Taylor on the thought and culture of the Sixteenth Century, Preserved Smith's profound study of the Reformation, and W. C. Abbott's "Expansion of Europe."

This new point of view, earlier anticipated by J. R. Seeley, has been in our day chiefly advanced by Professor William R. Shepherd of Columbia University and such disciples as Gillespie and Botsford. Professor Smith, in his interpretation of the Reformation, has recently shown that it cannot be properly understood without a comprehension of the commercial, and consequent political, revolution which the new commerce and industry produced. Professor A. H. Lybyer has at last shattered the venerable myth that the capture of Constantinople by the Turks produced the discovery of America. He has shown that this movement came rather as a result of the com-

mercial ambitions of the western seaboard towns and their jealousy of the monopoly of the Levantine trade by the Italian cities, gradually built up after the Crusades. An incomparable study of the development of capitalism which accompanied this expansion has been embodied in the work of Werner Sombart, a new edition of which is now appearing in Germany. The intellectual exuberance which was produced by the change has been judiciously analyzed by Professor J. B. Bury in his "Idea of Progress." The important point in all this new literature is the thesis that the changes in civilization which constitute the transition from the Middle Ages to modern times came not so much from anything within Europe as from the contact of diverse world cultures which the process of expansion produced.

Unfortunately, relatively little work has been done on the great scientific, technological and industrial revolution which has produced the modern scientific and mechanical age, though Halévy's new history of England in the Nineteenth Century will doubtless contain much material on these subjects. The classic work of P. Mantoux has never been revised, and the long promised English edition has never appeared. A large amount of information is contained in Mrs. L. C. A. Knowles' book, "The Industrial and Commercial Revolutions in Great Britain," and Clapham has produced the first comprehensive survey of the progress of the industrial revolution in France and Germany, but a thoroughgoing and scientific general work is yet to be executed. It will doubtless have to wait until an adequate group of monographs has been published on the history of the various states involved. It is the most important task that remains to be executed in the field of European history, for it concerns the greatest and most pregnant revolution which man has yet undergone—one which may be but the prelude to his self-destruction and disappearance from the planet.

In the field of American history there has been significant progress in the last few years. A new and comprehensive approach to the whole problem of the foundation of American society has been sketched out by the industrious California professor, Herbert Eugene Bolton, and his disciple, T. M. Marshall. Bolton has broken away from the Puritan and French obsessions of Bancroft and Parkman, has shown that it is necessary to view the exploration and colonization of the two Americas as a broad general movement, and has quite clearly proved that in preparing the way for subsequent American history the Spanish explorers and settlers were, if anything, more important than the English or the French. A monumental work on the history of the English colonies by the late Professor Herbert Levi Osgood is now being continued in four volumes, which will bring the treatment down to the eve of the Revolution. While largely limited to political history, it constitutes the greatest monument to exact American historical scholarship which has yet been produced in this country. More stimulating, if less impressive, have been the dynamic volumes by J. T. Adams, which have reconstructed the history of the New England colonies in the light of the new scholarship of the last generation. These volumes represent a sort of combination of the spirit of Charles Francis Adams with the scholarship of Charles M. Andrews. They constitute the first adequate history of colonial New England, and should rapidly dissipate the superficialities and prejudices embodied in the earlier work of Palfrey, Bancroft and Henry Cabot Lodge.

C. H. Van Tyne has brought together in one comprehensive volume the discoveries of the last generation with respect to the causes of the American Revolution, completely dissolving the old epic of Bancroft. It is defective only in its ignoring of many of the economic and social causes of the Revolution. Professor C. H. McIlwain has presented a novel juristic plea for the legality of the colonial position preceding the Revolution, which, in particular, introduces an original interpretation of the

colonial attitude towards the King down to the eve of the Revolution. Professor S. E. Morrison, author of "The Maritime History of Massachusetts," one of the most striking products of the newer historiography, has recently edited an excellent source-book of relevant documents on the Revolutionary period. What we now need is a general synthesis of the Revolutionary age which will combine the work and viewpoints of such writers as Andrews, Schlesinger, Becker and Alvord with the legalistic studies of McIlwain and an adequate appraisal of the machinery and technique of propaganda and organization during the Revolution. The best approximation to such a synthesis yet executed is contained in Professor Andrews' excellent little volume on "The Colonial Background of the American Revolution," which is, however, inadequate on the immediate causes and on the events of the Revolution.

On the middle period of American history little of importance has recently appeared, with the exception of Bemis' important book on the diplomacy of the early national period, the work of Justin H. Smith, correcting our views in regard to the Mexican war, and the work of Professor Turner, continuing essentially his "Rise of the New West." Professor Edward Channing is carrying on his classic "History of the United States," each volume of which is becoming progressively more original and entertaining, and further removed from the Freemanesque standards of the earlier volumes. E. P. Oberholtzer is carrying forward his "History of the United States since the Civil War" strictly in the spirit and methods of his teacher, McMaster. After a long period of inactivity, James Ford Rhodes is bringing to completion his "History of the United States Since the Compromise of 1850," but the later volumes are more important on personal grounds, as the interpretations of a distinguished American, than for their specific content. As an interpreter of industrial America and its subservient political system Mr. Rhodes is distinctly inferior to the Rhodes who first eliminated the savagery from the northern interpretation of the Civil War. Professor F. L. Paxson has just brought out a comprehensive history of the frontier movement in American history, which is, unfortunately, primarily descriptive rather than analytical and sociological.

A general manual of American history, written in admirable style, has recently appeared from the pen of Professor D. S. Muzzey. Announced as a benign polemic against Beard and his school, the work surrenders to the new point of view in the second volume, and is eminently superior to what the author led his readers to expect from his preface. The interest in the dynamics of American development is attested by the publication of a number of excellent books on the economic history of the United States, in particular those of Lippincott, Van Metre, and Faulkner. Especially significant has been the appearance of volumes on recent American history by Haworth, Lingley, Paxson and Shippee, thus indicating a growing consciousness of the importance of the period since the Civil War. The whole period of national development has been recently interpreted by several exponents of the new history, among them, W. M. West, Max Farrand, Carl Becker, William MacDonald, S. E. Forman and A. M. Schlesinger. The latter is editing an extensive coöperative work which will for the first time attempt to survey American history from the standpoint of cultural development rather than from that of political evolution.

## V

The scientific study of the origins of the World War began with the disruption of the Entente Epic by Professor Fay's courageous articles. We are now getting new light on the background of the war through the progressive publication of the monumental German series, "Die Grosse Politik," which represents a thoroughgoing examination of the documents in the German Foreign Office since 1870 under

competent and impartial editorship. These documents have already enabled Professor Lord to reconstruct and establish on relatively permanent grounds our knowledge of the origins of the War of 1870. They are also necessitating the complete revision of all books on diplomatic history from 1870 to 1914. Dr. Mildred S. Wertheimer has just completed a painstaking study of the Pan-German League, in which she disrupts the nonsense perpetrated during the war by writers of the stamp of André Chéradame. She has shown the League to have been but a small group of noisy superpatriots who had relatively no influence upon either the Kaiser or the Reichstag. They were simply the German exemplification of the patriotic zealots to be found in every country both before and since the World War. Those who once were much affected by "The Tentacles of the German Octopus in America" will need seriously to revise their war-time convictions. In the literature of the Central Powers little of significance has recently appeared save a number of excellent monographs on modern diplomatic history, and Volume IV of Conrad von Hötzendorf's memoirs, in which he makes a very damaging revelation with respect to the malicious intervention of Von Moltke in the face of the pacific efforts of the German civil government.

In the literature bearing on the Allies' case there has been much of importance recently published. Stanojevic, a Serbian historian, has proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the plot to assassinate the Austrian Archduke was laid by the chief of the Intelligence Division of the Serbian General Staff. Further, Mathias Morhardt, in his recent trenchant book, "Les Preuves," has shown that the Serbian conduct after the assassination was far from the docile and conciliatory one which we were formerly led to believe. Serbia ordered mobilization before she sent her reply to the Austrian ultimatum, and six hours before the Austrian mobilization against Serbia. Yovanovitch and Nenadovitch have proved the complicity of the Serbian civil government in the assassination plot. The already damaging case against Izvolski, the Russian ambassador at Paris, is made much more decisive by Lord Bertie's diary, and by the complete publication of the German edition of Izvolski's letters from 1908 to 1914, together with an illuminating volume by Professor Stieve, analyzing the significance of this material. It would seem certain that we can now say that Izvolski ranks next to Poincaré in personal responsibility for the World War.

The case against Poincaré himself is becoming monthly more impressive, and only the vested interests of French revenge and militarism can save him from exile or worse. Morhardt shows the crucial significance of his Russian trip in bringing about concerted Entente aggression. This indictment was already available by implication in material such as Paléologue's memoirs. Morhardt proves pretty conclusively that, however eager the Russians may have been for a war which would enable them to capture Constantinople, they would never have dared to move against Austria except at the insistence and encouragement of Poincaré. Recently there has been a tendency to throw the larger portion of the blame for the war upon the Russians, perhaps chiefly because the Russian government of 1914 is now extinct. It would seem, however, that the ultimate responsibility rests primarily upon Poincaré, though the part taken by Sir Edward Grey appears now to be much more serious and important than we had hitherto supposed. A somewhat calmer and more judicious, if no more convincing or significant, book than Morhardt's has just appeared; it is by Alfred Fabre-Luce, and is entitled "La Victoire." In it he places responsibility for the immediate precipitation of the war primarily upon the Allies. Perhaps no better statement of the facts has ever been made than his crisp summarization: "The action of Germany and Austria made the war possible; that of the Triple Entente made it inevitable." The diary of George

Louis, the pacifically inclined French ambassador to St. Petersburg, who was recalled by Poincaré to be replaced by the more belligerent Delcassé, is now being printed in installments. This promises to contain even more important material on the policy of the Franco-Russian diplomats than did Paléologue's. Such works as these have utterly demolished whatever remained of a pacifically inclined and defenseless France. There seems absolutely no doubt that the impulse which stiffened Russia and made possible her fatal mobilization came from Poincaré and the French military clique, however much they may have been aided and encouraged by Izvolski at Paris.

Perhaps the most striking new turn in the investigation of the war is the development of a very damaging case against Sir Edward Grey. This was first stated a few years ago in Loreburn's "How the War Came." In general, however, even critical authorities were inclined at the time to regard Loreburn's judgment of Grey as too harsh, though Morel and others had drawn an even more severe indictment of him. Now Professor Ernest F. Henderson, in the first installment of his "Verdict of History," has shown that it is highly doubtful if we can any longer say that Grey did not desire the war, and it is certain beyond any debate that his actual activities were not designed to avert it. The most fair-minded of all the German students of war origins, Hermann Lutz, goes even further, and contends that Sir Edward Grey, through early and rash statements to Benckendorff, led the Russian militarists to believe that England was willing to accept the implications and results of general Russian mobilization. The most interesting and significant fact in regard to the case of Great Britain is the announcement just made that the British government will allow G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley to investigate the documents in the British archives bearing on war responsibility.

Little or nothing of significance has appeared recently in regard to the causes of the American entry into the war. The book of John Kenneth Turner was so obviously biased as to fail to carry with it the conviction which its mass of concrete material justified, and no American scholar of reputation has as yet devoted himself to the problem of America's obvious non-neutrality before 1917, with its causes and results. It is probable that we shall ultimately find that the causes of America's entry were extremely complex, involving Mr. Wilson's own British proclivities, the intense Anglomania of Ambassador Page, Mr. Wilson's wounded personal pride following the attacks made upon his mild efforts to remain "neutral," and the pressure of investors and manufacturers.

We may look forward with confidence to the appraisal of all this new material by Professor Fay in his forthcoming book on the origins of the war. Judicious and technically equipped scholars are no longer in any doubt as to the background of the conflict, but the facts have not as yet wholly penetrated even the world of historical scholarship. When Professor Hazen's grotesque distortion of facts in his latest manual was sent to the *American Historical Review* for review, the editor did not hand it to a competent authority on contemporary diplomacy, such as Coolidge, Fay, Seymour or Schmitt, but to Professor F. M. Anderson of Dartmouth College, one of Hazen's closest personal friends, and next to Hazen the most passionate Francomaniac among reputable historians in the United States. Curious readers who consult the *American Historical Review* will leave Professor Anderson's review with their war-time prejudices strongly fortified. If the truth cannot penetrate historical circles, how can we condemn bankers and politicians who fail to grasp it when they have material interests at stake in the enforcement of the Dawes Plan? Now all this work on war origins is being supplemented by the most impressive historical work ever undertaken by man, the great Carnegie Endowment "Economic and Social History of the War," edited by Professor James Thomson Shotwell.

# CONGRESSIONAL PIE

BY HILTON BUTLER

Recipe for Congressional Pie: First, stir up some issues in your district and get yourself elected to Congress. Next, swear magnificently to uphold the Constitution. Now add your daughter to the pay-roll and mix in the stationery allowance and mileage. Flavor with the liquor known as Capitol Hill Corn. When all this is done, cut enough pieces for the rest of your family,—and serve hot. (Note: It will add to the attractiveness of the pie if you stick a small flag in the centre.)

I ate congressional pie daily for three years and grew so porky from it that I was moved to tears of compassion when a lean and hungry-looking constituent came into our office. (I was not a congressman; I was secretary to one. But the same chef prepared the pie for both of us, and while my portion was smaller, it was sufficient unto the day thereof. God save the chef—and the Republic!) The ladies and gentlemen of Congress recently voted themselves a salary of $10,000 a year, an increase of $2,500 over the old scale. This pay boost came in the dying days of the 68th Congress when the legislative appropriation bill went through without a record vote.

The salary fight began years ago. As regularly as the Speaker of the House of Representatives announced that a new session of that body had begun, almost so regularly did some member introduce a bill to increase congressional salaries. He pictured the poor, over-worked, underpaid, self-sacrificing public servant, a member of the world's greatest legislative body, defender of the poor and needy and protector of the rights of common folk, receiving but $7,500 a year for his noble services. He argued that this sum compared ill with the salaries of less important people—that $625 a month was not enough to be in keeping with the high dignity and puissance of a congressman's office. Brick-layers, he said, made almost as much. But invariably the measure was rejected by members who cast their votes with tears in their eyes,—until the golden opportunity came to slip it through without a tell-tale record vote.

Surely the congressman has little cause for grievance now as he sits in his private office, large and commodious, furnished at government expense, on which the rent never comes due. The desk on which he parks his feet is of highly polished mahogany and is extra large, with scores of pigeon holes, card drawers and lock drawers, and a half-concealed receptacle for highly private papers, such as the note from his bootlegger that the next shipment is due in from Norfolk in a few days. His swivel chair is a combination of mahogany and leather. By the side of his desk is an over-stuffed rest chair, almost a couch. A large cabinet with places for clothes, shoes, hats, umbrellas and jugs is part of the office equipment. The new member has two steel filing-cases and two book-cases. The longer he stays in Congress the more book-cases he is entitled to have. Running water, hot and cold, is provided day and night. Above the basin is a large mirror framed in mahogany and by its side is a towel rack and glass stand for cosmetics and toilet waters. The secretary has a roll top mahogany desk, too, somewhat smaller than that of the congressman, but equipped with a typewriter

shelf. Other office equipment includes a supernumerary flat top desk, a table, four or five leather-covered chairs, two chests, table and desk lamps, and two luxurious brass spittoons. The rugs are soft and expensive, and the instant they show any fraying, the congressman sets up a howl for new ones. Red is the preferred color.

The senators—learned and often ancient men—have even better equipment than the representatives, including two rooms, a large closet and a private toilet. A senator's desk is extraordinarily imposing, and there is a small store-room for his books, if he has any. Entrance to his office is through a door from the corridor bearing his name, but leading into the office occupied by his clerks. His private office adjoins this one and is protected by it. Only members of the inner circle are admitted there.

## II

The thing that is most noticeable about all the congressional offices is the polish. Everything is polished—desks, tables, chairs and spittoons. Every morning laborious charwomen wear out their knees keeping these offices clean and their work is judged by their talent for polishing. Two towels daily, liquid and bar soap, a hair brush, clothes brush and drinking glasses are furnished to representatives: larger quantities go to senators. The towel bill is no small one. Two towels for each representative, four for each senator, say a hundred for the cloak rooms and a minimum of two hundred for the congressional barber shops, every day,—this makes about 11,000 weekly on Capitol Hill,—and the Government foots the bill.

The congressman may do his daily dozen in a gymnasium in the House Office Building, the equipment of which would bring un-Christian envy to the eyes of any Y. M. C. A. physical director in the land. There is an eminent physical instructor on duty, and when the member has had his gym workout, across the corridor there is a Turkish bath for him. If he doesn't know what a Turkish bath is, there is an old-fashioned tub and a shower.

For his tonsorial comfort and embellishment the congressman has barber shops both in his office building and in the Capitol. The congressional barbers, like the bath attendants, are paid by the Government. Fine chairs, hair tonics, moustache dyes, talcum powder and an unlimited supply of H. of R. towels, are all provided. The congressman, of course, gets preferred attention from the congressional barbers, but a secretary may be served, too, as well as any favored constituent who happens to be sent to the shop or accompanied there by a member. A shave costs fifteen cents and a hair cut twenty-five; the union scale in Washington is twenty-five cents for a shave and fifty for a hair cut.

The congressman may dine in the privacy of his office, served from the restaurant that occupies considerable space in the House Office Building. There are also restaurants in the Capitol for his convenience, all operated with government aid. An idea of how much it costs to run them may be gained from this record of the clerk of the House:

> Voucher No. 2141. Miscellaneous Items, 1923, Contingent Fund of the House of Representatives: To whom paid and for what purpose: Martin Smith: Amount expended for operation of House of Representatives restaurant (including House Office Building café) in excess of proceeds from sales December 16–31 inclusive (H. Res. 254), per itemized statement filed with clerk of the House, .....$1,827.33.

An excellent opportunity to acquire an enormous and impressive library free of cost is afforded to every member. He may have bound, for his personal use, one copy of every government publication issued during the time he is a member of Congress. These books may be bound in many different styles and grades, and if the congressman so desires his name will be stamped on the backs. I have seen row upon row of such books, each bearing a member's name; they look well, take up space, and cost nothing. When the member retires, voluntarily or involuntarily,

the books may be shipped free of charge to his law office back in the sticks.

There are other things a congressman gets free, but not from the government. Recently a safety razor company sent a sample razor to each member. Some members, it is said, sent the razors back in the fear that some day the safety razor trust might want legislation outlawing the old-style corn and beard razors. A manufacturer of a hair shampoo sent samples of his product not long ago; many other little things are constantly coming in. Several newspapers and magazines send their issues free to congressmen,—for example, the *American Legion Weekly* and *Our Dumb Animals*. The title of the latter is not intended to reflect upon the members.

The sergeant-at-arms, who pays the members and cashes their checks, is also their banker if they care to leave their salaries on deposit. All the facilities of a first-class bank are available at the sergeant-at-arms' office, including an arrangement whereby a member may draw as much as four months' advance on his salary from the Washington banks. He cannot, however, draw more than this, the banking theory being that if he is defeated in November, his checks for that month, December, January and February may be held up and so cancel his indebtedness by March 4, his last day in Congress. Beyond that the banks will not go.

III

The allowance for clerical help in a representative's office is $4,000 a year. Not many years ago it was but $1,500. Then it was increased to $3,200 plus two bonuses of $240 each, and last July it went to $4,000 flat. This was at first voted down on a record vote, but later, by one of the occult devices of House procedure, it passed without a record vote. Thus it will never be known to the folks back home what members voted for the increase. The business was achieved, some say quite unintentionally, when Representative Rankin of Mississippi suddenly made a point of no quorum. Instantly the Hon. Mr. Blanton of Texas, the watch-dog of the Treasury, was aroused. The *Congressional Record* tells what happened:

> MR. RANKIN: Mr. Speaker, inasmuch as there is going to be a point of no quorum made in any event, I make that point of order now.
>
> MR. BLANTON: Oh, do not do that! We will not have any record vote if the gentleman does that, and he knows it.
>
> MR. RANKIN: No; I do not. A sufficient number can demand a record vote. Members should be here to hear this debate.

After the roll call, the *Record* solemnly reports: "So, two-thirds having voted in favor thereof, the rules were suspended and the bill was passed."

One of the perennial salary increase bills was killed by Mr. Blanton by opposing its passage under a suspension of the rules. The *Congressional Record* quotes him thus:

> MR. BLANTON: Mr. Speaker, it is a crime upon the country and upon this House to call a bill up like this under a suspension of the rules. You cannot argue it, you can not debate it, except for the measly little twenty minutes to the side that is allowed for debate, and you cannot debate a bill of this character in that time. . . . For the benefit of some of the new members here who probably may not be familiar with the rules [let me explain] that by calling this bill up now under suspension, as it has been called up, the debate is limited to twenty minutes to the side, controlled by two men; not a single member has the right to offer any amendment whatever; we are compelled to vote for every item in it, just as it has been written, or to vote against the whole bill. We have to swallow it like a bunch of helpless, open-mouthed mocking birds. . . . Of all the salary raising bills this Congress has been passing continually since we met, this one takes the prize. It is entitled to the blue ribbon.

The greater the clerical allowance to a congressman, the more opportunity he has to enrich his family treasury. It is always possible to put the name of a son or daughter on the pay-roll as clerk and so bring more shekels home to papa. Under the new law, if there is only one name on the pay-roll the limit in salary is $3,300 per annum; that is, no more than this amount may be paid directly to one clerk; but if there are two names on the pay-roll, the full allowance of $4,000 may be used. The two-name method is the more popular.

The stationery account, like the clerk

allowance, may be converted readily into a source of personal income for the congressman. The allowance for stationery is $125 a session for each member, and this amount may be paid in cash if he so desires. If he is frugal in the use of office supplies, he may profit well. Paper is sold to him at cost and the printing is done by the Government Printing Office free of charge. If he stands in well with the clerk of any committee to which he belongs, he may often get substantial quantities of letter-heads and envelopes through its office. Typewriters are furnished to him free and kept in good condition. A few dollars from the stationery allowance suffices for pen and ink and miscellaneous office supplies. If there are frequent sessions the stationery allowance becomes a substantial sum.

Twenty cents a mile is allowed for each member for traveling the shortest distance between Washington and his home at each session of Congress. If he stays in Washington all during his term this is clear money, since he is not required to make the trip home just to get the money. If he does go home, he profits about fifteen cents for every mile of the journey.

Occasionally a congressman gets other trips with all fares paid,—for example, to the funerals of deceased colleagues. On such journeys all tips, meals, taxi fares and other expenses are paid by the government. Even cigars are included. Here is a typical voucher:

> Contingent Fund of the House of Representatives —Miscellaneous items. Number of voucher, 3083. To whom paid and for what purpose: J. G. Rodgers: Expenses incurred in conducting congressional committee, funeral of Representative W. Bourke Cockran, of New York: Taxis and porters, Washington, $6.10; waiters and porters on trains, $16.30; cigars, $10; cabs at New York, $9.20; porters and waiters at New York hotel and meals outside, $16.20; meals on train, $28.50; cabs and porters upon return, $7.40. Total, $94.

Many of the distinguished and prosperous looking men seen around Capitol Hill are not congressmen nor even their hired men, but bootleggers. Within one block of the House Office Building, a few months ago, a huge still was found, occupying the entire third floor of a building. Capitol Hill Corn is as well known by name now as such sweet elixirs of memory as Johnnie Walker, Old Taylor and Old Jordan, favorites among American statesmen in days gone by. The insinuation that dry congressmen often drink freely has been made time after time. Congressman W. D. Upshaw of Georgia, leader of the Christian forces in the House of Representatives, has made this drinking the subject of frequent grave discussions and crutch-wavings, much to the amusement of Congressman John Philip Hill of the Maryland Free State, the hero of the wets.

## IV

But back to Congressman Blanton. He may be assailed by his colleagues for printing what they declare to be obscene matter in the *Congressional Record*, and he may be attacked frequently on the floor by his political and personal enemies, but he is active and capable and struggles heroically to cut down congressional graft. It was Blanton who raised a recent disturbance over the purchase by members through the stationery room of articles not logically classifiable as office supplies. Now there is a law forbidding it. Here are some of the articles purchased through the stationery room before that law went into effect, as shown in the report of the clerk:

Hotpoint curling irons, tennis balls, golf sticks, aerial wire, cord tires, trunks, "at home" cards, shaving brushes and razors, ladies' hand bags, wardrobe trunks, purses, W. D. 11 vacuum tubes, Klaxon horns, coffee percolators, embroidery scissors, waffle irons, thermos bottles, Winchester rifles, carver sets, soap dishes, copies of Wilbur's Rhetoric, dog collars, basketballs, lemon plates and forks, bridge sets, manicure sets, hip books, cigarette cases, carafes (quart size), photograph albums, Health-o-meter scales, music rolls, Brownie cameras, and (shades of Volstead!) it is even reported that a whisky flask was purchased there once upon a time! Before

he new law went into effect, any of these hings could be purchased and paid for ut of the $125 stationery allowance. Even ow many things suitable for gifts may till be purchased, including fountain pens nd brief-cases.

The congressman conducts his official usiness without expense for stamps or elegraph tolls. The franking privilege permits him to carry on all his official correspondence without cost, and if, by chance, personal letters happen to be sent out under rank, that is, of course, only an error on he part of the congressman or his secretary. All local telephone calls from a congressman's office, official or unofficial, are paid for by the government. Many congressmen's wives come to the House Office Building to make personal calls and thus avoid the five-cent fee.

Pot plants for the member's office are supplied at certain seasons by the Botanic Garden, and in the Spring a congressman may obtain bulbs and shrubbery to dispose of as he sees fit. But the once familiar free garden seed has gone the way of mortal flesh and all efforts to resurrect it have failed. Each session since the free seed appropriation was stopped a determined fight has been made in the House to restore it, but, having once been downed, the seed seems unable to rise from the earth. This is no strange condition for government seed; constituents used to report to me often in the old days that every effort to make it rise, once it was buried in the earth, failed miserably. The only poetry I ever wrote was inspired by this garden seed. It was written from the viewpoint of a congressman, and goes:

> Though oratory fail to sway
> The common voter from his way,
> And pleasing letters by the ton
> Do not entice the farmer's son—
> Still we have a friend indeed
> In the lowly garden seed.

Hokum naturally plays a vital part in the routine life of a congressman. When a country constituent comes to Washington he takes extraordinary pride in conducting the visitor to the portion of the House gallery labelled: "Members' Private Gallery." The aged ex-soldier on guard at the entrance bows humbly to the member, who expresses his pleasure at the courtesy by calling the guard general, while the awed constituent stands by in silence. If the congressman finds the duties of statecraft too pressing to permit him to take the visitor to the gallery personally, a neatly engraved card (obtainable by the member in batches of 100 from the folding room) is presented to him, bearing the inscription:

> Member's Pass:
> House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.,
> Admit ..... to the visitor's gallery.
> Signed: ....., M. C.

But all this constituent really has to do if he wants a good seat in the gallery is to walk to the door marked "Public," enter it, and be seated.

Hokum again manifests itself when the congressman gives his visiting constituent a letter addressed to the secretary to the President, requesting that the "courtesy of a tour through the White House be extended to the bearer and guests." Hundreds of school teachers and delegates to the Dry Cleaners' Association visit the White House daily, entirely unaware in most instances that they have a congressman; or at least convinced by trial that they can get in without his assistance.

At the high functions and ceremonies of state, to which his exalted office sometimes entitles him to an invitation, the congressman feels very far from at home. Only too often he stands stiffly in ill-fitting evening clothes, smelling strongly of moth balls. But let him attend a plebeian gathering like a meeting of his State society in Washington and he is in his glory. As though filled with wine—or Capitol Hill Corn—he moves about with limber and conscious grace and has a kind word for everybody and jokes fresh from the cloak-room of the House for the male sections. He is then in his glory. He can even strut when he's sitting down.

# A STUDY IN MANNERS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

American history has been of late so largely re-discovered and re-written that one would hardly imagine there were many left to share the late Mr. Harding's amiable illusions about the Founding Fathers. Yet there must be some, for in the recent campaign I was present when one of the candidates got a rousing hand of applause for telling his audience that the Fathers had established a government of the people, for the people, and by the people! I was greatly tempted to ask him whether he had ever heard of a publication called the *Federalist*, and if not, whether he would like to borrow my old calf-bound copy and browse around in it a little here and there, before committing himself further to this preposterous proposition.

The Founding Fathers, in fact, did no such thing—far from it. They had the greatest horror of popular government; they dreaded it like the plague. A view of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 as a disinterested and high-minded rivalry between two abstract political theories is very pretty, but sheer fiction. The Fathers were not theorists. There was no discount on their ability; in that respect they were one of the most extraordinary and remarkable groups that the world ever saw; but their disinterestedness was not, perhaps, quite what the romantic tradition of the school-books cracks it up to be. As Mr. Dooley remarked, they "were mostly in the fish-ile business," and the Constitutional Convention was made up of hard-headed and wary brethren who were not strong on abstractions but were very clear about what they wanted and uncommonly skilful in framing the right kind of air-tight charter for getting it. Their enthusiasm for popular government was about as strong as Judge Gary's or Mr. Pierpont Morgan's, and had the same reason. As a matter of fact, government is at this moment much nearer the hands of the people than the Founding Fathers left it, or than they ever intended it should be.

A coarse and indiscriminate glorification of the Fathers does great disservice to their memory because, among other reasons, it tends to obscure the really good and fine things which they occasionally did. The school-book's picture of them is like a Gothic fresco; everything is flat, without any perspective or relief. If all the Fathers were uniformly noble, public-spirited and disinterested all the time, then all their acts were equipollent and none more impressive than another. When the average of nobility and disinterestedness is one hundred per cent twenty-four hours a day, even a Founding Father can not go over it. If, however, revaluation brings the average down somewhere near erring humanity's normal figure, the occasional hundred per cent achievement stands out in proper perspective and can be appraised accordingly. In the course of a casual occupation with the doings of the Fathers, I lately happened on one of these achievements which moved me profoundly; and yet the act itself did not, I think, stir my imagination as much as did the reason that the Father gave for doing it.

In the year 1800, the year of the great final contest between the Federalists and the Republicans, the outgoing Legislature of New York was Federalist and the newly-elected Legislature was anti-Federalist.

Since the stripe of the presidential electors was at that time determined by that of the Legislature, this boded great danger to the Federalist national ticket; it threatened to seat Mr. Jefferson in the presidential chair: and this prospect so frightened Alexander Hamilton that he addressed a letter to the Governor of New York, who was then John Jay, urging him to recall the adjourned Legislature, for the purpose of enacting a clever measure to defeat the will of the people and save the national election for the party.

This letter was a model of strength and speciousness. Hamilton assured Governor Jay that "in times like these in which we live, it will not do to be over-scrupulous," and that "the scruples of delicacy and propriety, as relative to a common course of things, ought to yield to the extraordinary nature of the crisis. They ought not to hinder the taking of a legal and constitutional step to prevent an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics from getting possession of the helm of state." Hamilton knew his man, and he laid all the stress he could upon the one point that he knew would most of all stick in the Governor's craw; but to no purpose. Governor Jay did not move in the matter. There is no record, as far as I know, that he even acknowledged Hamilton's letter. After his death, nearly thirty years later, it was found among his papers, inscribed, "Proposing a measure for party purposes, which I do not think it would become me to adopt."

Governor Jay had unusual ability and the most nearly flawless character, probably, of any man in the public life of that time. Mr. Beveridge, in his biography of Marshall, characterizes him sympathetically as "the learned and gentle Jay." In principle he was as strong a Federalist as Hamilton himself, for by all the force of birth, education and circumstances, he was an aristocrat. Quite conscientiously, he was one of those whom Jefferson described under a striking figure, as believing that some of mankind were born with saddles on their backs, and others born booted and spurred to ride them. While not a purblind Anglophile, he had as long as possible favored a mild and conciliatory policy towards England in the pre-Revolutionary period, and in 1794 he had been burned in effigy all over the country for the execution of the treaty which bears his name. He had a deep distrust of popular government, and viewed the prospective triumph of Jefferson, the "fanatic in politics," with apprehension and distaste. After Jefferson's election, indeed, he refused further preferment, turned his back upon public life, and though at the height of his powers, passed the rest of his days in retirement.

Why may not a wayward scion of his stock say of him what any radical-minded outsider would surely say, that he was a benighted old Tory? He could quite legally and constitutionally have made the move that Hamilton implored him to make, for the old Legislature still had tenure of office for seven or eight weeks. If he had done so, no doubt, public sentiment in New York State would have run pretty high; but that need not have concerned him, for, with his own party continued in power at Washington, the administration would have taken royal good care of him and given him his pick of patronage. Every predilection of his own was in favor of Hamilton's suggestion. A devout man, he might well have let the end justify the means of keeping a person of Jefferson's well-known unorthodoxy, "an atheist in religion," out of the presidency. Yet he looked at the opportunity and passed it by in silence because *he did not think it would become him* to embrace it.

## II

One rubs one's eyes in astonishment. What an extraordinary reason to assign for a decision of such profound political significance! What an extraordinary standard by which to appraise political conduct! That an act is illegal might conceivably give some shadow of reason why a politician should object to it. The exceptional politician might even, indeed, in an atrabilious moment, object to

an act because he found it immoral or dishonest. Objection, however, to an act which is neither illegal nor dishonest, merely because it is *unbecoming*—this represents a distinction which, to put it gently, few politicians of today could be expected to draw under any circumstances, let alone such circumstances as pressed so powerfully upon Governor Jay.

Let us suppose a case that would stand in some kind of rough correspondence. Governor Smith is said to be one of the most honest and disinterested men in our public life, and Senator La Follette occupied, in the late campaign, a position which in one or two essential respects resembled that of Jefferson in 1800. Suppose now that Senator La Follette's election, as far as one could see, had hung on the question whether Governor Smith would or would not turn a political trick that was legal and regular enough, but *unbecoming*—well, without the least wish to disparage Governor Smith, whom I do not know and never saw, and whose public acts as a rule impress me favorably, I merely ask what, in such a case, might one expect? In the campaign of 1924, La Follette was as much dreaded, execrated and maligned as was Jefferson in the campaign of 1800. Would Governor Smith consent to see his own party lose a national election, and the Cagliostro of politics take the presidency, rather than do something that had no more against it than mere shabbiness and indecency?

One might make use of Governor Jay's fine action, I suppose, to show how disreputably low the personnel of our public service has fallen in these degenerate days, and how hard we should all work to get good men in office and to keep them there. Yet for one reason or another, I have somewhat of the Psalmist's diffidence about meddling with these "great matters which are too high for me," preferring to turn all that kind of thing over to the Liberal publicists. *Beati pauperes spiritu!*—I bring this incident forward only because I myself greatly enjoy dwelling on it; and I enjoy dwelling on it because it intimates so clearly the enormous power that resides in a proper sense of what is *becoming*, and the intense satisfaction that one gets out of cultivating and indulging this sense. The incident, in short, provides an excellent study in manners, with which the austere Liberal publicist, absorbed in his great task of educating other people, would probably be impatient, and disdain it as mere shillyshallying, but which is nevertheless not without profit to those humbler spirits, like myself, who are still trying to educate themselves.

The word *manners*, unfortunately, has come to be understood as a synonym for deportment; it includes deportment, of course, but it reaches much further. Properly speaking, it covers the entire range of conduct outside the regions where law and morals have control. Goethe, with extraordinary penetration, called attention to certain "conquests which culture has made over nature," and to the importance of observing and maintaining them. Law and morals take cognizance, though very imperfectly and often improperly, of some of these culture-conquests; the rest are in the purview of manners.

In speaking of these culture-conquests as having been won from nature, Goethe's choice of terms is striking and serviceable, but not exact. One would prefer to say, perhaps, that they are conquests which culture has made over the primitive, rather than over nature; for what culture has actually done is to modify certain primitive rights, or cause them to be superseded, through the gradual disclosure of other rights which may be regarded as even more nearly natural, since they comport better with the disposition developed in man as he becomes progressively humanized in society. Culture so exhibits the appropriateness of loyalty to these rights as to inculcate upon us a devotion to them and lead us to acknowledge their validity.

The primitive doctrine of property, for example, now survives in an unmodified form hardly anywhere outside the jungle and the Foreign Offices of imperialist nations. St. Paul, portraying under his ad-

mirable figure of the two selves, the bitter contest that goes on in the individual between the lower and apparent self, governed by what he so finely calls "the suggestions of the flesh and of the *current thoughts*,"[1] the extemporized, capricious and unconsidered promptings of primitive desire, and the higher and real self, governed by loyalties to which all such impulses are wholly repugnant—here St. Paul, I say, is far more accurate and explicit in his account of the operations of culture than Goethe. Yet the great critic's meaning is clear enough. In stealing an inventor's purse, let us say, one must reckon with the law; in stealing his idea, one must reckon with the sense of morals, with the common conscience of mankind; in buying up and suppressing his idea or in exploiting it without adequate compensation, one must reckon with the sense of manners, with the fine and high perceptions established by culture, to which such transactions at once appear mean and low. When Baron Tauchnitz paid full royalties to foreign authors whose works he republished before the days of international copyright, he was governed by a sense of manners; for no law compelled him to pay anything, and the morals of trade would have been quite satisfied if he had paid whatever he chose to pay.

Governor Jay's attitude towards Hamilton's suggestion may be called not only a study in manners, but, with certain explanations carefully made and certain discriminations fully understood, it may justly be called a study in Tory manners. This does not by any manner of means intimate that all Tories have a keen sense of manners, or that the Tory spirit has any natural monopoly of manners, to the exclusion of the radical and liberal spirit. On the contrary, English history exhibits one of the very finest examples of manners in the person of one who was an aristocrat, indeed, but withal, for his time, a great radical—a kind of British Jefferson.

By some master-stroke of unconscious irony, the statue of Lord Falkland stands today in a drooping attitude, an attitude of almost despairing despondency—and no wonder!—at the inner entrance to the Houses of Parliament! Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, was Secretary of State for a year during the difficult and troubled period just preceding the Civil War. Those who do not know his melancholy and fascinating history do not know the best that England can do in the way of dignifying and ennobling herself in the men she produces. Throughout his tenure of office, Falkland refused either to employ spies or to open letters! Horace Walpole speaks of this as "evincing debility of mind," quite as plausibly as Hamilton admonished Governor Jay that "in times like these in which we live, it will not do to be over-scrupulous."

But though manners be not a Tory peculium, it is indisputable that a high sense of manners, a fine and delicate perception in matters of conduct, and the supporting strength of character that gives practical effect to both, have been most highly developed and most powerfully propagated by an aristocracy; and an aristocracy is always almost solidly Tory. Where one finds, as in Falkland or Jefferson, radical principles and ideals combined with Tory manners, there, of course, one sees about the best that human nature is capable of producing; but such characters are all too seldom met with. I hasten to add that there is no natural reason why the qualities that I have mentioned should not be developed as highly in a democracy, if and when democracy ever comes to pass,[2] and I

[1] *θελήματα τῆς σαρκὸς καὶ τῶν διανοίων*—Eph. II: 3.

[2] I wish to complain against the common and culpable misuse of the term democracy as a synonym for republicanism. Time and again one hears persons who should know better, talk about democracy in this country, for example, as if something like it really existed here. They discuss "democracy on trial," "democracy's weakness," and so on, when it is perfectly clear that they refer only to the political system known properly as republicanism. The fact is that republicanism, which is a system theoretically based on the right of individual self-expression in politics, has as yet done but little for democracy, and that democracy is less developed in some republican countries, as France and the United States, than in some others, like Denmark, whose political system is nominally non-republican.

believe they will be much more highly developed; but the fact is that they have been chiefly developed in our modern civilization through an aristocracy. Indeed, since about all the good one can say of an aristocracy is that it has done this, and since aristocracy is at a pretty heavy discount just now, we can probably afford generosity enough to remember with gratitude that it was no trifling service.

It is interesting to remark that a sense of manners, delicacy of perception in matters of conduct, and the strength of character which regularly and resolutely enforces upon oneself their findings, seem to attain their best development in the absence or abeyance of law. Our Indian hunting tribes, for example, never formed a state, and lived without law or government; and there is no end of testimony to the extraordinary and impressive development of manners and the sense of manners, that prevailed among them.

Among those peoples which for one reason or another we choose to call civilized, we see a somewhat similar development in a hereditary governing class which can manage the law pretty much to suit itself and hence exists largely above the law. The aristocratic system was in general an incompetent one and its breakdown was inevitable; yet there is some good in the worst of systems, and the good of the aristocratic system was in the stimulation it gave to the sense of manners as a kind of law in itself, outside the purview of either statutory law or morals. It is chiefly to the extra-legal tradition which his hereditary governing class worked out for itself and followed with some degree of faithfulness, that the ordinary Englishman today owes his instinctive power of appraisal, such as it is, in the category of things which he vaguely yet stoutly assures you "aren't done," or which he briefly characterizes as "dam' low."

Under republicanism this advantage disappears, and the sense of manners, no longer cultivable by this indirect and somewhat adventitious means, must, if cultivated at all, be cultivated more directly and purposefully. Now, there is no doubt, I think, that the sum total of our educational processes does not tend that way. One may be subjected to the resultant influence of our schools, newspapers, pulpits, colleges, average family life, average social life, without gaining any very clear conception of the sense of manners as a kind of law in itself, and indeed without having one's intellectual curiosity much stirred by any consideration of manners, one way or the other.

Half a century ago Ernest Renan acutely pointed out that countries like the United States, which tolerate such imperfections in their educational processes, "would long have to expiate their fault by their intellectual mediocrity, *the vulgarity of their manners*, their superficial spirit, their failure in general intelligence." It would seem that his forecast was substantially accurate; there is testimony to it not only in a rather widespread general restlessness and dissatisfaction with the quality of life lived here, but also in innumerable specific complaints that drive us to adopt various forms of censorship and legal regulation. It is also worthy of remark, perhaps, that in our common speech we have constructed a considerable glossary of terms like "getting by," "putting it across," and "putting something over," which intimate the extremely narrow jurisdiction that we habitually assign to manners, and the correspondingly attenuated authority that we attach to the sense of manners.

It may be a form of good 100% Americanism, I suppose, to declare stoutly that in so enlightened and progressive a civilization as ours, any abstract consideration of manners is impracticable and superfluous, and that we should deal pragmatically with our standard of manners by progressive improvisation as we go along. While visiting an exhibition of paintings with a friend the other day, I raised some questions of taste and style, and my friend said with a strong air of finality, "But what is taste? Simply your taste, my taste, anybody's taste." In the view of this naïve cynicism, obviously,

a general duty to taste is fully discharged when each raw person cleaves happily to what he likes, without troubling himself to ask whether he ought to like it; in other words, without admitting the operation of an artistic conscience, or bethinking himself that the best reason and spirit of the race may have something to say in the premises, and that what it says may conceivably be worth attention. Similarly, too, it may be thought that a general duty to manners is fully discharged when each raw person follows the motions of the herd, or so much of them as his lower and apparent self may elect to follow, and regards his obligations as no more rational or binding, at best, than those of mere fashion.

Yet a cautious old pedant finds it hard to swallow this, because general human experience seems to be against it. Try as he may, he cannot get quite away from the notion that matters like these are not finally to be settled in this happy-go-lucky way, by the whim of each raw person's ordinary self, but by what Aristotle calls "the determination of the judicious"—the judicious being those who have disciplined themselves to take the largest view of general human experience and have become most sensitive to its testimony. There is a fundamental self-preserving instinct in humanity, which in the end comes out for what is truly lovely, truly elevated and becoming, and will not be permanently satisfied without it. Even that strange son of Balaam, the *homme sensuel moyen*, from Horace down to Mr. Otto H. Kahn, gives this instinct his blessing if not his obedience.

It is precisely this instinct which our sturdy Americanism, with its blind insistence on the sanction of law and morals for the exclusive control of conduct, and its equally blind disregard of manners, and the sense of manners as a law in itself, fails to take into account; and the consequence is that our republican civilization has an obvious and disconcerting element of instability which it need not and should not have. With aristocracy gone, and republicanism thrown wholly on its own resources in matters of this kind, one would say that it behooves a republic to become aware of the edifying and salutary power resident in a well-developed sense of manners, and to take steps towards concentrating this power and making it effective; and the very first of these steps, logically, is for all of us who have somewhat to do with general education—teachers, editors, preachers, critics, essayists, dramatists, novelists, lecturers—firmly to dissociate from law and morals all courses of conduct that do not belong there, and firmly to associate them in the category of manners.

## III

This, I say, is logical; for what is the use of forever trying mechanically to apply sanctions which are by nature inapplicable and which any one can see are simply grotesque in their inapplicability, while neglecting others which can be applied intelligently and appropriately? To make a thing illegal, or to put it down as immoral, by sheer fiat, in the face of an instinct which declares it properly to be neither, does not get one very far in the discouragement of its practice. Cardinal Hayes and Dr. John Roach Straton, for instance, have lately been complaining about the "morals of the young," as exhibited in their amusements, habits of conversation, irregular sex relations, the literature they choose to read and the plays they choose to see. Instinct testifies that in all this these gentlemen have no ground of complaint whatever against morals, and are talking blank nonsense; but that they have an impregnable ground of complaint against manners. If therefore they shifted their ground, they might hope to make an impression which they will never make from where they stand, for they would then have the natural truth of things working with them instead of against them.

When Mr. Taft came out of the White House, he refused to practice his profession and, though a poor man, turned his back

upon the emoluments that would have come to him through his prestige as an ex-President. His successor, Mr. Wilson, did the opposite. It is absurd to say that Mr. Taft here showed himself more moral than Mr. Wilson, for morals had no jurisdiction in the premises. Again, when Mr. Jefferson became President, he made it a rule never to take a present from any one under any circumstances. Other Presidents have not felt it incumbent upon them to do this; but it is utter nonsense to disparage them, or to praise Mr. Jefferson, on the score of morality. Mr. Taft and Mr. Jefferson simply gave an example of admirable manners, of a high and fine perception in matters of conduct, combined with the strength of character to enforce its findings upon themselves at whatever sacrifice; and the others did not.

A symposium dealing with the subject of sexual insurrection has been lately published under the title, "Our Changing Morality." Its original serial title, I believe, was "New Morals for Old." It rather reminded me of Bishop Pontoppidan's chapter on owls in Iceland, for from end to end of the symposium I could find nothing that had any natural connexion with morals, new or old, changing or fixed. Instinct testifies that there is absolutely nothing in the relations of either man or woman with any paramour or syndicate of paramours, which comes properly under the contemplation of morals; and hence any attempt to place them there is nugatory. These matters come properly under the scrutiny, much more effective because wholly appropriate, much more searching because wholly self-imposed, of high-mindedness, delicacy of feeling and perception—in a word, of manners.

Once we give up the pestilent assumption that the only effective sanctions for conduct are those of law and morals, and begin to delimit clearly the field of manners, we shall be by way of discovering how powerful and how easily communicable the sense of manners is, and how efficiently it operates in the very regions where law and morals have so notoriously proven themselves inert. The authority of law and morals does relatively little to build up personal dignity, responsibility and self-respect, while the authority of manners does much. The sacrifices and renunciations exacted by the one authority differ in quality from those exacted by the other, and one assents to them in a different spirit. In a habitual and sensitive regard to the demands of manners, one "lives from a greater depth of being." All this is matter of experience; anyone can try it for himself and find out that it is so. The trouble is that an enormously exaggerated stress on law and morals gives little encouragement to make the trial. It is easier, in a society like ours, to do as the rest do, and mechanically refer all conduct to the sanction of law and morals without troubling oneself to question its applicability or to cast about for a more appropriate authority.

This, in fact, is what our society appears to be doing. It seems competent therefore for even the humblest republican intellect to suggest that we may be incurring pretty serious damage through sheer unintelligent indisposition to call things by their right name and take hold of them by the right handle; and that if we stopped our heavy overdoing of law and morals long enough to give consideration to manners, and to the sense of manners as an arbiter of conduct, we might considerably better our prospects. Mr. Jefferson—if I may once more cite that poor old devotee of so many decrepit superstitions—Mr. Jefferson remarked that "it is the manners and spirit of a people which preserve a republic in vigor. A degeneracy in these is a canker which soon eats to the heart of its laws and constitution." I also venture to emphasize for special notice by the Americanizers and hundred-per-centers among us, the observation of Edmund Burke that "there ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. *For us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely.*"

# DEVIL ANSE

BY R. F. DIBBLE

The homely hog has often conferred benefits upon his owner—now an ample paunch, now great riches, and now materials for theological controversy—but he has rarely brought undying fame. Yet it was two lazy, long-snouted razorbacks, foraging years ago in Pike county, Kentucky, that put and kept the Hatfield and McCoy clans in the national limelight for two decades, and made Anderson Hatfield a man of immortal renown.

Devil Anse, as his relatives called him, was a typical Southern mountaineer: a huge, raw-boned, shaggy-haired troglodyte, "six feet of devil and 180 pounds of hell." He had a face like a panther, with enormously strong jaws and teeth, pointed ears, and a low, retreating forehead splotched with knotty protuberances. He knew nothing about, and cared less for, the soft luxuries of the modern Babylons. Coming from a long line of sturdy pioneers who had lived their whole lives in the wilderness of Logan county, West Virginia, he believed that it was his solemn duty to maintain their traditions—that the only victuals fit for heroes were hog meat and hominy, black coffee and molasses; that women should stand and serve while their lords and masters ate at ease; and that the God of the Bible was first of all a God of vengeance.

In that remote and lonely place—a vast, untamed region of towering mountains, whose inhabitants got their meager livings chiefly with the rod and the gun—the elementary passions were not toned down by civilization. From the days when the first nomadic squatters invaded the wilds, succeeding generations had wooed, won, hated, killed and prayed with impartial ferocity. The Hatfields and McCoys had fought on the same side in the Civil War; when it was over, the dull monotony of their lives became unbearable. Untouched by the refinements that charmed the rest of the American people during the decade following the war—the Ku Klux orgies, railroad building, the flowering of New England literature, the invention of the telephone and the submarine cable, shaving cream and chewing gum—the two clans were compelled to entertain themselves. Instinctively they realized that the most satisfactory of all forms of entertainment was a fight—a real fight, in which plenty of blood was spilled. And so when, in 1880, Devil Anse's brother, Hog Floyd Hatfield, stole two pigs from Randolph McCoy, chief of the McCoy clan that dwelt across the Little Tug river in Pike county, every Hatfield and McCoy gave a cheer of relief, for from that instant a whooping fray was certain.

As for Devil Anse, he was ready to fight for his brother's cause to the death, for in his view Ol' Rand'l, and indeed all the other McCoys, were simply barbarians and hence without human rights. Thus Hog Floyd had really committed no crime at all in purloining property from those uncircumcised Philistines across the river; nay, he had actually performed a virtuous deed. When the case came to trial in Logan county the members of both tribes, fully armed, crowded the court-house. The justice who presided was Deacon Ellison Hatfield, and Hog Floyd had a majority of the armed witnesses; he therefore won the decision hands down. Righteousness had

prevailed and the God of Israel had cared for His own. But there were mutterings on Sinai and it was clear that a storm was impending.

II

It broke in 1882. In that year a dapper Hatfield youth worked his wicked will upon a fair McCoy maid. The youth was Devil Anse's son, Jonse; the maid was Rose Ann McCoy, daughter of Ol' Rand'l. A gifted recorder of this tragedy, in later years, told the mournful tale thus: "Rose Ann was old enough to know better, but she allowed Jonse to persuade her that a marriage tie was in no way necessary to the consummation of love." Under cover of night, Jonse snatched his Sabine bride away to Logan county, and busied himself in the equally illegitimate operations of becoming a moonshiner and a father. Toward the end of the year the McCoys got wind of the location of his love-nest, and at once proceeded to march upon it. But Rose Ann—who was by now so steeped in sin that she considered herself a full-fledged Hatfield—fortunately heard that they were coming, and so raced to Devil Anse's house and told him. Anse and his cohorts went whizzing to the rescue instantly, and in the battle that followed two members of each clan were killed. Next day the two funeral processions happened to pass each other. The bearers and mourners, rifles in hand, glanced stealthily at one another and made ready for any eventuality. If it was a day of grief, might it not be well to make the obsequies really worth while? When one gun was accidentally discharged, every other gun leaped to its owner's shoulder. But this incident, fortunately, relieved the tension on both sides, and so there was no further gore.

But the wages of Rose Ann's sin were not yet paid in full, for the McCoys, doubly armed, were still on the warpath. One day three of them, Farmer, Talbot and Randolph Jr., came upon Deacon Ellison Hatfield alone. A heated debate arose over the undoing of Rose Ann, and Deacon Ellison, who had hitherto led what seemed to his relatives a disgracefully peaceful life, called Talbot a coward and words immediately gave way to blows. Talbot succeeded in stabbing the deacon twenty-seven times with a clasp-knife, while Randolph Jr. kept whacking a jack-knife against his legs. Nevertheless, the deacon threw Talbot and was about to crush his head with a heavy stone, when Farmer bravely upheld tradition by shooting the heroic servant of God in the back.

Shortly afterward, the three McCoys were arrested by Kentucky constables. At this point Devil Anse intervened, for he had little faith in jails, and Kentucky jails in particular. As chief spokesman of his tribe, he expressed himself thus: "When it looked as if the McCoys was to be let off clean 'thout so much as snuffin' the gallus, the Hatfields got their mad up for sure." As the three culprits were being led to the Pike county jail, Devil Anse, heading a band of his underlings, met and overpowered the constables, tied the McCoys hand and foot, and put them in a schoolhouse. The prisoners, suffering tortures on account of the tightness of their bonds, were told that if Deacon Ellison died they were to be put to death. Some days later the deacon was duly gathered to his fathers. On the same night the prisoners were marched to a place selected by Devil Anse, and, as Farmer and Talbot were being roped to two trees, he growled, "Boys, if you've got any peace to make with your Maker, you'd better make it." But when the trembling victims began to stutter some feeble prayers, Devil Anse was struck by an awful thought. Might not an eleventh hour repentance enable these scoundrels to meet him some day in heaven? In order to avert such a contingency, he unceremoniously shot both at once. It was then decided that Randolph Jr. should be freed, but one of the Hatfields, a more humane man that the rest, suggested that it would be rather dangerous to leave the boy alone in the night—there were wolves about. "Go back, then," said Devil Anse,

nd the humanitarian returned and blew off the lad's head with a shotgun.

When the news of the triple murder was noised abroad, the Governor of Kentucky at once requested the Governor of West Virginia to grant extradition papers permitting the criminals to be tried in Kentucky, but the Governor of West Virginia refused to do so. The West Virginia authorities, in fact, had lived for years in mortal fear of the Hatfields and were therefore unwilling to annoy them. When a coroner's jury sat on the case in Kentucky, the defense maintained that there was no cause for action for this reason: Devil Anse had tied the two McCoys to trees that grew close to the State line, and he had stepped back in order to shoot them from the West Virginia side. The Interstate Commerce Commission was as yet unborn; besides, the coroner in charge was Joseph Hatfield, and a multitude of other Hatfields, artilleried as usual, were on hand to see that justice was done. The coroner's jury accordingly rendered a verdict that the deceased had come to their deaths "at the hands of persons unknown."

## III

For some years after this there was relatively little hostility between the two clans. Occasionally, to be sure, in order to vary the tiresome state of peace, a Hatfield or a McCoy would be shot from ambush. But attempts were made by both parties to end the feud. On three occasions out of four, however, moonshine whiskey caused bloodshed before the negotiations were even begun, and the fourth attempt also ended in failure.

Finally, in 1887, a Kentucky official named Phillips—who, it is written, "was as quick as lightning, and would have made an ideal quarterback for any college football team"—was lured by the heavy rewards offered for Hatfield scalps to lead the McCoys in a raid against Devil Anse's gang. Little damage was done, but the foray fanned the quiescent feud into another great blaze. In the following January, Devil Anse and his minions went to the house of Ol' Rand'l', shot his wife, his daughter Alphare and his son Calvin, and set fire to the house. Ol' Rand'l' himself extinguished the flames with a churnful of buttermilk, shot four fingers from the hand of one of the Hatfields and then ran into the bushes and escaped.

A great outcry arose. Newspapers all over the country shrieked for law and order, and the residents of Pike county petitioned the Governor for arms and ammunition to defend themselves against the Hatfields. Kentucky passed a law which provided that "to point a loaded or unloaded gun at another person" was a felony, and which imposed a special penalty for "shooting at a person from ambush." And Ellison Mount Hatfield, who had shot Alphare McCoy, brought everlasting disgrace upon the family escutcheon by perishing on the scaffold.

For some time, however, the law's delays postponed Ellison's disgraceful exitus. He remained in jail for a year and a half while the legal battle raged, and made good use of his time by learning to read and write. He finally attained such literary proficiency that, during his last months, he bombarded the local newspapers with plaintive protests against his fate, for which he particularly reproached his own tribe. "They drove me to do it," he said. "God knows they made me do it. They said they'd kill me if I didn't do it. Now I've got to be hanged because I done it. I've got to die for a crime, and them devils made me do it." But when the Hatfields tried to smuggle some poison to him in order that he might die a more honorable death, he began to feel better about it, and when a Methodist circuit-rider took him in hand he readily forgave all wrongdoers everywhere, including even his relatives. When the noose was slipped around his neck, he piously remarked that "he hoped all his men and women would lead good lives and meet him in heaven where he was going."

Another period of comparative peace followed, for, while the Hatfields acted upon the principle that the open season for McCoys lasted twelve months a year, the game was unfortunately growing very scarce. At this time, in fact, the few McCoys who were yet alive on the border were so timid that they dared not light candles at night. By 1890 conditions had become so bad that Devil Anse was forced to offer a reward of $500 apiece for McCoy scalps, though he stipulated that Ol' Rand'l's must head the list. Accordingly, some of the Hatfields who were especially hard up went to Ol' Rand'l's house, determined to dispatch him. When they were informed that he was not at home they clipped off the tails of the McCoy cows, and used them to beat the women.

This generally lethargic state continued until, in 1892, a rumor was circulated to the effect that Devil Anse had been killed by his relatives in a game of poker. This story infuriated the Hatfields, and they at once collaborated, with inconceivable toil, in the production of this document: "We strongly deny that Devil Anse is dead. Instead of that, he has got religion and no poker game ain't been played in his house for some while. We believe it is unfair to such men as him to say such stories about them." This same year, indeed, did furnish proof that Devil Anse had more or less reformed, for, in the Autumn, aided by the only Hatfield who had completed grammar-school, he wrote this letter: "To the editor: the war spirit in me has abated and I sincerely rejoice at the prospects of peace. I have devoted my life to fearful loss of noble lives and valuable property in the struggle. We, being like Adam, are not the first sinners."

Yet it appears that some of the old Adam still clung to Devil Anse, for when he discovered to his sorrow that it was impossible to spend all of his time in religious exercises, he occupied himself in training his sons to slay the McCoys who were just growing into manhood and womanhood. Cap Hatfield, "Devil Anse's right-hand man," was, next to his father, the most powerful and crafty member of the tribe. He showed an all-round ability, but he specialized in slaughtering the McCoy women and children, and in his lighter moments he sought domestic entertainment by trying to hit both of his wife's eyes with one squirt of tobacco-juice. On election day, in 1896, Cap, who numbered an ardent public spirit among his other virtues, filled himself with whiskey, went to the polls and voted for Bryan, and then, in order to perfect a good day's work, shot one McCoy dead and severely wounded two others. Barely had he returned to receive the encomiums of his relatives when he was arrested. Some months later he was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to three months in jail.

The jury that convicted him charged him specifically with "involuntary" manslaughter. When the meaning of the adjective was finally made clear to Devil Anse, he wept long and loud. If this was true, it was evident that he had failed in the first duty of a father—to train his sons to follow gallantly in his own footsteps. He furthermore believed that Cap's imprisonment was an added disgrace; he would have preferred, he said, to have seen his son found guilty of murder in the first degree, for then the case could have been carried to the State court, where acquittal would have followed as a matter of course. The worst blow of all, however, was Cap's closing speech to the judge: "I am innocent; I hope I may not never see my God if I done these things."

But Cap soon redeemed himself in his father's eyes. Aided by his tobacco-stained but still ardently affectionate wife, he sawed his way out of jail in the Summer of 1897, and fled to a mountain retreat known as the Devil's Backbone. Militiamen followed him to this stronghold and destroyed it with dynamite, but Cap escaped and fled further into the wilderness, where he engaged in the only moderately peaceful occupation that was considered to be dignified enough for a Hatfield—moon-

shining. Devil Anse, rejoicing in the prodigal's return, labored to keep his place of refuge unknown and paid him frequent visits. On one of these trips he had a hand-to-hand fight with a bear, which ended when both rolled over a precipice. This fall nearly killed Bruin, but Devil Anse, almost unhurt, rose and stabbed the suffering animal to the heart.

In 1906 Cap went on another jamboree. This time, since no McCoys were handy, he tried to shoot his own brother Elias. Unfortunately for Cap, Elias—who, as the second son, had an eye on the family inheritance—was not only on his guard against a possible fratricidal attempt, but even eager for it. So Cap, instead of killing, was himself almost killed. When Anse heard this, he was at a loss to know whether to blame or praise his sons.

## IV

During these years, the old feud had occasionally flickered up. But by 1910 most of the active participants on both sides were either dead or crippled, while the younger generation had become—such is the softening effect of Christian civilization!—too proud to fight. One of the Hatfields had actually been weak enough to marry a McCoy gun-widow with bell and book, and not a member of either family had protested. So it came about that the struggle was ended by a formal hand-shaking party, closely followed by a moonshine spree. Devil Anse, now growing old and feeble, was the chief leader in the reconciliation. But when he tried to shake hands with his old foes he found himself quite unable to do so.

With peace come, the Hatfields, when they craved excitement, were now forced to engage in the labor union struggles around the coal mines, or to pop over an occasional revenue officer. In 1911 Devil Anse suffered his first real tragedy: two of his sons, the gifted Elias and the less famous Troy, were killed in a running fight with a miserable official who was engaged in the doubly remunerative business of capturing illicit liquors and selling them afterward. Friends came rushing up at the sound of battle, only to find that Elias was already dead. But Troy still had enough strength to gasp out the dying injunction: "Don't look for the man who done this. He's dead too." At the funeral of the two their ten living brothers wept by the side of the double grave and swore henceforth to lead peaceful Christian lives. It should be recorded, however, that, in the following year, Willie Hatfield, the pampered youngest son, rightfully shot down a doctor who had refused to give him a pint of whiskey.

Devil Anse was so powerfully affected by the deaths of his sons that, in less than two weeks, he joined the Baptist church—though it is not known whether he aligned himself with the Free Will, the Hardshell, the Missionary, or the United Baptists, for all four denominations flourished in Logan county, loathing each other with a virulence that far exceeded their hatred of sin. The sincerity of his faith, whatever it was, is attested by an incident that occurred in 1912. Devil Anse, carrying a handbag, happened to meet a neighbor. Opening the bag, he remarked that he wished to show a "new we'pon he had just got." The neighbor, seized with mortal fear, started to run, but Devil Anse called him back, thrust a battered Bible under his nose, and said, "This is the only we'pon I ever carry now, and I get along good and live close to the foot of the Lord by using it often." In 1913, alas, Anse backslid so far that he agreed to go into vaudeville, but after he had appeared only a few times it was discovered that an old court order forbade ex-criminals to leave the State, and he was therefore saved from continuing in sin.

This same year witnessed a touching event that showed how deeply the feud had been buried. Dr. H. D. Hatfield, Devil Anse's nephew, won the Republican nomination for Governor of West Virginia—for the Hatfields, once bloodthirsty Demo-

crats, were now peaceful Republicans. Among the telegrams sent to him was this: "Greetings to a Hatfield from a McCoy. Congratulations. That you may win in November is my desire." During the heat of the campaign, Dr. Hatfield had applied for a large life insurance policy, but the company's officials balked when they saw his name. Now the doctor showed the McCoy telegram to the company's investigator, and he immediately wired this message to his home office, "An excellent risk. Get him for all you can." They got him for $50,000.

Devil Anse spent his closing years in raising horses and hogs, in feasting on corn bread, sow-belly pork, black coffee and molasses, in dozing by the fireplace over which was written in gaudy letters "There is no place like our home"—to which a wag once appended the comment, "Leastways, not this side of hell"—, and in entertaining his innumerable grandchildren with hair-raising stories of his heroic deeds in the old days. His thoughts often turned with particular joy to his descendants, now respectable and even eminent. There was Governor Hatfield, and there was one infinitely greater—Jack Dempsey. In an interview in Detroit in October, 1919, Jack spoke thus: "I have never told this story before. . . . I am a descendant of the McCoys and Hatfields, [whose famous feud] cost close to twenty lives among my immediate relatives. My father is a relative of the Hatfields and a second cousin of ex-Governor Hatfield of West Virginia, while my mother, Cecilia Smoot, was related to the McCoys."

Wearing a tattered coonskin cap and still lugging a rifle as of old, Devil Anse frequently strolled through the nearby towns, where, as the most eminent living citizen of West Virginia, he always attracted polite attention. After years of scornful unbelief, he had come to the point of admitting that there might actually be such things as automobiles and phonographs, but he resolutely drew the line at airplanes and submarines. He was even persuaded to sit with his family for a photograph, but next day, having repented, he hobbled down to the photographer's house and smashed the camera.

Finally, in January, 1921, pneumonia laid him low at the age of eighty-six. Death came upon him softly, for he was thinking pleasant thoughts. One of Cap's daughters had become librarian in the office of Governor James Cox of Ohio; the oldest surviving McCoy had recently been slain in a fight with knives; only two of his own sons had met with violent deaths. Surely his lines had fallen in pleasant places! Only two phantoms disturbed his dying hours: young Peter McCoy had been decorated for heroic slaughters during the World War, and Ol' Rand'l had peacefully expired in bed at the age of a hundred and three.

Devil Anse was buried beside his murdered sons, and every living Hatfield, from the toddlers to the totterers, attended the funeral. Two of his surviving sons, who had been estranged for years, clasped reconciled hands over his coffin, and, as a pleasant epilogue to the obsequies, Cap made a speech that consisted of a series of moral declarations. He was done with fighting; he had no more malice in his heart; if any man tried to kill him, he would not resist. He finished by telling the officiating ecclesiastic that he had made his peace with God and was ready to be baptized. The delighted pastor replied, "I'll baptize you, boy, in the very same hole where I baptized your pappy." Everybody agreed that no other funeral had ever been blessed with such a beautiful climax.

But a greater and even more fitting one was to come. On April 12, 1922, a life-sized statue of Devil Anse, carved by an Italian sculptor out of Carrara marble, was placed on a hill overlooking the cemetery where the old hero lies buried. There he stands today: erect, dressed in his native garb, gazing across his native hills. On the the pedestal at his feet are cut the names of himself, his wife and their thirteen children.

# CLINICAL NOTES

BY H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*Tempus Fugit.*—Jesus Christ was born in Anno Domini 1. The Right Rev. William T. Manning, S.T.D., D.D., LL.D., was born in Anno Domini 1866. How time flies!

*The Alchemy of the Platform.*—All that is necessary to raise a piece of imbecility into what the mob regards as a piece of profundity is to lift it off the floor and put it on a platform. Half the things that are said from a pulpit or rostrum or stage would get their spokesmen the bum's rush if they enunciated them five feet nearer the sea level.

*Literary Criticism.*—Literary criticism, as practised in the journals of the Republic, never fails to regard with favor the author who has apparently devoted great energy, patience and pains to the acquisition of his materials. His treatment of these materials and his deductions from them, that is to say, the net result of his arduous labors, are a secondary consideration with the critics. The time he devoted to the work, the amount of assiduity he displayed, the sweat he poured into his book —these are what arouse the critics' admiration and praise. Four out of every five American critics of literature never fail to endorse any two-pound book. Nine out of every ten American critics of literature never fail to endorse any book that contains a glossary of at least fifteen pages and an index of at least twenty. Any book with two or three reference footnotes to a page is certain of an enthusiastic critical reception. The only other kind of book that is as invariably sure of endorsement is one which, whatever its contents, has a gilt top.

*Evolution.*—The Christians of the Bryan sect break into a cold sweat when it is argued that they are descended from chimpanzees. Their grandchildren will sweat doubly, and their second reason will be better than their first.

*Learned Men.*—In every American university there is a professor of philosophy, often with formidable whiskers. Every year he delivers 250 lectures of an hour each. Yet everything he says was once put by Pontius Pilate into three words.

*The Five-Inch Shelf.*—I am always skeptical of the honesty of a man's culture if his library shelves fail to reveal at least a few grotesquely unintelligible volumes. In the heart of every genuinely cultivated man there is a peculiar fondness for certain books that, though perhaps trashy and empty to some of us, are for one reason or another close to his secret fancy.

*Goal of the Artist.*—The true artist has no goal, but a dozen goals: each a mile-stone on a road whose end is ever some miles beyond the grave into which he is finally laid. It is only the superficial artist who has a goal, and who often achieves it.

*Marriage.*—No marriage can be a successful and happy one which calls upon the man to change his ideas of what constitutes amusement after his day's work is done. If a man whose idea of pleasure after working hours is strip poker or playing a snare-drum loves a woman passionately and marries her, only to learn that her idea of pleasure in the same hours is Old Maid or Kelly pool, a time-table to

Reno, if the man is a gentleman, or one to Atlantic City, if he is not, will be found on the drawing-room table before the year is over.

*The Second Boiling.*—A man who marries a widow leads a very sad life. Half the time he is jealous of her first husband, and the other half he is envious of him.

*Protest.*—Years ago Herbert Spencer remarked the irresistible tendency of *Homo sapiens* to spoil whatever is good. In his youth, said Spencer, there was in use in England a milk-jug of almost ideal design. Considering its weight and cost, it held a great deal of milk; the handle was strong and fitted the hand; the spout was so made that it discharged the contents quickly and without spilling. In his old age Spencer spent weeks trying to find such a jug in the shops. It was no longer made. In place of it there were only jugs of ungainly design, and when one essayed to use one of them the milk gushed out in a cataract and splashed all over the table.

The same irrational decay is visible in the design of American corncob pipes. The ideal corncob is made of a large, dense cob, and is cut so that its cross-section is almost a rectangle. There is no varnish on it, or anything else to destroy its porosity. The stem is of cherry-wood. Such a pipe has every merit. It absorbs all the acrid fumes contained in tobacco smoke, it is always cool, and the stem has a pleasant softness and an even more pleasant taste. In my youth all corncob pipes were so made. They cost five cents, and could be thrown away without pangs of conscience when they finally got foul. They were infinitely better than the most expensive briars.

But now they are no more. For two or three years past I have found none in any of the tobacconists' shops. The corncob of today is a revolting parody. It is cut too small, its cross-section is barrel-shaped instead of rectangular, and it is smeared all over with a filthy varnish. This varnish destroys its porosity; it becomes foul very quickly; its flavor from the start is resinous and disagreeable. Worse, the stem now in use is quite hopeless. The ancient cherry-wood stem has almost disappeared. In place of it there is an abomination made of wood, with a bone or celluloid mouthpiece. This mouthpiece is hard and of insane design; it hurts the teeth and doesn't fit the mouth. Finally, it is hideous, as the whole pipe is.

What could be more deplorable than such a change? It diminishes the joys of millions of pipe-smokers. If it benefits anyone it is only the manufacturers of cheap varnishes and celluloid. It is irrational, anti-social and against God, who made corncobs free of varnish and provided cherry-wood for stems. Yet it has been brought about by what seems to be an irresistible natural law, and, so far as I know, this is the first formal protest raised against it. Always man is trying to improve what he has. And nine times out of ten he damages it.

*Babylon.*—New York is held to be the most expensive city in the world. Yet I know where in it one may get an excellent lunch for sixty-five cents, a superb dinner for a dollar, and the best cigar this side of Morro Castle for a fraction over fourteen cents.

*Cause for Rejoicing.*—The Americano has at least one reason for getting down on his knees every night and offering up a prayer of thanks to the Almighty, and that is the absence at Washington of a Ministry of Fine Arts such as that maintained by the French government. Imagine a department of this kind as it would be filled and operated in these grand and glorious States! Who would be appointed its head under the current system of selection? The odds are one hundred to one that if Otto Kahn, Ph.D., LL.D., were not the pick, Augustus Thomas or Adolph Zukor would be. Honors and decorations would promptly be conferred upon Zane Grey, Henry van

yke, Morris Gest, Herman Hagedorn, harlie Chaplin, the Rev. Dr. John H. olmes, Edgar A. Guest, Will Hays, Isaac Iarcosson and Johnny Farrar. A gala an- ual banquet would be held at the New Villard at which eloquent addresses on rt would be made by bankers who had een brought on as suckers for endowment nds. The National Institute of Arts and etters would march *en masse* to the cere- nonies in cap and gown, and would be eaded by Isham Jones' jazz band playing George Gershwin's latest fox-trot. Harry Iansen would get stewed and bite off William Lyon Phelps' ear, and Phelps, in urn, would spill his *potage Créole* on Amy owell's cigar. A toast would be offered o the memory of those two great *littéra- eurs*, the MM. Woodrow Wilson and Theo- ore Roosevelt. And Dreiser, Cabell, Red ewis and the rest of such dismal failures vho had been left out in the cold would lespairfully foregather in the back room f some Union Hill, N. J., pot-house and ee who could hit the spittoon oftenest in ixty-five shots.

*Unanimous.*—On only one thing do all vomen agree: they are all sorry that they re not men.

*Again.*—Art is not helped and developed o much by criticism as by criticism of riticism.

*Undeveloped Note.*—I saw an ambulance ushing a dying man to the hospital held p at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street ast night in order to let an eminent Chris- ian Scientist cross the street.

*Prix I.*—The wisest piece of criticism hat I have heard thus far this year came rom the estimable Stokowski, of the Phil- delphia Orchestra. Observed the esti- nable M. Stokowski not long ago, upon egotiating a palatable *Hahnschwanz:* "To the hyenas with all these critics who are trying to teach people to understand music! Why should people understand music? It is enough that they love it!"

*On Cynicism.*—One of the most curious of human delusions lies in the theory that cynics are unhappy men—that cynicism makes for a general biliousness and malaise. It is a false deduction, I believe, from the obvious fact that cynics make *other* men unhappy. But they are themselves among the most comfortable and serene of mammals; perhaps only bishops, pet dogs and Broadway actors are happier. For what a cynic believes, though it may be too dreadful to be put into formal words, at least usually has the merit of being true—and truth is ever a rock, solid under the feet. A cynic is chronically in the position of a wedding guest who has known the bride for nine years, and has had her confidence. He is a great deal less happy, theoretically, than the bridegroom. The bridegroom, beautifully barbered and arrayed, is about to launch into the honeymoon. But the cynic looks ahead two weeks, two months, two years. Such, to borrow a phrase from Dr. Eliot, are the durable satisfactions of life.

*Advice.*—Like most other men, I have been the recipient of thousands of pieces of advice during my lifetime. All of them save two I have found utterly worthless. The two were: 1. Never eat corned beef and cabbage and ice-cream at the same meal; and 2. Pulling down the eyelid and blowing the nose has not succeeded in getting a cinder out of one's eye since 416 B. C.

*A Footnote.*—A wife, a child, a home—these three things, it has been said, round out the completeness and perfection of man. And to think that the Lord God Almighty Himself has only one of them!

# JEWELRY

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

"YES, *sir*," he grinned as he put down his second glass and favored me with a more friendly regard, "I will admit that I'm a reformed man. Less than a generation ago, when I was a traveling salesman, the firm of which I have the honor to be vice-president"—this was unaccompanied by the grin—"used to get away with murder. Of course, it didn't harm a soul—and it certainly was great for the country jobbers, peace to their ashes! But it was murder all the same. That was about thirty years ago. It was the time when pony vest-chains and fancy studs were just going out and lavallières were coming in, when our staplest stuff was hollow square-end bar-pins enameled 'Baby'—to distinguish the kids who wore 'em from locomotives, I guess—when no belle was really dressed until she had hung a huge, plain heart-shaped locket around her neck, when the Beau Nashes were slipping hinged post-buttons into their round cuffs, and a diamond sunburst was the last word in magnificence. Those were the days—particularly for us gold-manufacturers. Of course, there's gold *and* gold. But we made only 10 and 14 karat goods—high-class stuff—and it was *almost* as near the mark as we said it was.

"This was all before the law about stamping jewelry came along. You sold your customer on time and faith—principally on faith—on his belief in your reputation and his God, and on the fact that your goods stood up well and didn't show too much tarnish in his show-case. Considering everything, we got by pretty well. Once in a while there'd be trouble. You remember the joke that went 'What's the first thing to turn green in the Spring? Christmas jewelry!' Well, every now and then some fussy woman would raise a howl about a bracelet that had turned a funny color and we'd get a nasty letter from our customer. But there were lots of alibis. The favorite form began something like 'Never in our many years of experience' and ended with a technical flourish about a thorough investigation and 'assuring you that we will leave no stone unturned to satisfy you, we are yours, etc.'

"What prevented these accidents from having any serious after-effects was simply the fact that the people who handled our stuff—the so-called jewelers—hadn't the faintest idea of what they were buying. Whether they were wholesalers, retailers, department-store buyers or watch-repairers, not one of them knew anything more about their own specialty than the price. 'How do you know you're not being cheated in the quality?' I used to ask when a customer would quote some underselling competitor. 'Oh, Sohn Brothers' links are plump ten karat.' 'Yes,' would be my regular come-back, 'the posts are a little under six karat and the beans a little over four—that makes ten altogether.'

"A few of the boys pulled some pretty raw stuff. Then the younger buyers got suspicious and began to send more pieces to the assayer. Then came the rumpus—and the National Stamping Act. Now gold goods are plainly marked; the whole piece, solder and all, thrown in the melting-pot, has got to assay within three-quarters of a karat of what it's stamped. Now even the immigrants from Lithuania can go into a store on Second avenue and really get

what they ask for. Still," he concluded, with a chuckle that was less than half rueful, "those were the days!"

## II

So far, so good. Now for a cut-back. The scene is Newark; the time, about 1880; the chief character, Franz Kirchberger, father of the previous speaker. Franz has just arrived from Germany, bringing his small family of four (he has been married only five years!) and looking for work. Having learned his trade at Pforzheim, he has no difficulty finding it. Though not quite as Teutonic as the speech of Milwaukee or Cincinnati, it is a heavily accented *reichsdeutsches* English which he hears in the breweries and tool-rooms of the town. So Franz, with his papers of recommendations in one hand and his Order of the Schlaraffen in the other, is engaged by one of the local jewelry manufacturers as a sample-maker. His employer, a German-American, has begun to flirt with politics and in less than a year Franz is foreman, with a large increase in responsibility and a smaller one in salary.

Franz's jewelry designs are massive, practical and ungraceful, as befits the period; they have the solidity which goes well with large mustached men who carry huge hunting-case watches. In the course of time the sample-maker becomes a full partner in the new firm of Koch and Kirchberger. It is a small but international factory which he himself opens at seven o'clock every morning. The tool-makers, die-cutters, rollers and pressers are, with practically no exception, his *Landsmänner;* the polishers are the sisters and daughters of German-Americans, many of whom have never thought of citizenship papers; the stone-setters and engravers are of French and Italian origin; the engine-turner, as well as his intricate radiating machine, comes from Switzerland. Franz has tried two or three full-blooded, pedigreed Americans but they drank whisky instead of beer during the lunch-hour. And so, dreading future unpleasantness, he chooses to regard the Yankee highly as a customer but not at all as an employé.

He works his men fifty-four hours a week—in the rush season as much as sixty—but there is little complaining. Not that there is a lack of factory organization, but Franz is among friends. He lends them money (without interest) to buy homes in the suburbs, their jobs, though long, are not hard—and, in reply to an unsuccessful union delegate, "what else should we do with our time?" There is a panic year in which Franz does not even balance his books; without the aid of Babson's helpful charts, he realizes that there are fluctuations in supply and demand. He tells the men that they'll have to work for a couple of weeks, maybe a month, without pay—and, strangely enough, they do not strike. They work; he, with them, at the bench. Better times follow.

Franz is not a shrewd merchant. Through an error in calculation, he puts a profit of more than two hundred per cent on an odd-shaped brooch. It turns out to be the most popular piece the firm has ever carried. Meanwhile, his eldest son, Fred (*geboren* Friedrich) has gone "on the road," and, accompanied by his "best accounts," is learning to relax a bit. The young traveler learns a new technique of trade. But Franz finds it difficult to adapt his plant to the growing demand for lighter and cheaper merchandise. He never dreams of the necessity of a Stamping Law, of Vigilance Committees, of Manufacturers' Associations. He continues to make solid and somewhat too substantial patterns to the very end. When he dies, the men—nobody has ever called them "factory hands"—come to his funeral in a body; most of them belong to a *Männerchor* and there are a few songs such as Franz used to sing in the Black Forest as a boy. The widow receives an illuminated parchment signed with the names of all the employés and Fred gets the business.

The film skips a score of years. There have been many strikes. There has been a great

deal of competition. There has been a war. Some time in 1917, the firm changed its name to the Cook-Churchill Company—Fred Churchill, president. Although Fred was unmarried at the time, and nearing forty ("Believe me, it's a great mistake to marry before you've seen something of life") and highly outraged at the behavior of the Huns ("There isn't one of 'em that's got a sense of honor"), he did not enlist. His country, he felt, needed the best brains within its borders; he decided to win the war at home. Accordingly, he organized a section of the Home Guards, discharged two polishing-girls for continuing to speak German, and transformed the jewelry-plant into an Essential Industry by the simple process of devoting a few feet on one of the four floors to war supplies. In this wing, Fred manufactured, without previous experience, quantities of tweezers and surgical knives, some of which actually found their way to France, although most of them are still downstairs next to the engine-room. Like most other jewelers, he patriotically turned all his stock of platinum over to the government so that the United States would have plenty of that scarce metal for chemicals and contact-points. Yet, by some providential miracle, he (like most of the others) always had plenty of platinum bracelets and platinum-top wrist-watches on hand.

One day Jack Cook (*née* Johann Koch) had a flattering offer from the Bank of South-East Orange and sold out his interest to Fred, who is now as much of an absentee landlord as a manufacturer. Shortly afterward he moved to New York, taking a small office in Maiden lane. Now he has a duplex apartment in West Eighty-sixth street near the Drive, his suite of "conference rooms" is on Fifth avenue in the upper Forties, and he takes the tubes to inspect his "shop" at least once a month. He also takes great pride in assuring you that, with their forty-four-hour week, the jewelry men are the most progressive manufacturers in the country—forgetting conveniently that he fought every concession in hours to the extent of an unsuccessful lock-out. He beams with the information that never in the history of our country have the men been so well paid—implying that it was his generosity and not their demand that forced the advance. Yet, although he is much better educated than his father (Franz could only recite a few of the poems of Heine and Schiller by heart, whereas Fred reads the editorials in the New York *Times*), Fred is neither as comfortable nor as confident as he ought to be. Catch him some day after he has played eighteen holes at the Cedar Hill Country Club and let him tell you why.

## III

"Yes, *sir*," he concludes, flushed with something more than his Saturday exercise, "sometimes I feel like going over and saying to them: 'Here are the keys of the factory; go on and run it yourselves!' It's hard enough competing with the houses down East—lots of the Providence shops work a full forty-eight hours—but when these agitators put a lot of nonsense in their heads about old age pensions and shop-foremen, and sick-benefits—well, then it's time for us to get together and do something about it. I don't mean any Ku Klux stuff, but just good old persuasive American methods. All we got to do is to show the workers that all this restlessness is just a lot of Russian propaganda.

"Not that I've got anything against the Jews myself personally; some of my best customers are Jews and I've got one of 'em running the factory for me. But they don't make good workmen, no, *sir*—always stirring up things and finding some little technicality to make a fuss about. We're practically a 100 per cent organization in Newark—except the ones who haven't gotten their papers yet. And the advertising! Yes, we went into national advertising about five years ago. We made up our minds that if the other manufacturers' associations could make people buy paint and peanuts and flowers and even force

prunes and cranberries down their throats, we ought to make our bid for the great buying public. It took us some time to find a slogan but the one we finally got is a peach. Say It With Flowers can't compare to it for pull, and it's got a real economical punch behind it. Gifts That Last!—a nifty, eh? But a campaign like ours costs money, and the magazines aren't giving any of their space away for nothing, believe me.

"But the worst of it is our salesmen. Say, you'd think those boys were *buying* for the customers, not selling 'em. The goods are never marked low enough for them; they're always calling for cheaper prices—and, meanwhile, I'm raising salaries at the factory, at the office and on the road, taking the visiting buyers to the Follies at ten bucks per head, and keeping the humidor stocked with clear Havanas. . . . I tell you, it's all I can do to keep from giving up my town-car. If the people only *worked* for their money! But they don't know what work is. The other day I got down to the office earlier than usual, at quarter to nine, and not more than half of the force was there. They got it too easy, that's what's the trouble. And we employers got it too hard.

"Look, for instance, in the old days when you sold your account, you never gave him any copy of his order, and by the time he got the goods you could give him whatever extra stuffing you thought he ought to have. Nowadays, when you have to write down the order in duplicate in front of his eyes, you're lucky if you can slip in half a dozen items. And the competition! It's worse than ever. Take platinum-faced jewelry, all the craze now. At first, we made our platinum-sheets ourselves—a good twenty-five per cent rolled on a gold base. But there's no law defining how thick the platinum's got to be, and now you can find 'genuine platinum-top jewelry' which is one hundredth thin. Soon they'll be washing the color on with platinum salts—plating it on white gold—and who'll be any the wiser? Only the honest manufacturer, working his head off, trying to keep up the old American traditions, and educating the buying public for its own good. Yes, *sir*," he ends with genuine conviction, "they sure had it easy in the old days."

# MUSIC CRITICS

BY HARRY B. SMITH

INCREDIBLE as it may seem to the musicians of my acquaintance, there was a time when I knew even less about music than I do at present; but I so artfully concealed my ignorance that a newspaper in a western city paid me a weekly wage for expressing my inept opinions. My equipment for this position consisted of an inherited interest in music and a trifling talent which I had developed, after school hours, according to a system of my own. By eavesdropping upon the piano lessons of my sisters, I learned to give an imitation of a pianist playing such "pieces" as Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso and Schubert's impromptu in B flat. A year or two later, I increased my répértoire by borrowing from a girl friend other piano compositions; among them, I remember, were Schumann's first novelette and Chopin's polonaise, Opus 26, No. 1. Actuated by a laudable economy, and with the patience of a medieval monk illuminating a missal, I copied these in colored inks on some highly ornate blue-lined music paper which I had discovered in the garret of my grandfather's house.

At this time I was working, when watched, as the office boy of a real estate agent. The office force consisted of my employer and myself. I did most of my music copying while the red-whiskered Simon Legree was out selling real estate, samples of which he always carred on his hands; and I acquired considerable ability as a sleight of hand artist by my practice in making music paper and colored inks disappear at the first sound of his footsteps. On one occasion, however, he walked in suddenly before I could hide the incriminating evidence of my lack of interest in real estate. I received a severe reprimand for wasting his time, though it never seemed to me to be very valuable, and I often wondered how he managed to get the five dollars that he handed to me every Saturday. The compositions that I copied I practiced in the evening, regardless of the feelings of the neighbors; and the music that I learned in this manner I have never forgotten. I still play these things as badly as ever; but as I never play in the presence of anyone who I think knows more about music than I do, my performances are as rarely heard as they should be.

Some years after the office boy period, when I was learning to be a reporter, a managing editor happened to hear me giving a catch-as-catch-can rendition of that Chopin polonaise. Not realizing that, in all probability, Chopin at that very moment was turning over in his grave, this editor, to whom I seemed a musical Elihu Burritt—"the learned blacksmith"—added the department of music criticism to my reportorial duties. The best that can be said of my music criticism is that it was lenient and kindly. Mercy seasoned justice, and a superficial sapiency flavored both. I always acknowledged that Patti had a good voice and knew how to sing, and now that the Queen of Song has passed on, it is a great consolation to reflect that I never discouraged her by an adverse verdict. If Theodore Thomas's interpretation of a Liszt rhapsody seemed to me to be lacking in the true Magyar spirit, I broke it gently to that eminent conductor, merely imparting a useful hint. I never allowed

professional jealousy to influence my criticism of the playing of Joseffy or Rubinstein, and the then *Wunderkind*, Josef Hofmann, received from me many a kind word. My criticism was always constructive, and, I trust, improving to the composers and performers who were doing their best and looking to me for guidance and encouragement.

Wholly different was the criticism of some of my journalistic confreres, who, with the exception of two or three capable and experienced men, were gifted with so comprehensive an ignorance of music that compared to it my smattering seemed encyclopedic wisdom. Some of them were habitually severe in their animadversions, thinking it easier to be clever in censure than in praise. One was a woman who gave singing lessons and occupied her spare time by telling the world of the defects in the voices and methods of all singers, imported or domestic, who were so unfortunate as to have been deprived of the benefit of her instruction. Another was a professor who gave piano lessons. Just what his system of teaching was I never understood, as it was known that he did not play the piano, and he had a hare-lip which made it practically impossible to understand him when he spoke. However, he was strong on theory and interpretation, and he made his reviews interesting, though his judgments were severe, particularly when he wrote of pianists.

The most remarkable of my fellow scribes in the musical line was a man who neither knew nor cared anything whatever about music. Charles Lamb confessed that, though "sentimentally disposed to harmony," he was "organically incapable of a tune." This critic possessed not even the disposition to harmony; but in efficiency as a news gatherer he was the pride and joy of city editors. A few days before Mrs. Thurber's well-meant but ill-fated enterprise, the American Opera Company, visited our fair city, the music critic of one of the newspapers resigned, and this reporter was assigned by his editor to review the performances. Until that time he had been in charge of the shipping news and in that department he had distinguished himself as the best marine reporter in town. One of the first performances at which he officiated as censor was the initial production —in our town, at least—of Delibes', "Lakmé," with Pauline l'Allemand in the title part. In those days the first representation of an opera was an important event. The society editors were dithyrambic in describing the affair from the "among those present" point of view, and even the list of "What They Wore" was a literary gem. The critics were on their mettle, knowing that the world was waiting to hear what acknowledged experts thought of the work.

On this occasion, the reviewers, with one exception, praised the opera and the performance. The beauteous Pauline was an admirable Lakmé. She looked the part to perfection and she sang the bell song delightfully. The specialist in shipping news, however, savagely assailed both the opera and the company. According to him, there was no melody in the work and Delibes knew nothing about orchestration; the company was poor and Madame l'Allemand was what in latter-day American would be called a four-flush and a false alarm. At that time, Reginald de Koven was the music critic of a local weekly paper. He had studied instrumentation with Delibes and believed that the French composer's knowledge of orchestration was equal, at least, to that of the chronicler of maritime disasters. He ventured to remonstrate with the censorious one on the severity of the review, assuring him that l'Allemand knew how to sing and that Delibes was not fooling the French government by drawing his salary at the Conservatoire. "That may all be," rejoined the scribe; "but *I* was there to *criticise*."

Luckily, he was not there to criticise for any great length of time, for he soon found the work uncongenial. His associates helped him by enlightening him when he was in doubt whether a singer was a

soprano or a contralto, but offended managers of opera and concerts rejoiced in playing unseemly tricks upon him. Once he had written disparagingly of the entertainments given by a promoter of concerts who brought de Pachmann to play for our lovers of music and comedy. After the regular program, the pianist, in response to an enthusiastic demand, played an additional number.

"What is he playing now?" asked the new critic of the manager.

"That," replied the revengeful impresario, "is Chopin's Fifth Symphony."

On the following morning, readers were informed that "for an encore M. de Pachmann gave a brilliant performance of Chopin's Fifth Symphony." A number of letters of protest were received by the editor, and the critic returned to his job as marine reporter. To do him justice, it must be said that he had never aspired to be a censor of the arts; but he was a good newspaper man, and his not to reason why if his editor gave him uncongenial assignments.

As a reporter again, it was not long before he began to have extraordinary luck in regard to murders. On a surprising number of occasions he happened to be in the immediate vicinity when a murder was committed. He recorded so many scoops on homicides of the first magnitude that sometimes he was accused by his brother scribes of being accessory before the fact and in this way getting advance information. He became the star reporter of his paper, afterward served as its city editor, and was then called to New York to take an important position on one of the great dailies. A few years afterward he shot and killed his wife and, I believe, was acquitted on the ground of insanity. He was a clever and companionable fellow until his mental malady led to his tragic end. Let it not be thought that, in referring to his experiences, I insinuate a vague teleology. I see in them no correlation of cause and effect. That he progressed from music criticism to murder I am certain was wholly fortuitous.

## II

These trivial reminiscences are a prelude —perhaps somewhat irrelevant—to a reference to the course in music criticism which, it is announced, is to be established at Harvard, in order that "music students who seek to become professional critics will have an opportunity to fit themselves for that profession."

One may acknowledge the immense practical value of this idea and the beneficent effect it may have upon musical art, and still be appreciative of its humorous aspect. It would have appealed irresistibly to the late W. S. Gilbert, who certainly would have found in one of his operas a place for a character singing a solo interrupted by the comments of a chorus of trained critics. The consequences of the project, indeed, are likely to be far-reaching. Composers and performers criticised adversely will be able no longer to solace themselves with the reflection that the critic is an ignoramus. When the thumbs turned down are known to be trained thumbs, the unfortunates will have to bow their heads in submission and proceed to learn useful trades.

Any reform comes better late than never, but the originator of this one has chosen for its promulgation a time when the special training of music critics seems no longer necessary. With practically no fear of contradiction, it may be asserted that at no time in the history of music in America have there been so many experienced and scholarly critics as at present. In New York and in the other large cities, the departments of music of the leading newspapers are conducted by men who are musicians as well as clever writers. We have one extraordinary contemporary who is not only a composer of rare originality but also a writer who has something new to say and a way of his own of saying it. To find such a combination, one must hark back to the days when Berlioz wrote his slashing articles for the *Journal des Débats* and when Schumann, in the *Neue Zeit-*

*chrift für Musik*, reviewed with amiable ppreciation the work of his rivals.

It is conceded that, even in the days vhen highly valueless opinions were ex- ɔressed by editors' friends whose hono- aria took the form of free tickets, there vere isolated exemplars of competency. Dne such writer was recently reported to iave resigned from a New York daily ifter forty years of service—an able man vhose contempt for sham reputations has ɔeen of great service to good music. Then here was James Gibbons Huneker, who cnew what he was writing about and vrote about it so well that his first editions ire now at a premium.

When I began my nefarious career as a vriter of "book and lyrics," the Grand Panjandrum of the music critics of New York was a Gargantuan mentor who laid down the law in the columns of one of the most dignified and conservative journals. His erudition was rather appalling and he was a terror to pretenders, but a jovial soul and broad-minded withal. A wor- shipper of Beethoven, he cheerfully ad- mitted that the symphonic Homer fre- quently nodded and was the cause of justi- fiable nodding in others. He was a staunch Wagnerian in the days when Theodore Thomas was an early prophet and propa- gandist of what was then "the music of the future"; but bigoted he was not, and when I once asked him which of the Wagner music dramas would live the long- est, he rather ruefully confessed that he thought Gounod's "Faust" would outlive them all. This, from a Wagnerian, was a curious prediction, and a false one; for "Faust" fades a little every season, while Wagner's music, once declared to be "really much better than it sounded," is appreci- ated by a larger public than ever before, though some say now that it is not as good as it sounds.

This dean of the critics had a judicious appreciation of Tschaikovsky. One after- noon, he, Victor Herbert, and I went to Carnegie Hall to hear the Symphonie Pathétique conducted by Safanoff. Why Tschaikovsky joyfully jumped at his bro- ther's suggestion to call his sixth sym- phony the Pathétique is beyond my exo- teric comprehension, for save in the last movement, there is nothing pathetic about it. It will be remembered that Safanoff conducted without a baton, using both hands, which, in moments of excitement, became fists. It was reported that he had been a Russian general, and he conducted as if he were Marshal Murat leading a cav- alry charge. Naturally, he was at his best in the tempestuous allegro, which was electrifying. After the sombre last move- ment, which he seemed to make even more poignant than usual, we adjourned to one of the haunts of vice, now obsolete, where the soul-destroying beverage, beer, was dispensed to the vicious and degraded. The ambrosia of happy memory failed to cheer my critic friend, whose wonted Rabe- laisian humor was submerged by a pro- found depression. Finally, he shook off his apathy sufficiently to say that he "wished to God that damned last movement had never been written," that it always made him feel suicidal.

Before I made the acquaintance of this learned colossus, I had felt the weight of his bludgeon. When "Robin Hood" was first produced at the old Standard Theatre, he wrote of it that "De Koven and Smith may be forgiven because of their evident good intentions; but it is always best to drown the first litter of puppies." This was in 1892. The puppies were continu- ously in evidence for twenty years and still perform occasionally.

A year or two after the "Robin Hood" production, Victor Herbert and I wrote "The Serenade," which those old favor- ites, the Bostonians, played for seven sea- sons. The story is about a song, the theme of which runs through the score, devel- oped in all sorts of ways from a monks' choral to a solo by a parrot. A season or two previous, an operetta called "Nanon" had been a success at the Casino. It also had a plot about a song; and being of a timorous nature, I feared that I might be

accused of plagiarizing the "Nanon" idea, though there was no other resemblance between the two pieces. I had a note printed on the program stating that my plot was "derived from an interlude by Goldoni." This was mere camouflage, for if there is any such interlude, I was, and am, unaware of it; but it apparently was as familiar as a household word to the dean of the critics. He gave me credit for recognizing my indebtedness to Goldoni, and said that I need not be ashamed to go to such a source, adding that probably the interlude had reached me through a French adaptation.

Years afterward, when "The Spring Maid" was produced, one of the comedians wished to interpolate a specialty which he had used successfully in vaudeville. It was a recitation called "The Three Trees." There was not the shadow of a reason for introducing it into the operetta; but the comedian was so certain that it would throw the audience into paroxysms of mirth that I finally wrote it in for him. The locale of "The Spring Maid" is Carlsbad, and to excuse this irrelevant interpolation I wrote a note, which was printed on the program, explaining that the recitation embodied a legend of the origin of the Carlsbad springs. This note was credited and ascribed to "Grimm's 'Folk-Lore of Germany,'" a work which existed only in my imagination, though the Brothers Grimm were the authors of books bearing similar titles. Hook, line, and sinker were the same as bait to my learned critic friend, who professed familiarity with the work and recognized the legend as an old friend.

I mention these trivial matters not in mockery of an eminent authority, but only to suggest that even the wisest cannot know everything, and that no Sir Oracle is so omniscient that no foolish dog can be found to bark at him.

## III

That a musical Sainte Beuve or Hazlitt can be evolved by any amount of training is extremely doubtful; but the training may furnish a road map for the sentimental journeys of those lesser men who choose music criticism as their life work. Assuming that the students are youths who might become musicians but for their preference for criticism, there is one quality that the training must try to eradicate, to wit, jealousy. Wagner relates that he and Mendelssohn were walking home one evening, after a rehearsal, when Richard, one of whose works had been rehearsed, felt keenly the coldness of the modified praise of Felix. After a silence, Mendelssohn, as if his meditations had led up to his speech, remarked: "Music has but one fault, namely, that, more than any other art, it stimulates, not only our good, but our evil qualities; for instance, jealousy." Musicians and singers, as a class, are genial and amiable, yet most of them can "bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne." Even the amateurs survey each other through green spectacles.

Samuel Butler (the author of "The Way of All Flesh"; not the poet of "Hudibras") was one of the most versatile of men, a scientist, a novelist, a painter, a philosopher, and a musician—and many other things. He wrote learnedly on varied subjects, ranging from Darwinism to a new theory of the meaning of Shakespeare's sonnets. He has a painting in the Tate Gallery, and his "Erewhon" displays a satiric genius akin to that of Swift. Incidentally, he composed two oratorios. He was a sincere man, and undoubtedly he expressed his honest opinion when he said that "Don Giovanni" was a bore and that he preferred his own oratorio, "Narcissus." In his Note Books he confesses that he cared little for Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Wagner, Berlioz, Mendelssohn; but these were only a few of his aversions. It seems incredible that a man who adored and understood Händel should find so little to admire in the music of other composers.

A close second in the wholesale reprobation of composers is Aldous Huxley,

whose recent anathema, casting all modern music into outer darkness, has been extensively circulated. Butler burned incense exclusively to Händel and, more in sorrow than in anger, announced his discovery that there had been no great men since Agamemnon. Mr. Huxley, though rejoicing greatly in his sweeping disparagement, is more tolerant. He praises no fewer than three composers to Butler's one, thinking highly of Mozart, Pepusch (who arranged the music of "The Beggar's Opera") and the unknown who created "Ach, du lieber Augustin." Of the last, he says that it was "composed in 1770, and it was the first waltz," and he asks us to compare it with any modern waltz if we wish to realize what has happened to all popular music. According to Mr. Huxley, a maiden may listen to "Ach, du lieber Augustin" and not get a thrill out of it; but it appears that when the same maiden dances to a modern waltz, "her soul is carried swooning along undulating oceans of molasses; she can hardly breathe for the overpowering odors of opoponax and ambergris." It is alleged that this astounding effect is produced upon the said maiden by "any waltz tune composed from the middle of the Nineteenth Century onward." I, too, have been in Arcady, have waltzed, and seen much waltzing; yet never have these eyes beheld a maiden like unto the maiden of Mr. Huxley. Swimming in metaphorical oceans of molasses and gasping in an atmosphere of opoponax, she would be worth looking at, if only for the sake of the laugh.

Mr. Huxley assures us that if we compare the music of "The Beggar's Opera" with the music of a contemporary révue, we shall find that the difference between them "is the difference between life in the Garden of Eden and life in the 'artistic' quarter of Gomorrah." (Happily, he chooses Gomorrah of the cities of the vale.) There follows a blanket indictment of practically all modern music, so it is evident that Mr. Huxley has not risen in resentment against only the popular song, irritated, perhaps by a neighboring damsel practicing "Aggravatin' Papa" or "Limehouse Blues." Beethoven, it seems, is to blame for the degradation of modern music. "He made possible the occasional sentimentalities of Schumann, the baroque theatricality and sham grandiosity of Wagner, the hysterics of Scriabine, the waltzes of all the Strausses, from 'The Blue Danube' to the waltz out of 'Salomé.' He made possible such masterpieces as 'You Made Me Love You' and 'That Old Black Mammy of Mine.'"

However, Beethoven is guiltless in one respect at least. He did *not* make music "sexual." The Nineteenth Century Italians did that. According to Mr. Huxley, even religious music is now "juicily sexual." One may be permitted to doubt the accuracy of this, for the motion picture theatres are still doing a better business than the churches. Be that as it may, music appears to be in a pretty bad way, if we hear Mr. Huxley tell it. Verdi, Rossini, Puccini, Saint-Saëns are a few who are condemned; the music of the last-named being blacklisted as "nauseous." That we are called upon to listen to "Celtic caterwaulings" and "dismal Spanish wailings" seems bad enough; but these things are trifling compared to what Russian music has done to us; for we are informed that "if Rimsky-Korsakoff had never lived, we may doubt whether jazz would be the finished product that it is."

At last, then, there appears a critic (possibly trained) who knows what "jazz" is. I have inquired of many musicians "What is jazz?", even as Pilate asked his famous riddle. No two definitions have agreed. Some have confused it with "rag," and think that its leading characteristic is syncopation. But I know now. Jazz is Rimsky-Korsakoff arranged for saxophones, banjos and drums.

The unpardonable sin of modern music, as Mr. Huxley hears it, is that it has become "emotional." It should have remained simple, like Mozart and "Ach, du lieber Augustin." But what, I ask in my artless ignorance, should music be, if not

emotional? From a bird's song to Stravinsky, all music is an expression of emotion. In the expression of that emotion, it begins where words end. People who are feeling particularly gay do not talk about it; they sing. From the cradle to the grave, from the lullaby to the funeral march, music mirrors the emotions.

I have referred to the prejudices in musical matters recorded by Samuel Butler. He, we know, was not a trained critic, but an enthusiastic amateur. Fortunately for himself, he died before he had a chance to hear a portion of the Hallelujah Chorus of his beloved Händel converted into "Yes, We Have No Bananas." For anything that I know to the contrary, Mr. Huxley may be a trained critic. If so, the Harvard plan is one to which vital objections could be urged. Perhaps, after all, music had better worry along, doing the best it can with the critics, presumably untrained, to whom we now look for guidance. They at least have the advantage of liking *some* composers and they do not opine that all music died with Mozart and "Ach, du lieber Augustin."

No one who regards music as something more than a riot of weird noises will gainsay that many of its present manifestations are degraded and decivilized. Compared to them, the sound of a boiler factory working over-time is as the murmur of a seashell. So far, I agree with Mr. Huxley. I don't like these unnecessary noises; and I find that many composers of the better class of popular music object to the distortion of their melodies. With whom is this frantic cacophony in favor? Dancers, even "finalé hoppers" and experienced ingénues who—to use their own phrase—"park their corsets" before entering the terpsichorean arena—even they don't like it, though their brows be lower than the nethermost abyss. Even they, when they hear a Johann Strauss waltz, make comparisons to the disadvantage of the Babel to which they are accustomed. The outrageous hullaballoo is enjoyed only by those who make it (and are well paid for their disorderly conduct) and by a few writers on musical subjects who regard jazz as the foundation of an American school of music. If the Harvard department of music criticism will train critics to combat this extraordinary delusion, it will justify its existence.

One of the most terse and illuminating of untrained criticisms was made by the late Victor Herbert. A popular comedian, unsatisfied with success in his own line, was ambitious to compose music. Being a fervent Roman Catholic, his aspirations inclined to church music, and he composed a mass. He had the manuscript finely bound and submitted it to Herbert, who took it and read the title, "Grand Mass in F." He turned the pages and looked over the manuscript for some time before commenting: "By God! it *is* in F."

# WHY I LIVE ABROAD

BY LAWRENCE J. THOMSON

My ancestors came to America almost three hundred years ago. My children are of the eleventh generation born on American soil. Of my immediate forbears, not one ever set foot in a foreign land.

Through all these three centuries we have been not merely good, but also, I hope, useful citizens. The family's representatives have fought and died in every American war. I myself volunteered for the war against Spain, and was thanked from important sources for my services during the World War. We have filled offices, high and low, in the municipal, State and federal service with honesty and some ability, though, as far as I know, we have produced no genius.

There was one notable rebel against the existing order a hundred years ago, but on the whole we have deferred unquestioningly to authority. Most of us believe firmly that only an oversight on Jehovah's part prevented the Constitution from being handed down from Mount Sinai along with the Ten Tables. There is even (awful thought!) one professional Prohibitionist in our ranks. Nearly all of us are still certain that the Kaiser started the World War, that he firmly intended to make America a German colony, that the German soldiers cut off children's hands, and that the Dawes Plan is an almost heaven-inspired document testifying to the unselfish idealism of American captains of finance and industry. We talk of our "God-given institutions," and ridicule the pretension of foreign potentates that they hold their thrones "by the grace of God." If all Americans were like us, the spies of the Department of Justice could sleep easy o' nights, its heresy-hunters would be out of jobs, and all would be quiet along the Potomac.

Yet here am I, tenth of the line, uncontaminated by foreign blood, living abroad by free choice—and for more than a quarter of my lifetime! I have even lost the congenital American ability to look down on foreigners with contempt. My friend Alec, who practices law in an American city, and my friend Oscar, who is a wealthy manufacturer, make no bones of calling me a renegade. Alec was born in one of the Baltic Provinces and Oscar in Sweden, but they will not thank you for reminding them of it. They talk heatedly of damned foreigners, and feel that the American immigration laws are much too lax. Yet it seems to me that they are the renegades, not I, for they have both cast off their original citizenship and become American citizens, whereas I retain my nationality, pay American taxes as cheerfully as possible, participate in all American undertakings in wherever I happen to be living, and am, in general, no discredit to my native land.

I should not regard my case as worth recounting if it were isolated, for I am myself a person of no particular importance. But there are thousands of Americans—tens of thousands, indeed—who are just as I am. London, Paris and Rome are thronged with them. One finds them in Brussels, Berlin, Dresden, Munich. I know some in Madrid and one in far-off Kieff. One encounters them everywhere—Americans who stand up spontaneously when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played,

who pay the American income tax, and who eat pie and baked beans and sigh for sweet potatoes and corn on the cob, but who, if the State Department were to construe rigidly and indiscriminately the law regarding *animus revertendi*, would find themselves *de jure* without a country, since none of them has ever seriously contemplated the possibility of becoming a citizen of the country in which he lives. Indeed, all of them would reject the idea with scorn, for the inborn sense of American superiority persists under all their attachment to other domiciles. Even the most renegade members of the foreign colonies, in unguarded moments, may be heard to boast about the superior conveniences of the American home!

## II

Many of these men and women will not confess that they have no intention of returning to America. They talk of home as the city man talks about the delights of life on the old farm. Deep down in their hearts, however, they know, just as the city man knows, that they are just talking. Neither he nor they are likely ever to go back, and if they do they will return quickly and with shattered illusions. Indeed, many of them have once gone back since the world was made safe for democracy—and returned to Europe cured. They still love their native land, but they prefer to love it at a distance. Even former hundred-per-centers succumb. I recall an army officer who came to Europe five years ago filled with utter contempt for everything and everybody east of Montauk Point. He said to me recently: "Say, this Europe gets you after a while, don't it? It's a heluva thing to say, but I'd like to stay over here."

The number of self-exiled Americans, already large before the World War, is growing steadily larger, and this despite the fact that economic conditions in Europe are immeasurably worse than before the war. No untraveled American can even dimly comprehend how fierce the competition is, how bitter the struggle for existence, in all the Old World countries. Abilities that in America are exceptional and form a certain passport to success seem almost the normal average abroad. Things that are regarded as necessaries in America are luxuries everywhere in Europe today. There are few of the exiles who could not better themselves materially by going home. But they remain abroad.

In the main, they are people of a good type—business men, musicians, writers, physicians, dentists and engineers. Their incomes average less than those of men in the same line of effort in America, and the cost of living that they face is quite as high. Yet Europe keeps them. There must be good reasons for it. I do not think that these reasons are to be found in disloyalty. On the contrary, the great majority of the exiles, while less clamorous patriots than the Babbitts at home, are probably better citizens in the long run. If this were not so they would long since have discarded their American citizenship and become citizens of some country whose Foreign Office cherishes and protects its children abroad. The man who, after years of residence in Europe, still retains his American citizenship has furnished *ipso facto* the strongest proof of his patriotism. We see the thing in reverse in America. At the risk of hurting feelings, may I point out that—except in times of great political stress, as in 1848 in Germany—Europeans of the better class rarely became naturalized Americans? Hermann Schulz and Ivan Krasnovitch have no sooner shaken the clods of the paternal acres off their clogs than they file their intention papers, but the Count Vere de Vere rarely follows their example. The American democrat may protest as much as he will that Ivan and Hermann are more worthy fellows than the Count, but inwardly he knows better.

Why, then, do we remain abroad? Why do we so calmly endure the scorn of the hundred-per-centers and the hostility of the Department of State? What is the mess of

ottage for which we have sold our birth-
ght? We stay abroad, I believe, primarily
ecause we have found liberty in the Old
Vorld—as great a degree of it as can be
xpected reasonably from the complex civi-
zation of this era, and because we have
ound a keener, fuller, more satisfying in-
llectual life than there is at home. Europe
as her Babbitts and her Dr. Frank Cranes,
ut they do not yet pitch the tune of her
fe and thought. They will do that some
ay, perhaps, for their number is increas-
ng steadily and rapidly. England is slip-
ing fast, despite the recent casting out of
ne Labor Government, aristocratic Sweden
slowly being Americanized, and Ger-
nany is probably already lost beyond re-
emption—assuredly lost if the republic
e not overthrown before it is too late.
rance still resists the pressure nobly, but
ven there one finds reasons for being dis-
uieted. But all this is something for our
hildren and grandchildren to worry about.
ong before highbrow becomes a term of
nsult and depreciation anywhere in Europe
ve shall have been gathered to our fathers,
nd the subsequent proceedings will inter-
st us no more. Le Club Kiwanis de France
nd der Rotary-Klub von Berlin may then
o their worst.

Twenty years ago anyone who ventured
o assert that there was a greater measure
f liberty in the Old World than in the
Jnited States would have been generally
egarded as mad. Yet it was true then, and
t is even more true today. The regimenta-
ion of conduct and thought has proceeded
vith so much speed in America in the last
wo decades, but especially in the last
even years, that only a badly educated,
ntraveled people, still enthralled by an-
ient traditions, could have failed to be-
ome aware of it. Said a sarcastic French-
nan, passing Bedloe's Island, outward
ound after a visit to America: "Ah, the
tatue of Liberty. How nice! We, too, erect
nonuments to our illustrious dead." It
annot, I think, be controverted that
America was once, and for several decades,
olitically the freest country in the world.
Yet even that freedom was great only by contrast. It consisted mainly in freedom from compulsory military service—except in time of war—and in the right to call the President a swine without making oneself liable to prosecution for *lèse majesté*.

Liberty of thought on all other subjects, whether scientific, moral or theological, was greatly curbed even in that Golden Age. Complete liberty of the press came nowhere in America until years after it had been accepted in Holland and Sweden, to name but two countries of Europe. Puritanism and Methodism did their worst even in the beginnings of the Republic. Under them liberty of thought existed only because nobody was tempted to think in an unorthodox manner. The American Defense Society, the National Civic Federation, the Justice Fords *et id omne genus*—all these would have sprung into being a full century earlier if the ideas which they combat had been propagated in those days. Nor should I be surprised to be told by some competent historian that such organizations actually did then exist. For repression of thought—let this be clearly understood—appears practicable only to those who do not think, and we have more of that sort of people than any other civilized state on earth.

## III

Pin the average American down and require him to define his conception of liberty. If he be of the better class, and articulate, he will define it as non-interference with his supply of liquor and with his right to make money as he will. The Prohibitionist will have only the second conception. Beyond this, all understanding of the true nature of liberty and all longing for it are dead in America. Of a man's right to live his own life, to enjoy some degree of privacy, to be free from every kind of compulsion not absolutely necessary for the protection of his neighbor's life and property—of all this we exiles find few traces in our native land, and the minority

which exhibits those traces is hopelessly outnumbered and, save when blessed with toughness of feelings, desperately unhappy.

I have alluded to Prohibition. That is, of course, one of the crassest examples of interference with personal conduct that could be imagined, but it is really much less important than certain other manifestations of the same spirit. It is necessary to dwell abroad in order to be free from the damnable intrusion into one's private life of the press, the churches, the uplifters, the Americanizers, the Comstocks, the neighbors. It is necessary to dwell abroad to realize that there is such a thing as the dignity of man, such a thing as respect for personality. A friend of mine closed up his business in a European country last year and took his family to America, intending to remain permanently. He stayed precisely six months and is now starting over again in Europe. "A human being counts for nothing in America," he said to me. "He is merely part of a great machine." To parts of a machine no liberty can be permitted.

This greater Old World liberty, this general respect for individuality, manifests itself in scores of ways, perhaps petty in themselves, but making up in the aggregate a highly satisfying total. If it suits one to appear in a straw hat in December, one may do so. No injurious remarks attend the man who dresses differently from the masses. No policewomen determine the distance which he must maintain from his dancing partner, nor the cut of his wife's and daughters' clothing. Some years ago a newspaper in a foreign capital published an article asserting that a certain statesman had been seen in a place of doubtful character. The rest of the country's press, including even the political opponents of the man, fell upon the offending editor and demolished him. What that statesman saw fit to do in his private capacity, they declared, was his business alone. All that the public had a right to criticize was his administration of his office. His honesty, competency, zeal and patriotism were proper subjects for comment, but his private conduct was a matter to be adjusted by himself alone. Except in England, which, despite manful struggles, has never quite convalesced from Puritanism, this view prevails in every Old World country today.

Even the penal codes of European States reflect their higher respect for the individual, for his dignity and his honor. If, in any American State, an enemy declares that I am a liar and an ass I cannot recover damages unless I can prove that I have been materially damaged by his slanders; only slanderous remarks imputing felonious conduct are, in general, slanderous *per se*. But it is not necessary anywhere in Europe for the victim of such remarks to prove damages. It is taken as a matter of course that to call a man a liar is to damage him. It has never occurred to American lawgivers that there are higher things than material damage. The best part of a century had passed in the history of New York before the Legislature decided that words imputing unchastity to a woman were actionable *per se*. Up to that time the sufferer had been compelled to prove actual damages before she could recover!

Only a great genius or a man of independent means—and not always a genius—can indulge in the luxury of unorthodox thought in the Republic, and even such men do so at the cost of constant harassments, personal abuse and ostracism. It is different in the Old World. My sons and daughters will most probably not become socialists, anarchists, communists, syndicalists or other strange creatures, for they appear to have inherited a fair amount of intelligence, but if they should do so they will still find everywhere in Europe, save in Hungary and Russia, the respect due to their honest convictions. Bertrand Russell, the temporary victim of a most un-English aberrancy due to the passions of war, goes back to Cambridge with flying colors. Friedrich Wilhelm Förster, one of the most noisy pacifists in the world, retained his chair at the University of Munich until he left of his own free will. Every European

iversity contains professors whose daily ctures would, if delivered in an American iversity, suffice to mobilize the Depart- ent of Justice, the American Legion, the ational Security League, virtually the hole press and all the uncounted hundred- r-centers in the country. Education in urope means education; in America it ow means only the mass-production of iformed, standardized goose-steppers.

## IV

his brings me to the keener intellectual fe which I have mentioned. No one who nows me will accuse me of boasting if I y that in America I ranked as a man of ood general education, rather more widely iformed and possessing more extensive tellectual interests than the bulk of the en with whom I came into daily contact. et it took me a full decade to catch up ith the men of my own class in Europe. ometimes, indeed, I am not sure that I ave even yet overtaken them.

I am frequently in the company of busi- ess men. Their conversation would be ither a revelation or a riddle—probably oth—to the American Rotarian. They alk of economic and financial problems in heir broad general aspects, of the drama, f Schönberg and the later Stravinsky. One of them, educated as an engineer, re- ently favored me with a 2,000-word article vritten by himself on "Buddha and His Philosophy." Some years ago I attended a ocial gathering in Copenhagen. Among he guests was a Dane who, after having ived many years in America, had just eturned to his native land, bringing with im his American wife and an American- orn daughter of some seventeen or eight- en. The talk turned on music, and the nother intimated that her daughter could lay the piano. The guests settled back to njoy some music, and the young woman eated herself and rattled off one of the atest hits from Tinpan Alley. I shall never orget the looks on the faces of the hearers, ut mother and daughter glowed with satisfaction and pride. If the daughter has lived in Europe since then I should be will- ing to wager that, while she may possibly still delight in such alleged music herself, she will never again dare to inflict it on cultured listeners.

Every American domiciled abroad, ex- cept those who live in England, must learn at least one tongue beside his own. The cultural value of this language-study can- not be overestimated. I know nothing so stimulating mentally as to sit, as one can any day in any European country, in soci- ety where a half dozen languages are being spoken, and to join in this conversation in two, three or more tongues. The ability to do so makes it possible to follow new trends of thought, to keep abreast of hap- penings and discoveries in different lands. No matter how well the press of any country may function, it is physically im- possible for it to lay before its readers more than a very trifling part of the riches avail- able to one who reads the periodicals of several countries in the original languages. Add to this the fact that the European newspapers do not write down to the level of their most ignorant readers—in what sharp contrast to the American press! Is it any wonder that people compelled to de- rive most of their information from that press remain intellectually immature?

Our children in the Old World enjoy all these cultural advantages in even fuller measure than their parents, for they be- come polyglot almost without effort. My own children speak three languages flu- ently and make a fair fist at a fourth, and can read at least two others. Nor do they do this at the expense of their mother- tongue. None of them is yet past the American high-school age, but every letter from their cousins in America, all of whom are high-school graduates, evokes from them scornful criticism—mingled with mirth—of the spelling, punctuation and general bad quality of those graduates' English. Yet these children, like most ex- iles' children, are self-taught in English; they learned it solely by reading good

books and by hearing English spoken at home. This fact alone, it seems to me, is striking testimony to the incomparably more efficient training got in European schools, which produce thinkers, not mere standardized receptacles of orthodox propaganda. Not even a wealthy man can in America give his children such educational advantages as are open to parents of the most modest means abroad.

The evidences of a culture which was centuries old before Columbus discovered America thrust themselves upon one from all sides over here. The American man who frequents concerts in any American city except those that have a large foreign population renders himself suspect as a probable pervert, but as many men as women are found in every European concert-hall. It is taken for granted that, even if one does not properly understand and appreciate painting, one shall not speak scornfully of it. It is equally taken for granted that an educated man or woman prefers Beethoven to jazz, and Shakespeare, Racine and Goethe to Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay, and that the mileage achieved per gallon of gasoline shall not form a topic of conversation in civilized society. The "tired business man," true enough, already exists in Europe, and his numbers are increasing in proportion as the Continent is being Americanized, but, as I have said before, we shall be dead before that process is complete, and hence do not have to worry about it.

That Americanization has not yet proceeded so far that all social values are determined, as at home, by wealth. The poorest among us enjoy associations that would be utterly impossible in America. It is not taken for granted here that threadbare suits necessarily indicate threadbare intellects. Brains and breeding are still surer passports to worthwhile society than money, and it is quite safe to admit not merely that one has never owned an automobile, but that one does not even know how to start or stop one—and doesn't give a hoot about it.

There are material advantages as well. No uplifters have as yet tried, in Europe, to make silk purses out of sows' ears. Individuals whom an all-wise Creator intended to be servants are still servants. They have not yet been taught to wear silk stockings, bob their hair and study shorthand and typewriting. Our wives do not have to spend most of their lives cooking, washing dishes and sweeping, for it is possible even for the man of modest means to keep at least a maid-of-all-work. We are thus not compelled to dine on delicatessen and canned goods, or in restaurants. Marianne, Hulda and Tilda still black our boots as a matter of course, not having been told that it is undemocratic.

## V

The more intelligent among us are naturally not democrats, but even those who are do not like the American brand. We do not care to be slapped on the back and called by our first names even by casual acquaintances of our own class, and we like it still less when Hermann Schulz and Ivan Krasnovitch do the slapping. We shrink from it at home, which moves Hermann and Ivan to declare hotly that they "are just as good" as we are. We don't believe it. If they were, they would not slap backs; but we have to endure it on our native heath or rank as snobs. We are not snobs, and we dislike being so regarded. Hence we avoid the appearance of snobbery by living in countries where democracy means merely equality of opportunity, and not the equality of the jail.

Many of us are constitutionally unable to be happy in America because we are the unfortunate possessors of tender feelings and consciences. If we lived there we should be as continuously indignant about the corruption in public and private life, the incompetence and crookedness of the courts, the hundred and one other indecencies of daily life, as is, for instance, Upton Sinclair; as are the unhappy Liberals. It is impossible to be indignant and happy at the same time. Over here, viewing the

tuation with our perspective, we read nclair and the utterances of the excited iberals with more amazement at the in- ignation displayed than at the horrible ruths exposed. And we say: "But, God less the man, what does he expect? Doesn't he know that the vast majority f the people desire precisely these condi- ions? Otherwise they would alter them." The fact that they do so obviously desire hem furnishes us at the same time an nswer to those who declare that it is our uty to come back and help. We might onsider it if America were a small coun- ry, like Norway, for instance, where one nan counts for so much. But a hundred nillion people and more! No, "a human eing counts for nothing in America." It vould be quite as intelligent for us to at- empt to bail out Lake Erie with a dipper.

Every government and every people in he world except the American govern- nent and people see in their citizens abroad earers of the particular virtues of their ace, advertisers of these virtues, spreaders f culture, missionaries of understanding. Their diplomatic representatives cherish hese men and women who live abroad, ncourage them, help them, and are glad o enjoy their moral support. But the gov- rnment at Washington looks on Ameri- ans abroad with suspicion, and their riends and relatives write them reproach- ul letters. "The place for Americans is America." So one frequently finds American concerns represented abroad by foreigners—but one will look far before finding anybody but Britishers in British concerns everywhere on earth. And if one steps on the toe of the humblest of these Britishers one will hear from Downing Street the next day, nor will Downing Street stop to find out whether the man thus stepped on is a Conservative, a Liberal or a communist, nor how long he has lived abroad, nor yet why.

We who have lived many years abroad are an incalculably great asset to our country. We furnish an effective antidote to the bulk of the American travelers in Europe. Whenever the Ku Klux Klan or the Better Citizens of Los Angeles beat up, brand or tar-and-feather some unfortunate who takes the First Amendment to the Constitution seriously, the effect in Europe is considerably mollified by our personalities. The Europeans say: "There's Jones of London, and Smith of Paris, and Brown of Berlin—all cultured, intelligent, honest men. Their country must be all right, and doubtless these criminals are exceptional scum." We do more by our example alone to further understanding between America and Europe than is done by all official and private propagandist agencies together, including the steel-puddlers, pork-packers, real-estate men, ward politicians and other lights from which the diplomatic service's chiefs are chosen. We are the real ambassadors to foreign lands.

# THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The discovery of new great geniuses goes steadily on. Not a month passes that one or more such *Wunderkinder* are not dredged up from this or that corner of the world and presented with a staggering tooting of trumpets and rattle of drums to the hitherto dumb-bell Corinthians. Every other ship leaving Havre and Cherbourg has on board a cargo of critical articles from the Café d'Harcourt telling of new and amazing performers in the arts, said articles invariably accompanied by photographs of semi-bald little gentlemen with rather soiled goatees. Every other ship from Bremen or Hamburg brings with it at least a gross of critical essays heralding the discovery of astounding talents, said essays duly accompanied by photographs of young men with brushy pompadours and with expressions on their countenances presumably suggestive of the grief of a stricken nation. And every other ship from Southampton and Liverpool has on it a trunkful of critical papers proclaiming divers fellows gifted with the divine fire, said papers accompanied by photographs of either tousled-haired, horse-faced gentlemen of middle years in mussy soft collars or foreign-looking younger men with movie-actor moustaches and figged out in the latest modes in wing collars and butterfly ties. All these articles, essays and papers, with the photographs in question, appear shortly after their arrival in the *Dial*, *Vanity Fair* or the *Theatre Arts Monthly*, and a year or so later, in but slightly altered form, in the literary and dramatic pages of the Sunday newspapers.

Genius No. 4,629, the latest to arouse the local æsthetic tongs to flights of ecstasy, is the Frenchman, Charles Vildrac, author of the three plays, "Le Paquebot Ténacité," produced here two seasons ago, "Le Pèlerin," and "Michel Auclair," the last shown a few weeks back by the Provincetowners. The M. Vildrac was discovered by the local branch of the International Great Genius Discovery Association, Inc., several years ago, coincident with the branch's first visit to the Latin Quarter of Paris and with its first taste of *ecrevisse* and Byrrh. The initial reports of his overpowering *geist* came, if I mistake not, from the M. Waldo Frank, to whom every Frenchman who has read "Rahab" is reciprocally a dazzling virtuoso. And no sooner had the foxy M. Frank planted his banner on the beach and claimed Vildrac in the name of God and Greenwich Village than a dozen or more young associates tumbled promptly out of the Algonquin and the Mad Hatter and lifted up their voices to heaven in acquiescence. At the beginning, the apostles were content to acclaim their new saint simply on the score of his extraordinary performances in the arts, the said extraordinary performances consisting chiefly of the one play, "Le Paquebot Ténacité," and a small book of war poems, "Chants du Désespéré." But gradually the saint took on other and even greater (and perhaps more significant) virtues; and thus presently we find the M. Frank saying of him that "there is no better guide than he to the profound restaurants of the *Halles*." Indeed, the M. Frank may be said to give himself away rather affably when he observes of Vildrac that "when you see him . . . you think of lovely tables and of wine. . . ." (One is glad to learn that Charles himself is unquestionably privy to the humors of such occasions, for Frank alludes, albeit in apparently perfect innocence, to "the twinkle in his eye so serenely bright.") As the months have chased one another, however,

Vildrac's disciples have thrown all reserve o the winds and have come out flat-footed n declaring that not only are his dinners xcellent, but that he himself—I quote the M. Sidney Howard—is "the most arrest- ng writer for the theatre of France of oday, and probably the most important ontinental dramatist now living. It must ndeed be a rare genius which . . . can reate so definite and exalted an impres- ion!" And—to quote still another enthu- iast—"his 'Le Paquebot Ténacité' is the utstanding play of the contemporary rench theatre."

Recovering somewhat from these bomb- hells, which blow up completely the rank retensions of such continental dramatists s Hauptmann and of such contemporary rench plays as "La Dernière Nuit de Don uan," let us consider briefly what manner f dramatic genius this latest find of the ocal art petters and neckers is. Of "Le aquebot Ténacité" I have spoken in the ast. It is a smoothly written and very eisurely ironic comedy with an obvious heme containing an adroitly handled scene f seduction and some character drawing f an obvious though periodically amusing ort. It is not quite a so-called full-length lay, theatrically speaking; it has moments f drama and of grace, and moments wherein ulness is the wages of an insufficiently ertile dramatic imagination; it is, from ny level of authentic criticism, at the very best a second-rate achievement. 'Michel Auclair" is similarly not a full- ength play, again speaking in terms of the ontemporary theatre; it is even more lei- urely than "Le Paquebot Ténacité"; it is reading play rather than an acting play; t is, so to speak, undramatized. And it is, s a play if perhaps not as a literary manu- cript, excessively flat. It is a short story et upon the stage, little more. "Le Pè- erin" fails to stir up even Vildrac's loud- st ballyhooers; it may be dismissed. What ve thus find, in sum, is an agreeable but very mild theatrical talent whose intent is he achievement of drama through a sim- le perception of life simply translated to a theatre stage but whose actual achieve- ment remains the simple perception of life ineffectively filtered through the sieve of drama. In "Michel Auclair," for example, Vildrac's realistic simplicity is theatrical and dramatic zero. His characters, figura- tively speaking, sit around and complac- ently devote themselves to talking about the play he should have written. The theme of "Auclair" and that of "Téna- cité" are at bottom one and the same: the victory of the physical over the senti- mental in love, and the inevitable beauty that may lie in the sometimes cruel and ugly heart of the former. But Vildrac re- mains an incomplete dramatist. He states his theme clearly; his characters go through the paces of relating the theme; but the air is ever sultry with the technic of the story writer rather than the story teller. His characters move, but in their movement they do not carry drama with them. He sets himself forth as a realist of simplicity; what he actually presents himself to us as is a pleasant and often charming minor talent that has strayed from between book covers and lost itself in the hard and dy- namic glare of the footlights.

## II

There perhaps never lived a dramatic actor who did not believe that if all the play- wrights in the world were suddenly to be wiped out by cholera morbus he couldn't earn an equally handsome livelihood and reputation for himself by becoming a pan- tomimist. To the dramatic actor, panto- mime approximates, in its major phases, the business of rolling off a log. It is some- thing to be taken up casually, like buying a new pearl-gray derby or acting in a Samuel Shipman play. No training, no understanding, no experience are necessary; that is, no training, no understanding, and no experience that the actor does not al- ready possess. If, forsooth, he is the bril- liant fellow he is in the matter of triumph- ing over the nonsensical words these fool dramatists put into his mouth, why

shouldn't he be twice as brilliant if all this spoken bosh were got rid of and he be allowed to go it on his own? Surely his face and features are twice as expressive as Strindberg at his doggonedest; surely his body, with or without the aid of Wetzel or Kuppenheimer, can suggest more drama than any of these upstart young O'Neills. And what, pray, is pantomime but an actor let loose on a stage and come into his rightful own, without outside interference? Pick out any actor who didn't lose a leg in the war or who, if he did, is free from rheumatism in the other, and you have a pantomimist!

This prevalent actor-notion that pantomime is simply drama with the words left out is responsible for the latter-day death of pantomime as a theatrical art. For on such occasions as an attempt has been made to reinterest the public in the silent stage, what has been presented to the public has not been pantomime at all in its real sense, but merely bad drama interpreted by mute actors. The result is obvious. Instead of the drama of suggestion, which pantomime is, there has been disclosed only a repertoire of the rubber-stamp mummer gestures, chest-heavings, eye-rollings, fist-clenchings, shoulder-shruggings, etc., which invariably accompany the spoken drama, minus the speeches that the playwright vouchsafes the performers. The pantomime that we have got, therefore, has been, with precious few exceptions, simply bad cinema acting. Just as some of the best dramatic actors have turned out to be bad moving-picture actors when they have attempted the screen and some of the best moving-picture actors have turned out to be bad dramatic actors when they have attempted the stage, so have some of the best dramatic actors turned out to be melancholy performers when they have attempted that combination of stage and screen that goes by the name of pantomime.

The recent reproduction of the familiar "L'Enfant Prodigue" brings us fresh evidence of the considerable gulf that stretches between the drama of speech and the drama of silence. The case of Miss Laurette Taylor, who has essayed the leading rôle in the revival, is particularly illuminating. Miss Taylor is a skilful dramatic actress, but as a pantomimist she is as successful as a small boy thumbing his nose at a policeman. Her body, suggestive enough when its movements are glossed over, given point and helped along by the words of a playwright, however stereotyped, is forlorn and lost when it has to rely entirely upon itself. She is able to suggest the rough outlines of the drama that inheres in the pantomime but the details and the shadings elude her completely. Her body flows against the current of the pantomime, not with it. The two do not mix. What we see is a dramatic actress running around the outskirts of the pantomime, tagging it faintly now and then, but never being tagged, in turn, by it. And the "Enfant Prodigue" that thus comes to us in the final impression is little more than a crude moving picture thrown against the floor of a stage instead of against a white sheet.

Pantomime, as Miss Taylor evidently sees it—and the majority of her fellow dramatic actors and actresses no less—is merely a matter of external movement. Such external movement, however, produces but the externals of pantomime, as the mere reading of the lines of a play at the first rehearsal produces only the externals of drama. I am not so foul an idiot as to say that pantomime requires a wealth of preliminary thinking out, a great antecedent reading of meanings into the movement of each muscle and toe-nail, but it surely calls for a considerable feeling out of its rôles. The dramatic actor must think out his rôle; the pantomimist must feel out his rôle. Drama is, every largely, a retailing of externals; pantomime a retailing of internals. The dramatic actor, at his best, is the funnel of another's expressed mind; the pantomimist, at his best, is the funnel of another's unexpressed emotions.

## III

The current widespread and eminently commendable impulse among indigenous followers of the arts to roll the adjective American proudly upon the tongue is leading to many strange, if understandable, excesses. The wish to build up a thoroughly native art, as opposed, principally, to the hitherto mongrel Anglo-American thing, is too often father to the thought of *fait accompli*. In the Fourth of July excitement, many a squib is mistaken for a cannon-cracker. This is especially true of the drama, and we thus presently find ourselves entertained by the promiscuous hailing of sound Americanism in that department of the arts when little of the sort is actually visible. Let a playwright these days so much as show a play in which no scene is laid at a tea-table and in which the male characters wear coats with ten-inch slits up the back and indulge in a wholesale use of such phrases as the cat's ear-muffs, the turtle's eyebrows and the rhinoceros's spats, and the next morning finds him acclaimed a fellow racy of the soil and of the line of Charley Hoyt, George Ade and George M. Cohan. In the critical rush to enlist under the Stars and Stripes against the Union Jack, everything goes. Any plot shanghaied from the English comedy-drama of twenty-five years ago, laid in Connecticut and with a sufficient number of *aint's* substituted for *aren't I's?* is greeted with millinery in hand and voices lifted in the national anthem. Any ear-dismaying fusillade of old Harrigan and Hart wise-cracks couched in the idiom of present-day Keith vaudeville is ecstatically welcomed as a star against the sky of a new dramatic Bethlehem. And any young man with a derby pulled down over one eye who employs such locutions as "Agitate th' nose-bag, sister!" and who draws his chair up to a table with a red and white cloth on it and eats his soup with his hat on is glorified as an authentic contribution to the gallery of American dramatic character portraits.

It is thus that the plays entitled "Is Zat So?" and "The Fall Guy," the former by James Gleason and Richard Taber and the latter by Gleason and George Abbott, have been set down as genuine exhibits in Americana when, as a matter of fact, they are rather merely genuine exhibits of purely theatrical Americana. They touch the American popular theatre cleverly at many points, but they touch America and American life at very, very few. They are amusing American shows, but they are far removed from authentic American character drawing and authentic American drama. The themes of both are strictly American only in matters of minor detail; the characters are for the most part strictly American only in matters of speech; for the rest the processes of theme, thought, conduct and action generally are no more integrally American than the theme and characters of, say, a Mosenthal peasant drama are generically German, the theme and characters of Dicento's "Juan José" generically Spanish, or the theme and characters of an A. E. W. Mason play generically British. Such comedies as Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" and Ade's "College Widow" are thoroughly American down to the smallest detail; it is inconceivable that anyone but an American could have thought of them or written them. Or, for that matter, could thoroughly understand and appreciate them. Such comedies, on the other hand, as "Is Zat So?" and "The Fall Guy," with the speech of certain of the characters modified and with a change of a few details, might conceivably have been written by the Frenchmen, Berr and Guillemand, who wrote "The Million," or the German, Overweg, who wrote "Piquebube."

The retort here is obviously that, though the themes and the characters of the brace of plays in question may not be absolutely and authentically American, save in a highly colored superficial way, the humor that filters from them is. This is to be granted, but only to a degree. For the larger part of the humor of both plays is

vastly less true American humor, as the humor, say, of Kin Hubbard, Ring Lardner or Helen Green is true American humor, than the arbitrary and plainly manufactured humor of the American vaudeville stage. This latter species of humor is not so greatly reflective of actual American character and American life as of American theatrical characters and of American life colored to the purposes of the popular amusement platform. It is valid theatrical humor—I often laugh heartily at it with the best and worst of them—but it is surely not humor that is distilled directly from the American soil. It is American humor in the sense and in the degree that Josh Whitcomb, Squire Bartlett and Topsy are American characters. Both the plays under discussion are, as I have said, good light theatrical entertainment. That should satisfy anyone. Nothing is to be gained by claiming for them virtues apart from good light theatrical entertainment which they assuredly do not possess.

## IV

The most suggestive criticism of such a play as Gladys Unger's "Starlight" is to be had from a simple chronicle of its scenes as they are set down in the playbill. Here they are:

Act I.

Scene I.—Aurélie's Father's Cabaret, in Montmartre, 1865.
Scene II.—Aurélie's Manager's Office, 1870.
Scene III.—Aurélie's Manager's House, 1870.
Scene IV.—Aurélie's Dressing Room at the Carré Theatre, 1871.

Act II.

Scene V.—Aurélie's Bathroom, 1880.
Scene VI.—Aurélie's Bedroom, 1885.
Scene VII.—Aurélie's Suitor's Conservatory, 1887.
Scene VIII.—Aurélie's Manager's Office, 1892.

Act III.

Scene IX.—Aurélie's Ex-Husband's Bedroom, 1894.
Scene X.—Aurélie's House, 1900.

Epilogue.

Scene XI.—Twenty-four years later. Aurélie's Theatre, 1924.

The method, manner and content of the dudelsock are at once as clear as crystal. Aurélie, the reader grasps immediately, will be revealed in the first scene as a forty-five-year-old Broadway star in a Little Eva get-up who coyly plays peek-a-boo behind the chairs, impetuously shakes her false blonde curls and otherwise leads old Papa Duval relevantly to observe that she will some day grow up to be a great actress with all Paris at her feet, and who will duly be revealed in the last scene, Papa Duval's prognostication having already been fulfilled, in Shakesperian get-up and a white wig tottering off-stage to claim the thunderous plaudits of an imaginary audience in the wings. Between the first and last scenes, the reader similarly knows, the star of the occasion will go through the usual rigmarole with her various lovers, two or three dozen of whom will volunteer to go to the ends of the earth if she will but deign to permit them to so much as presume to kiss her hand; will negotiate the various elaborate shenanigans that are supposed to be symptoms of artistic temperament; will bear a child that will be impersonated, first, by a child actor who resembles Jackie Coogan, then, in later years, by a youth who resembles Siegfried Sassoon, and, finally, in its mature years, by a member of the Actors' Equity Association who resembles Ben Huebsch; will box various presumptuous persons' ears and the next moment rush up to them and contritely embrace them; will have so large a retinue of servants that the manager of the show will nightly come near dying of heart failure thinking of the expense; will casually refer to kings, queens, dukes, duchesses, earls and marquises as her intimate friends, with now and then a sharp dig at one or another of them by way of showing how simple of heart and democratic she really is; and so on.

I confess that I saw only part of the particular opus in question and hence guess at some of the things that go to make up its psyche, but I feel, from long experience, that I am not far afield. Miss Doris Keane

s the current Aurélie. Her characteriza-
ions of the different stages in the central
ersonage's career are somewhat less her
wn than Henri Bendel's and Hepner's.

## V

It is surely not news that the American music show stage is miles ahead of the American dramatic stage, and that such exhibitions as Ziegfeld's latest version of the "Follies" and "Louie the Fourteenth" are unparalleled, in the matter of visual beauty, anywhere in Europe. Since, therefore, this is surely not news, no more need be said about it.

## VI

More than any other form of criticism is that concerned with drama subject to the enthusiasm of the moment; more than any other form is it influenced, whether intentionally or not, by more or less immediate comparisons. The best and worst dramatic critics are alike in this; neither can resist entirely the hypnotic eye of a similar play that has preceded the one which they are reviewing, or of a dramatist whose antecedent work makes the presently considered dramatist seem relatively good or bad, or of an actor or actress who has played the present rôle in the past, or of a half dozen other such phenomena. It is thus that we must account, in part, for the otherwise somewhat puzzling enthusiasms of an Archer for a Pinero, of a Huneker for a Maeterlinck, or of a Shaw, in a measure, for a Barrie. And it is thus that we do account, on the whole, for lesser critics' enthusiasms—and megrims no less—over nine-tenths of the things about which they suffer enthusiasms or megrims.

Barrie, like Pinero and Maeterlinck, has been canonized, so to speak, while the critical cocktails were getting in their boozy hand. He has been eulogized in the heat of him, while the right feet of the critics have been resting on the brass rail and while the brass band has been going by. Each year, however, shows a gradual cooling off, a return to sobriety, a disposition to view him in more accurate perspective, safe from the mesmerism of the moment. In five or ten years, we shall have him properly and finally ticketed. And then, unless I am grievously in error, we shall appreciate that this little Scot who is now still regarded as a dramatist of the first modern rank is hardly that, by a jugful. We shall rather look back and see a very charming and often emotionally stimulating craftsman—one whose "Peter Pan," doubtless, will live down the ages as the fable of Little Red Riding Hood will live —but surely not the *corpsbruder* of a first-rate talent.

Barrie's "Little Minister," one of his confessedly feeblest plays, which, incidentally, Shaw—evidently cajoled by the warmth of the moment—endorsed as "a much happier play than 'The Tempest,'" is on view again in the Globe Theatre. The Maude Adams rôle is in the hands—or, I should say, the feet—of Miss Ruth Chatterton, inasmuch as that young lady, with bare legs and tootsies powdered into a careful whiteness, coyly pit-a-pats, pirouettes and arch-insteps it rather than acts it. Miss Chatterton's gipsy Babbie, indeed, is as musical comedy a figure as Miss Chatterton's Magnolia Lady was not. I am not what is generally regarded as a constructive critic, but I shall be glad to turn one long enough to recommend to this actress that she put on her shoes and stockings and hustle back to Mr. Henry Miller's direction as fast as her legs can carry her. The current production has been directed by Basil Dean. Which sentence ends, as hitherto, with a period.

# THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

## *Woes of a 100% American*

THE NEW BARBARIANS, by Wilbur C. Abbott. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

It would be easy to poke fun at this disorderly and indignant tract; even, perhaps, to denounce the learned author, in a lofty manner, as a mere cream-puff. His argument, at more than one place, is so shaky that it tempts ribaldry with a powerful lure, almost a suction. His premises are often gratuitous; his conclusions are often fantastic. Worse, he argues in circles, and it is sometimes hard to make out what he is advocating, and why. Worse still, the urbanity suitable to a gentleman resident in Sparks street, Cambridge, occasionally yields to a libido far more seemly in an auctioneer, a federal district attorney or a Methodist bishop, and he rants. But against all this there is yet something to be said, and that something, I think, is sufficient to stay the impulse to have at him brutally, either with cackles or with invective. It is, in brief, this: that what he inveighs against, given his natural and laudable prejudices, is plentifully sufficient to excuse all his indignation, and all his incoherence, and even his occasional departures from the strict letter of the record —that it is a merit in any man, facing what he deems to be incubi and succubi, to belabor them in a hearty and vociferous manner, and without too pedantic a respect for the rules of evidence. That merit has nothing to do, at bottom, with his rightness or wrongness; it lies in his mere sincerity. Dr. Abbott is obviously full of sincerity; no fair reader can doubt it for an instant. But he has something more: he has under him a respectable body of facts, sound ones as well as shaky ones. The deductions he draws from them are often extravagant, and now and then he mingles them with assumptions that seem to me to do violence to the most elemental common sense. Nevertheless, his basic facts remain, and if I were an "Anglo-Saxon" as he is, I suspect that they would fever me as they fever him.

What he complains of, in a few words, is the assault that has been made of late upon the old American tradition and the fundamental canons of American "idealism," *i.e.*, upon the body of ideas that Americans cherish as peculiarly their own, and believe in with a romantic devotion. What he complains of, especially, is that this assault has been made, in the main, by men who are not "Anglo-Saxons" (the professor himself once quotes the term: a touching concession to ethnological exactness!)—that it is now largely led by men whose very Americanism, when they claim to be Americans at all, is open to question. When I say open to question, I mean, of course, by "Anglo-Saxon" Americans. Dr. Abbott seems to be firmly convinced that these are the only ones entitled to the name. They are the pure stock; their ancestors conquered the continent. They alone partake of the true national spirit, and may be trusted to guard the national hearth. All other Americans are in the position of visitors, interlopers, relatives-in-law. They may become in time, if they are good, creditable assistant Americans, but they can no more enter into the full national heritage, as free equals, than they can lift themselves by their calcanei. The American tradition must forever remain a bit strange to them; they are the children, not of heroes, but of serfs. Thus it is no wonder that their political notions, when they make bold to state them, are exotic and subversive. They can imagine government only as a power

beyond the citizen. If they are not in favor of kaiserism, then they are in favor of communism, which is simply kaiserism imposed from below. Their politics is essentially a slave politics. They stand opposed eternally to that self-reliant and somewhat pugnacious individualism which is the mark of the true "Anglo-Saxon." If they ever come into power the Constitution will be destroyed and freedom will perish.

Dr. Abbott's book, as I have said, is somewhat difficult; perhaps I misrepresent him in a few details. But in the main, I believe, I gather his doctrine correctly; it is, indeed, a doctrine that has grown very familiar. The Ku Klux has carried it to every hamlet in the land, and bolstered it with the authority of Holy Writ. I could, if I would, amuse myself by exhibiting the holes in it. Is it a fact, then, that the "Anglo-Saxons" conquered the continent? What of the Spaniards and the French? What of the Dutch and the Germans? What of the Scotch-Irish? Is it a fact that they invented the American scheme of government? What of Rousseau? Is it a fact that all assaults upon that scheme have been made by assistant Americans? What of Jefferson, Jackson, Robert E. Lee, Jeff Davis, Bryan? Is it a fact that all the enemies of the Constitution come from below the "Anglo-Saxon" salt? What of the Eighteenth Amendment: does it damage the Bill of Rights more or less than Dr. La Follette's vaporous schemes? Such questions suggest themselves in great variety. I could roll them off until you stood agape. But I have no desire to press a professor of history unduly; his authority, in the last analysis, cannot be upset by facts. And in the present case, whatever his errors in detail, it seems to me to be quite clear that the fundamental facts are on his side. There *is* unquestionably a difference between the "Anglo-Saxon" American and the non-"Anglo-Saxon"—a difference in their primary instincts, in their reactions to like stimuli, in their ways of looking at the world. And that difference, of late years, *has* come to the estate of a conflict, with the "Anglo-Saxon" striving to keep what he has—his point of view, his cultural leadership, his political hegemony—and the non-"Anglo-Saxon" trying to take it away from him. To deny that conflict is to fall into an absurdity far worse than any Dr. Abbott is guilty of. To admit it is to admit his clear right, nay, his bounden duty, to do battle for his side, passionately, desperately, and with any weapon at hand.

This he does in his book, and up to the limit of his forensic skill, which, I regret to have to add, is not noticeably great. If, at times, he grows a bit muddled, and even maudlin, then let us not hold the fact against him, for a man performing a *pas seul* upon a red-hot stove cannot be expected to achieve an impeccable step. It seems to me that this red-hot stove, at the moment, is under every conscious "Anglo-Saxon" in our great Republic—that he must be an insensate clod, indeed, if he does not feel the heat. The cultural leadership of the country is passing out of his hands, and he is beginning to lose even his political hegemony. I sat in the Democratic National Convention last Summer as the Hon. Al Smith rolled up his votes, and watched the Ku Kluxers on the floor. They were transfixed with horror: if it was a comedy, then pulling tonsils is also a comedy. Dr. Abbott mentions Dreiser. The influence of Dreiser upon the literature of tomorrow in this land—upon all the youngsters who are now coming to maturity in the universities, and turning away from their ordained professors—will be a hundred times as potent as that of any New Englander now alive. Who is Dreiser? When the grandfathers of the Republic were hanging witches at Salem his forbears were raising grapes on the Rhine. Dr. Abbott professes history at Harvard. During the past ten years but one professor at that great university has materially colored the stream of ideas in America. He has since escaped abroad—and is a Spaniard. Every day a new Catholic church goes up; every day another Methodist or Pres-

byterian church is turned into a garage. But there is no need to labor the point. The fact is too obvious that the old easy dominance of the "Anglo-Saxon" is passing, that he must be up and doing if he would fasten his notions upon the generations to come. And the fact is equally obvious that his success in that emprise, so far, has been extremely indifferent—that, despite the great advantages that he enjoys, of position, of authority, of ancient right, he is making very heavy weather of it, and not even holding his own. I am frankly against him, and believe, as I have often made known, that he is doomed—that his opponents will turn out, in the long run, to be better men than he is. But I confess that I'd enjoy the combat more if he showed less pathos and more skill.

Dr. Abbott himself reveals many characteristic "Anglo-Saxon" weaknesses. His incoherence I have mentioned. There is also a downright inconsistency, often glaring. On one page he denounces all opponents of democracy; on another he denounces the fundamental tenets of democracy himself. This inconsistency is visible in nine "Anglo-Saxon" revivalists out of ten. What ails them all is that they have to defend democracy, and yet do not believe in it. Has any good "Anglo-Saxon" ever believed in it? I sometimes doubt it. Did Washington? Did John Adams? Perhaps Jefferson did, but wasn't there a Celtic strain in him—wasn't he, after all, somewhat dubious, a sort of assistant American? In any case, the surviving Fathers were all apparently against him. In our own time how many "Anglo-Saxons" of the educated class actually believe in democracy? I know none, and have heard of none. The late war revealed their true faith very brilliantly, and even humorously. It was a crusade for democracy, and yet one of the shining partners was the late Czar of Russia! The assault upon imperialism was led by Roosevelt! The chief official enemy of absolutism was Wilson! No wonder the whole thing collapsed into absurdity. Dr. Abbott falls into similar absurdity more than once. His book would be vastly more effective if he took all the idle prattle about democracy out of it, and grounded it upon the forthright doctrine that the "Anglo-Saxons," having got here first, own the country, and have a clear right to impose political disabilities upon later comers—in other words, if he proposed setting up an "Anglo-Saxon" aristocracy, with high privileges and prerogatives, eternally beyond the reach of the mongrel commonalty. This, in point of fact, is what he advocates, however much he may cloud his advocacy in democratic terms. I call upon him with all solemnity to throw off his false face and come out with the bald, harsh doctrine. There is more logic in it than in his present nonsense; he could preach it more powerfully and beautifully. More, he would get help from unexpected quarters. I can speak, of course, only for one spear. I might quibble and protest, but I'd certainly be sorely tempted. Living under an aristocracy, even as a subject, even if it be "Anglo-Saxon," is not so bad. What I object to is living under a hypocrisy.

## *Fiction*

R. F. D. NO. 3, by Homer Croy. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

THE SPRING FLIGHT, by Lee J. Smits. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

BACKFURROW, by G. D. Eaton. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

All three of these novels belong to the Middle West, and all three stand clear of the Chicago influence, now so baleful. Two come out of Michigan, "The Spring Flight" and "Backfurrow," and two deal with farm folk, "Backfurrow" and "R.F.D. No. 3." The latter has a dim sort of connection with "West of the Water Tower," a previous novel by the same author, but it is a great deal more obvious and a great deal less charming. In brief, the story of pretty Josie Decker, and her melancholy effort to escape from the Decker farm, six miles out the pike from Junction City. Josie is entered in a State-wide beauty contest by local admirers, and comes near

winning. The life of a female peasant, after that, is not for her. She throws over Orville Vert, a diligent and virtuous young farmer, and elopes with Floyd Krock, a sinister silo agent. Arrived at Kansas City, Floyd neglects to marry her and is presently jailed for stealing an automobile. So poor Josie has to come home again, *enceinte* and in a very low state, indeed. In the end she succumbs to Bush Higbee, the neighborhood Thersites. Bush is a very homely fellow and has but one arm, but his silos are the largest for miles around, and he is willing to overlook the impending baby. The curtain falls upon an ironical cackle by Josie's grandfather, an obscene ancient who has scoffed at her highfalutin notions all along.

So outlined, the novel probably seems to be a mere melodrama, commonplace and cheap. It is not. Mr. Croy tries very gallantly to get behind its overt events, and expose the thoughts and soul states of its people. Some of the character sketches that ensue are by no means without a grim, compelling realism. Bush Higbee, for example, is presented very vividly—the strong, competent man thrown among dolts and cowards, a sort of third-rate Prometheus chained to a manure-pile. Bush, in his way, is the villain of the tale, but most readers, I daresay, will find him the most attractive personage in it. There is something heroic about his patient stalking of the red-cheeked Josie, his gigantic physical energy, his fortitude under adversity. Bush, bathed and curry-combed, would have made an excellent small-town banker, police captain or bootlegger. So, too, old Grandpap Decker is alive—a peasant decayed into the chimney-corner, full of grotesque and unbelievable imbecilities and indecencies. The others, compared to him, fade into flat cut-outs, even including Josie. There is nothing warm and touching about her; she is simply silly; when it is made known that she is with child by the silo agent one laughs, as a shoe-drummer might laugh. She and the rest suffer alike from the author's very defective management of his story. It proceeds, not from cause to effect, but by leaps. No step, true enough, is overlooked, but no step is made quite plausible. The thing shows a dreadful drop from the level of "West of the Water Tower."

"Backfurrow" is a first novel by a young man who made a sensation at the University of Michigan, three or four years ago, by denouncing the more preposterous jackasses of the faculty, and calling upon God to save him and his fellows from their pedagogy. His story, I take it, will greatly surprise these learned dunderheads, if they ever venture to read it. There is not the slightest sign of Revolt in it; it preaches neither pacificism nor free love, nor, indeed, anything else; it is wholly free from the musky, levantine smells of Greenwich Village and the Young Intellectuals. All it sets out to do is to describe the life of a poor farmer in central Michigan—and he is, as farmers go, a highly respectable fellow, faithful to his laborious duties and even to his wife. Not an idea, sound or unsound, enters his head from cover to cover. His one aim is to break his recalcitrant acres to his will, to feed his cattle and get his fruit trees started, to accumulate a safe balance of $300 at the county-seat bank. What gives the story distinction is its extraordinarily vivid presentation of the cruel, back-breaking toil of such a man, his endless days of colossal labor, the harshness of the enemy that he must conquer. Zola, in "La Terre," came near missing all that. He was so engrossed by the drabbing of his peasants that he often forgot their work. Eaton, in "Backfurrow," bears it ever in mind. At times he almost makes Ralph Dutton's weariness contagious; one feels it as one feels the hot glow of the sun that scorches him. Wrecked in the end, he passes out only half a man, and his wife and children shoulder his burdens. There is not much finesse in the story, but it is moving. Few first novels show so much seriousness or so much skill.

"The Spring Flight" is by another débutant, and he, too, is a Michigander. The

contrast with "Backfurrow," at least in matter, is striking, for Kenneth Farr is no groaning plowhand, but a brisk young fellow of the towns, and most of his adventures take place in Detroit, the *Kaiserstadt* of whole herds of Eminentissimos. In brief, the story of a youth who revolts against the cabbagey miasmas of a Christian home, and takes to high hazards of both the spirit and the flesh. The author manages his machinery, particularly at the start, in an extremely dexterous manner. The rebellion of Kenneth is seen clearly to be far less a strike than a lockout. His mother's furious and implacable Methodism simply drives him from the house. If he smokes a cigarette, it is a crime bordering upon arson or mayhem. If he visits in more civilized homes, he is treated like a prodigal returned from dalliance with the Sirens. The land is full of Christian mothers like Mrs. Farr; they keep the bootleggers and brothel-keepers prosperous. Kenneth escapes to a factory, and then to a newspaper office, and by Chapter VIII he is a frequenter of the bar at the Elks' Club and is having a gaudy affair with a romantic servant-girl.

What follows is the story of his oscillations between the natural energy and ambition of a good American and the somewhat banal voluptuousness of an ex-Methodist. It is a story packed with brilliant and searching detail—in fact, an extraordinarily sound and competent piece of work. Kenneth, as the saying goes, leads his own life; he sees all the sights of Detroit, that boozy and bawdy town; his crimes against the Methodist canon multiply until his mother washes her hands of him, and resigns him to the devil. But all the while a sound young man is hidden in his carnal envelope—a young man of no small abilities and with more than a touch of romanticism. The rough adventures of the town do not content him for long; he is soon considering his position and his future, and launching upon a quest for something beyond careless kisses. There are two main love affairs here, and in each there is genuine drama. Twice Kenneth suffers the immemorial agonies of the young. Then comes catastrophe, and after it a quiet gliding into calmer waters. The ending is magnificently ironical. Mamma Farr returns to the scene. The prodigal is forgiven. One looks beyond the curtain into the dull, safe years of his middle age. The rebel is tamed at last. Normalcy, as the late martyr Harding might have said, is his final and supreme commitment.

I can't recall a first novel of more workmanlike dignity. There is absolutely no touch of amateurishness in it. The story moves slowly and yet steadily; it rises to heights of whirling drama; it is packed with pungent observation; its characters are in the round and full of life. It would be absurd to say that it shows merely promise. How many American novelists of twenty years' practice could do a better?

## *The Infancy of the Race*

HUMAN ORIGINS: A MANUAL OF PREHISTORY, by George Grant McCurdy. Two volumes. New New York: *D. Appleton & Company.*

PREHISTORIC MAN: A GENERAL OUTLINE OF PREHISTORY, by Jacques De Morgan. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THE EARTH BEFORE HISTORY: MAN'S ORIGIN AND THE ORIGIN OF LIFE, by Edmond Perrier. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

These are all books of the first importance and value, written by highly competent men and admirably planned. Dr. McCurdy's two stately volumes present the best account of prehistoric man, and by long odds, that has yet got into type in any language; they even supplant the superb "Fossil Men" of Marcellin Boule. The whole field is covered in detail; there are more than 650 illustrations, many of them in color; the materials are so ordered that reference is easy. It would be difficult to imagine a more thorough handling of the subject; if the book has any defect at all, it is that it proceeds too far into minutiæ. Ah, that American scholarship in every field were so learned and praiseworthy—especially, say, in philosophy, European

history and English philology! The other two books are by Frenchmen, and have been imported into the series called "The History of Civilization" out of the somewhat more modest French series, "L'Évolution de Humanité." De Morgan's volume shows all of the peculiar virtues of French learning. It has fine address, it is well ordered, and it is deliberately and even a bit pugnaciously unpedantic. The author is certainly no closet scientist, spinning theories out of air. He has spent a quarter of a century in the field, and his discoveries in Egypt, in the Caucasus and Persia and on the Sinai Peninsula have been of really revolutionary importance. In his book he protests eloquently against the labeling and pigeon-holing mania of the pedants. Prehistory, he argues, cannot be forced into tight compartments. The Stone Age and the Age of Copper overlapped; there was often as much difference, in 25,000 B.C., between one community and another as there is today between the culture of the United States and that of Tibet. His book should be read with Dr. McCurdy's; they supplement each other admirably.

The volume of Perrier is more original than either, and in some ways more interesting. A bold fancy is in it, and a truly colossal learning. Perrier draws upon all the physical sciences to support his argument, from bacteriology to astronomy, and from physiological chemistry to comparative philology. His discussion of the probable origin of life in the world is full of shrewdness. He does not see it as due to a single epoch-making aberration of nature, but to a combination of forces, most of them still operating and many of them now far from mysterious. But in that remote age there was free hydrogen in the air and free helium, both "in the nascent state, during which their chemical affinities were higher" than now, and many substances that are now almost inert were highly radio-active. In other words, the stage was set for rapid and complex chemical combinations. The first result was a long series of quaternary compounds, based upon the amino-acids. Once the albuminoids had been formed, and the fats and carbohydrates with them, the materials of life were all present; the rest involves, perhaps, a leap of the imagination, but surely it is not a very long one. As the solar radiations became feebler and the chemical whirligig slowed down, the earliest organisms began to develop elemental protective mechanisms, and these enabled them to carry on. Perhaps these protective mechanisms are the very essence of life; a thing that is alive is simply a thing that has somehow learned how to preserve itself. Thus "the faculty of giving birth to living matter gradually became the province of living beings alone, . . . but *it has not always been* their exclusive privilege." The italics are the author's.

Maybe he does not actually solve the problem; it may be argued, indeed, that he merely begs the question. That question will ride biologists and comfort Fundamentalists until all the factors are worked out, and an attempt is made, in the grand manner, to reproduce in the laboratory the chemical and physical situation which obtained in the world when life first appeared. That reproduction, it seems to me, is far from impossible. Approaches to it, in fact, have been under way ever since Friedrich Wöhler first synthetized urea in 1828. Step by step, the sanctuary of the vitalists has been invaded, until now they hold only an inner citadel. Hundreds of phenomena that were ascribed resignedly to the "life force," even so recently as a generation ago, are now known to be purely chemical or physical. Today, among the phenomena of life, only two classes are known: those that may be reproduced in the laboratory, and those that seem likely to be reproduced tomorrow. When tomorrow comes it will be a black day for the hostlers and policemen of the human soul.

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DUNCAN AIKMAN *is an editorial writer on the El Paso, Texas,* Times.

HARRY ELMER BARNES *is a professor at Smith College. He is the author of a monograph on "History: Its Rise and Development" and of a book on "The New History and the Social Studies." He specializes in cultural history.*

HILTON BUTLER *is now on the staff of* The News *of Washington. He was until recently secretary to a congressman.*

JAMES M. CAIN *is an editorial writer on the New York* World.

CHESTER T. CROWELL *was an editorial writer for the New York* Evening Post. *He is now devoting all his time to fiction writing.*

R. F. DIBBLE *is an instructor in the department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University. He was the author of articles on John L. Sullivan and Robert G. Ingersoll in earlier numbers of* The American Mercury.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN *is in charge of the department of English at Urbana Junior College, Urbana, Ohio.*

MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D., *is the acting editor of the* Journal of the American Medical Association.

JOHN HEMPHILL *is a Pennsylvanian and a member of the bar of that State, practicing in Philadelphia.*

GREGORY MASON *has traveled all over the United States as a lecturer on foreign affairs. He has been a newspaper correspondent in Mexico, Japan and most of the countries of Europe.*

WILLIAM MCFEE *is the author of "Casuals of the Sea," "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," "Command" and other novels. He was until lately a ship's engineer, and has had long acquaintance with the coast he describes in "Modern Conquistadores."*

ALBERT JAY NOCK *was the editor of the* Freeman.

JAMES A. REED *is the senior United States Senator from Missouri, now in his fifteenth year of service, and is one of the Senate's dominant personalities. A learned lawyer and a vigorous opponent of sumptuary and sentimental legislation, he is one of the most effective debaters the Senate has seen in our time.*

HARRY B. SMITH *is the well-known librettist, author of the books of "Robin Hood," "The Fortune Teller," "The Wizard of the Nile" and many other operettas. He was a dramatic critic before he began writing for the stage.*

HENRY TETLOW *is a perfumer by inheritance and choice. He lives in Philadelphia. His great grandfather founded a perfumery house there in 1849 and Mr. Tetlow is now head of it. He is a graduate of Yale.*

LAWRENCE J. THOMSON *is an American who has lived in London and Copenhagen, and is now settled in Berlin.*

LOUIS UNTERMEYER *is the well-known poet and critic. He is now living in New York again, after a year in Vienna. He spent twenty years in the jewelry trade, and when he retired was vice-president of one of the principal corporations in it, and manager of a factory at Newark.*

MODERN LIBRARY EDITION

# SOUTH WIND *by* NORMAN DOUGLAS

IT WAS published in 1917. George Saintsbury wrote immediately saying that it was *one of the two novels* which, in fifty years of reviewing, he had found worth the trouble.

It is the classic of the modern sophisticated novel, and it is not too much to say that without it there might never have been an Aldous Huxley, a Michael Arlen, et al. In charm, in ironic power, in its deep philosophy, in its daring lightness of touch, it is unsurpassed—which is why it has joined the good company of the MODERN LIBRARY books.

*Limp binding, stained top, gold stamped, 95c. Write for the complete Modern Library catalog.*

## *That Nice Young Couple*

*by* FRANCIS HACKETT

This is the story of a nice young couple who face a life that is not as nice as they.

Incapable of candor, they are incapable of love, too, and when love reaches at the woman from without, her failure in frankness robs her once again.

It is a quick story of that civilization which, as critic, Francis Hackett has viewed with respectful humor for twenty years. In this book he sees American civilization zigzagging between the Scylla of barbarism and the Priscilla of gentility. $2.00

***A reminder— if you haven't read them yet***

**GOD'S STEPCHILDREN**
*by* SARAH G. MILLIN
5th Edition $2.00

**ORPHAN ISLAND**
*by* ROSE MACAULAY
5th Edition $2.00

## *The Story of* WILBUR THE HAT

*by* Hendrik Van Loon

Wise, tolerant and humorous, as only the wise and tolerant can be, this extraordinary book must take its place among the great satires. "The bright colors of his hilarious drawings! the quiddities of the text! the vagabondage of the imagination!"—Wm. Rose Benet, *Saturday Review*. 52 full-page, four-color plates; large octavo. $3.50

## *Six Masterpieces of* EMILE ZOLA

The only complete and unabridged text of each, in perfect translation, the translators being Havelock Ellis, Arthur Symons, Ernest Dowson, A. Teixeira de Mattos, Percy Pinkerton, and Victor Plarr.

The books are:

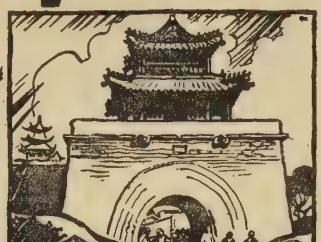
NANA
LA TERRE
LA CUREE
L'ASSOMOIR
PIPING HOT
GERMINAL

Each volume contains an introduction by a noted writer, George Moore, Guy De Maupassant, Georg Brandes, William Dean Howells, etc. Issued in a fine edition, limited to 2050 sets, boxed. $18.00

Brochure on request.

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48TH ST. NEW YORK

To the Orient



JAPAN IN 10 DAYS—THEN SHANGHAI HONG KONG AND MANILA

## Shortest and Most Luxurious Route—

**4 great Empresses,** the largest, fastest, finest steamers on the Pacific—sailing fortnightly from Vancouver, B. C. to Japan in 10 days.

**Japan!** An island empire, with comfortable, modern hotels and railroads, and a history dating back to Buddha, with golden-roofed temples and flowering tea-gardens, with wrinkled Shinto Priests tending age-old shrines under the cherry blossoms.

**To China** in two weeks! Peking, a city of walls within walls, of the matchless Temple of Heaven—Shanghai where the Occident borders upon life as strange as the world of Chu Chin Chow. Hongkong, with myriad lights twinkling across a sampan-dotted harbor and long boulevards winding up and around Victoria to Repulse Bay.

**And East** again to Manila, a city with an old Spanish Quarter, medieval and quaint.

Perfectly appointed staterooms and lounges. Veranda cafes. Wide promenade decks for recreation and exercise. Swimming pools. Gymnasiums. Music and dancing. Skillful, courteous service. An incomparable cuisine.

**Canadian Pacific**

**The World's Largest Transportation System**

*Offices in all large cities including*
New York—344 Madison Ave. Chicago—71 East Jackson
San Francisco—675 Market St. Montreal—141 St. James St.




# *Editorial* NOTES

In every magazine office a part of the tim of the Circulation Manager is devoted t investigating complaints from subscribe who report that, after paying for the mag zine, they have failed to receive it. Th work is important and is done cheerfull for when the report is true, and the offi is to blame, the subscriber obviously ha just cause to be indignant. It is a lamen table fact that the office sometimes *is* t blame. The fair creatures who handle sul scriptions for THE AMERICAN MERCURY ar selected with scientific care and highl trained. They are alert, diligent and con scientious. Nevertheless, it is a fact tha now and then one or another of them makes a mistake. When such a mistake i detected it is corrected at once and th complaining subscriber receives a lette that is as sincere as it is eloquent.

If the office could shoulder the blame ever time things would be simpler. But some times it can't. Subscribers, too, are fallible They have been known to err, or to b merely careless. For example:

> An eminent lawyer in a western city instructed his secretary to send in a subscription in his name. She did so at once, but gave his office address instead of his home address. The magazine was mailed regularly—and the office boy, a nascent intellectual, collared it. There followed a complaint, an investigation, and a new office boy.

Another example:

> A physician in St. Louis, at the beginning of the year, sent for a magazine agent, and gave him subscriptions for half a dozen magazines, including THE AMERICAN MERCURY. The agent forwarded the subscriptions to a wholesale agent in Chicago, who held them for a month before sending them

*Continued on page* xxviii

# THE LONGEST GANGPLANK IN THE WORLD

ALL that France means to you is yours, from the time you blow a kiss to Madame Liberty and promise to give her love to the land she came from—you have France from Sandy Hook to Havre—if you travel via "the longest gangplank in the world."

France isn't rocks and fields and station names. France is French people, living in the customs they love wherever they go. . . . Those delicious little French breakfasts in your cabin. . . . That delightful French courtesy from the steward on deck. . . . Those glimpses of the "Guignol," with all the children sitting entranced. . . . Before you know it, you're in Havre, the port of Paris—no transferring to tenders—just another gangplank—then the boat-train—and in three hours you're in Paris.

You can go to France this summer via "the longest gangplank in the world" for $140, in the large one-cabin liners. You can make a round trip for $162—Tourist III class, with individual rooms. You can take your car along with you, uncrated, and drive it off the dock at Havre. You can live well in France—and tour—on six dollars a day. . . . Write for interesting booklet.

French Line

*Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*
*19 State Street, New York*

*Agencies in Principal Cities of the United States*

*Stocks of*

**Insurance Companies**

***As Investments***

¶ Insurance Company shares are being sought in increasing volume by close students of investment values. They constitute one of the strongest forms of investment. Increasing net income and diversity of invested surplus of these old line institutions make the shares particularly safe and attractive.

¶ As specialists in this type of security we shall be pleased to submit investment suggestions to those interested, together with complete information on these issues.

*Please address Dept. "A M 9"*

**CLINTON GILBERT**
2 Wall Street New York
Telephone Rector 4848

**Maybe!**

A bond may be safe even if it is not guaranteed, but a *guarantee* is better than a *maybe.*

Send for the booklet about *The Bond That's Guaranteed.*

***Mail the Coupon Today***

TEAR OUT A.M.584

The Prudence Company, Inc.
331 Madison Ave., at 43rd St., New York
*Under supervision of N.Y. State Banking Dept.*

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send booklet "Prudence-Bonds Provide the Guarantee that Prudence Demands."

NAME

ADDRESS

©1925 P. Co., Inc.



## *Editorial* NOTES

*Continued from page* xxvi

to New York. Meanwhile, the St. Louis doctor sent complaints of non-delivery to his half dozen magazines. After this office had been in vain correspondence with him for ten days his subscription at last came in.

A third:

A friend in New England sent in a subscription with a $5 bill pinned to his letter. The letter and the pin arrived but not the $5 bill. What became of it is unknown—but now and then a pilfering mailman is detected and sent to Atlanta.

Such adventures induce the Circulation Manager to make a few suggestions. The first is that when subscriptions are given to agents care should be taken that they are trustworthy: there are plenty of good ones. The second is that when subscriptions are sent in direct, the money should be sent as a check or a postal-order, not in cash. The third is that many delays would be avoided if addresses were always written carefully.

In the June issue THE AMERICAN MERCURY will set up a department of Notes and Queries. Its aim will be to facilitate the exchange of news and opinion among the illuminati. In England *Notes & Queries* meets that purpose; in America there is nothing of the sort. Queries may be upon any subject of general interest—historical, biographical, literary, theological, scientific or scandalous. They will be printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. Answers to them should refer to these numbers.

The late Confederate States, so pathetically inarticulate but half a dozen years ago, are now full of literary passion, and every mail brings manuscripts from their citizens to this office. More, many of those manuscripts are interesting, and not a few get into type. During its short life, in fact,

*Continued on page* xxx

CUNARD means EXCELLENCE

# The CUNARD CATALOGUE of Routes & Rates to Europe

*THE WORLD'S FASTEST SERVICE DE LUXE*

AQUITANIA BERENGARIA MAURETANIA

*Weekly from New York to Cherbourg and Southampton*

First Class $255 up Second Class $147 50 up Third Class $90 up

*LIVERPOOL SERVICE*

By the five superb new 20,000 ton oil-burners

CARINTHIA FRANCONIA LACONIA SAMARIA SCYTHIA

*Weekly from New York (Boston) to Queenstown (Cobh)—Liverpool*

First Class $198 up Second Class $135 up Third Class $87 50 up

*ANCHOR LINE—GLASGOW SERVICE*

By the five great oil-burning new sister-ships

TRANSYLVANIA CALEDONIA CALIFORNIA TUSCANIA CAMERONIA

*Weekly from New York to Londonderry—Glasgow*

First Class $180 up Second Class $132 50 up Third Class $85 up

*CABIN STEAMERS*

CARONIA CARMANIA AURANIA LANCASTRIA COLUMBIA ASSYRIA

*From New York to Cherbourg and London,—to Queenstown (Cobh) and Liverpool,—to Londonderry and Glasgow*

Cabin $130 up Third Class $82 50 up

*CUNARD VACATION SPECIALS* (Third Cabin)

Transatlantic Round-Trip Fare $155 up

**CUNARD** and **ANCHOR** Lines

25 Broadway New York

*or Branches and Agencies*

George Bernard Co.
673 FIFTH AVENUE at 53
New York

Frocks

...as lovely as Spring herself

The exquisite new shades and glorious designs of these Bernard Frocks will make your Springtime Wardrobe as glorious as a brilliant trousseau! Tailored Frocks for Street and Promenade—gay Sport Creations—attractive Afternoon and Evening Inspirations. Styles that were made to delight Madame as well as her daughters.

*Priced with Pleasing Restraint*

## *Editorial* NOTES

*Continued from page* xxviii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY has printed more articles about Texas, written by Texans, than about any other State. But some of the Southern States still remain silent, and among them are several of the most interesting. For example, Kentucky. It has seen immense changes of late. Once the seat of a charming civilization, and sharing with Maryland and Louisiana the affections of the convivial, it now seems to be firmly in the grip of the Methodist Terror. All its celebrated distilleries are closed, its colleges tremble under the threat of Fundamentalism, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Col. Henry Watterson's old paper, is supporting Prohibition. Imagine the colonel's agonies in that bright heaven where he roosts—Watterson, the sworn and implacable enemy of all wowsers, the poet of good eating and good drinking! What has happened down there? How did the Kentucky *Kultur* come to its miserable end? If any Kentuckian can tell the story without bursting into sobs, there is room for it in these pages.

Among the articles appearing in the June issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be the following:

"The Many-Sired Lincoln," by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton. A critical examination of the legend that the Great Emancipator was not really the son of his putative father, Thomas Lincoln.

"Politics in the Revolution," by Clarence W. Alvord. An authoritative but lively study, by a distinguished American historian, of the effects of party politics, both in England and America, upon the course of the American Revolution.

"Glimpses of a Golden Age," by John Allen Krout. A sentimental chapter upon the early taverns of America, with remarks upon their clients.

"Billy the Kid," by Harvey Fergusson. A brief history of an eminent Westerner whose name was once as well known as those of Henry Ward Beecher and Sitting Bull, but who is now almost forgotten.

"NOURISH THE HAIR AT THE ROOT"

WITH

**ED. PINAUD'S**

**HAIR TONIC**

(The original French Eau De Quinine)

AND WATCH THE RESULTS

*Parfumerie* **ED. PINAUD**

ED. PINAUD BLDG. NEW YORK

# Washington Monotype Composition Company

COMPLETE equipment plus the work of trained men, enables us to maintain our reputation as specialists in the complete composition and electrotyping of Fine Books, Catalogues, Magazines, Novels, Technical, Medical, Musical Publications, Encyclopedias

FEDERAL and NINETEENTH STS.
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

NEW YORK CITY OFFICE:
NINE EAST 37th STREET

NOTE—The removal of our plant from Washington to Camden enables us to offer the services of fourteen monotypes and sixteen linotypes operating day and night, with daily messenger to our New York office.


# *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

## BIOGRAPHY

SAINTE-BEUVE.
*By Lewis Freeman Mott.* *D. Appleton & Company*
$5 8 x 5⅛; 522 pp. *New York*
The first attempt at a formal biography of the great French critic. The work is careful, complete and useful, but its manner is stiff and it is not attractive reading. A bibliography is wanting.

JOHN DONNE: *A Study in Discord.*
*By Hugh I'anson Fausset.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8 x 5½; 318 pp. *New York*
Less a biography than an attempt at an interpretation of the man, with his strange mixture of gross sensuality and mystical piety. There are four portraits.

LIFE AND TIMES OF WARREN G. HARDING.
*By Joe Mitchell Chapple.* *Chapple Publishing Company*
$4 9 x 6; 386 pp. *Boston*
An oleaginous and nonsensical piece of flattery, with pointless illustrations and reproductions of letters showing that the subject was an intimate of the author. An appendix contains fourteen speeches by Mr. Harding, and Mr. Coolidge's eulogy of him.

TWICE THIRTY: *Some Short and Simple Annals of the Road.*
*By Edward W. Bok.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$4.50 9 x 6; 539 pp. *New York*
A somewhat discordant collection of notes apparently assembled for "The Americanization of Edward Bok," and therein not utilized, with some additions.

TROUBADOUR: *An Autobiography.*
*By Alfred Kreymborg.* *Boni & Liveright*
$3 9 x 5¾; 415 pp. *New York*
The story of one of the leading figures in Greenwich Village, now no more. Not profound or important, but always amusing and sometimes very charming.

## HISTORY

AMERICAN ECONOMIC HISTORY.
*By Harold Underwood Faulkner.* *Harper & Brothers*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 721 pp. *New York*
A painstaking and valuable work. It is free from Socialistic or even Liberal propaganda, but it never-

*Continued on page* xxxiv

*A special offer, to readers of*
*The American Mercury, of a goodly supply of*

# "The Purple and Fine Linen of Life"

There is another magazine which you who so thoroughly enjoy The American Mercury would find also extremely enjoyable and valuable. It is the natural complement of The American Mercury: between them the two magazines furnish in rich measure all the forms of nourishment required by the cultivated intellect, including all of the vitamines. This other magazine is called

# Arts & Decoration

The fine and applied arts, literature, drama, music, beautiful homes and gardens—all of the things which constitute your chief cultural interests—are covered in each issue by the world's foremost authorities and critics. Mr. George Jean Nathan will write each month on the drama; Mr. H. L. Mencken, who is one of the Board of Consulting Editors, will contribute from time to time. Incidentally, Arts & Decoration has as its Board of Consulting Editors the most remarkable group of distinguished persons that has ever served any publication in such capacity. Some of the foremost artists have recently stated that they consider Arts & Decoration the most beautiful and distinctive American magazine. We believe you will endorse this opinion. Arts & Decoration is published expressly for those who know and enjoy "the purple and fine linen of life."

We wish you to become acquainted with this truly fine publication. We therefore make you, as an American Mercury reader, the special offer of

## 3 ISSUES FOR ONLY $1

Just slip a dollar bill in an envelope and mail it with the coupon below at our risk, and the May, June and July numbers will come to you. The money we lose by this offer we regard as an investment, so sure are we that you will wish Arts & Decoration always to come to you, once you have become well acquainted with it.

Eugene F. Warner
*Publisher*

ARTS & DECORATION, 45 W. 45th St., New York:

For the dollar enclosed send me the next 3 numbers.

*Name*..... *Address*.....

(Amer. M.-May, '25) .....

APPLETON
*Actable and Readable*
SHORT PLAYS

D. Appleton & Company, this season, have added to their comprehensive list of short plays, a number of titles, each of them extremely interesting to read as well as to produce. Already, many amateur organizations have arranged to present one or more of these. Our Play Department will be glad to correspond with those interested in amateur dramatics, and to make suggestions.

*We will be pleased to send you regularly announcements of new plays and books on the drama if you will mail us your name and address.*

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
32 West 32nd Street, New York

*Bind*
THE AMERICAN MERCURY!

THE January, February, March and April issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY constitute the fourth volume. They contain much that you will wish to preserve. In order that you may keep them in a convenient and permanent form, we have designed for each volume an unusually fine binding of figured Batik boards, reinforced buckram back and corners, with a paper label. The expense of the binding is $2.75, which represents exactly what the materials and work cost us.

If you wish your four numbers bound, please send them to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City, notifying us that you have done so and mailing us your check or money order for $2.75.

## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page* xxxii

theless deals with American history very realistically. The economic causes of American participation in the World War are, however, glossed over discreetly. Bibliographies are appended to the various chapters and there is a good index.

A HISTORY OF MINNESOTA.
*By W. W. Folwell.* *The Minnesota Historical Society*
$5 9 x 5¾; 533, 477 pp. *St. Paul*

This work is to run to four volumes; two have been issued. It is an almost ideal State history. The facts are carefully marshaled, the presentation is attractive, and the volumes are beautifully printed. There are many illustrations from rare prints and photographs in the collection of the Minnesota Historical Society.

STUDIES IN MID-VICTORIAN IMPERIALISM.
*By C. A. Bodelsen.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 226 pp. *New York*

A thesis done in English by a candidate for the doctorate at the University of Copenhagen. A careful and accurate study of the rise of the modern British imperial system.

### SOCIOLOGY

THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF HUMAN SOCIETY.
*By Franklin H. Giddings* *The University of North Carolina Press*
$2 7¼ x 5; 247 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

An attempt to organize sociology upon a scientific basis. Dr. Giddings' apparatus is extremely formidable—so formidable, indeed, that it suggests a doubt whether it is workable. There is a bibliography.

RACES, NATIONS AND CLASSES.
*By H. A. Miller.* *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 196 pp. *Philadelphia*

Dr. Miller's thesis is that national and racial characters are often simply reactions to oppression. He argues against the attempt to obliterate minorities, especially in the United States, on the ground that they must inevitably fail, and that their failure brings results worse than the separatism attacked. Bibliographies are appended to the various chapters.

FARM LIFE ABROAD. *Field Letters from Germany, Denmark and France.*
*By E. C. Branson.* *The University of North Carolina Press*
$2 7½ x 5¼; 303 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Sketchy but interesting observations in the rural areas of the three countries named by the professor of

*Continued on page* xxxvi

## MT. AIRY

(Near Harmon and Croton-on-Hudson)

A new colony for artists and radicals, 54 minutes from Grand Central Station; 100 trains daily. Situated 1½ miles from station, 1½ miles to Croton Lake, three miles to beach. ¼ acre of high, dry and well-wooded land—equal to 4 city lots of 25x100 ft. each—$250 to $400. With improvements (water, road and electric light), $525 to $575. Address, Harry Kelly, No. 70 Fifth Ave., Room 411, for circular. Office hours 2:30 to 6 P. M. daily except Saturdays. Saturday 11 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.

**Your boy's crucial years**

are from 8 to 14. Longmeadow, a country day and boarding school, uses art, music and directed play in intensive, individualized work with this difficult age group. Small classes. *Address*

**I. MANSUR BEARD**

**Longmeadow School, Box A, Longmeadow, Mass.**

## LA FRANCE CHEZ VOUS!

Ses Châteaux, ses Cathédrales, ses Grands Hommes, sa vie sociale, ses arts, sa littérature et son gai Paris

*Vous trouverez tout cela dans*

LE MONITEUR FRANCO-AMÉRICAIN

Un magazine mensuel
Superbement Illustré

*Unique en son genre*

$2.00 par an

A. M. 5-25

MONITEUR FRANCO-AMÉRICAIN, Inc.
599 Fifth Avenue, Dept. A. M., New York City

Please enter my Subscription for.....year.....for which I enclose $.....

Name.....

Address.....

"THE BEST FIRST NOVEL THAT I HAVE EVER READ" Arnold Bennett

# *The* SPRING FLIGHT

By LEE J. SMITS

The whole shifting panorama of American life is depicted with a delightfully spontaneous gusto in the telling of the intimate record of the adolescence, youth and early manhood of Kenneth Farr. Mr. Smits has caught the authentic national flavor, returned to the tradition of Mark Twain and written a thoroughly detached and civilized novel, untouched by European influences. This may not be the great American novel for which we have all been waiting so long and so vainly but it approaches that somewhat chimerical ideal more closely than any other novel in recent years.

*Second large printing before publication. $2.50 at all bookstores.*

ALFRED A. KNOPF ⟷ *730 Fifth Avenue* ⟷ NEW YORK

IN CANADA FROM THE MACMILLAN CO., OF CANADA, LIMITED, ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, TORONTO

BORZOI BOOKS

*Current*
ENGLISH BOOKS
*A carefully selected stock of modern and contemporary fiction, poetry, drama, essays and criticism*
May we mail you our new list of current books? Our lists are made up from our own reading, and from a detailed study of the best in English and American criticism.
THE HOLLIDAY BOOKSHOP
10 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
*Telephone, Bryant 8527*

**"The Private Library for the Discriminating Few"**

One after another, in person and by letter, Members have queried, "Why don't you advertise in the 'Mercury'?" We are too modest to attempt any explanation of the particular appeal, to readers of this magazine, of membership in the Society.

However, persons of cultivated tastes, Members in thirty States, gracing thirty-six professions, appreciate the opportunity to **read, without buying,** rare, unusual, and bizarre books; limited, privately-printed editions; reprints and translations of famous classics.

When writing for information and list of books, kindly mention occupation or profession.

**Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc.**
**45 West 45th Street, New York City**

O-NIC-O
***Smoke More—Safely***

NICOTINE has nothing to do with your enjoyment of smoking. It is the flavor, aroma and fragrance that give the satisfaction and solace.

A doctor does not have to tell you that the harm and discomfort that come from smoking is the result of too much nicotine—you know by experience.

O-Nic-O cigars have the bulk of the nicotine removed, they are supermild, yet its splendid fragrance and aroma of an all-Havana-filled cigar with a Sumatra wrapper are retained for your perfect enjoyment.

Physicians the country over smoke O-Nic-O cigars, say they are practically harmless and recommend them to their patients because they are a good cigar and safe because the nicotine has been removed.

$1 for sample box of ten O-Nic-O cigars, $1 for forty O-Nic-O cigarettes or $1 for a 5 oz. tin of O-Nic-O pipe tobacco. Clip the coupon now—perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

LINCOLN & ULMER
136 West 43rd St., New York City
*Name* .....
*Address* .....
*City* ..... *State* .....



## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page* xxxiv

rural social economics at the University of North Carolina. His stay in Europe lasted a year. He addresses himself especially to the farmers of North Carolina. There is a useful bibliography.

### CRITICISM

TRADITION AND JAZZ.
*By Fred Lewis Pattee.* *The Century Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 289 pp. *New York*

A collection of the lighter pieces of a critic whose studies of American literature are of great value. Here, as always, he is arrayed against novelty and on the side of tradition.

CRITICAL VENTURES IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.
*By Arnold Whitridge.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.75 7¼ x 5; 187 pp. *New York*

Essays on Stendhal, Sainte-Beuve, Gérard de Nerval, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Vanville, Marie Lenéru, Sacha Guitry and Anatole France. They are short, and say little that is new.

BURIED CÆSARS: *Essays in Literary Appreciation.*
*By Vincent Starrett.* *The Covici-McGee Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 243 pp. *Chicago*

Somewhat obvious essays on Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane and James Branch Cabell, with shorter ones on various nobodies. The author has the gift of enthusiasm, but very little critical sense.

### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

NORTH AMERICA: *Its People and . . . Resources . . . .*
*By J. Russell Smith.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$6 9 x 5¾; 849 pp. *New York*

The economic geography of the continent, treated by regions and at length. There are 150 maps and graphs and 260 illustrations. A thorough and very useful work.

FUJIYAMA. *The Sacred Mountain of Japan.*
*By Frederick Starr.* *The Covici-McGee Company*
$4 9 x 6; 158 pp. *Chicago*

The first complete work in English on the sacred mountain. Dr. Starr has made three ascents. His illustrations are from photographs and drawings by Japanese artists.

*Continued on page* xxxviii

While our business is *almost* exclusively with regular publishing houses, we also manufacture books for the occasional publisher or author.

In addition to the most careful workmanship throughout, the author-publisher receives, as a part of our service, the benefit of our extensive experience in planning and designing his book.

*The*
VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

*Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.*
*New York Office: 200 Fifth Avenue*

THE FRIENDLY HAND

*Business*, to us, is more than manufacturing books and getting paid. It's a friendly relation, and every transaction we make is a personal matter. Our customers—and some of them have been with us for all of the 32 years we have been in business—know that we care as much for their welfare as we do for our own. We are vitally interested in the growth of the businesses we serve, and we look at our customer's problem, whether technical or financial, as we would at our own. The result is an ever increasing confidence in our service.

H. WOLFF

*Complete Manufacturers to Publishers Since 1893*
518-526 West 26th St., New York
Telephone Chickering 8667

*TWO NOVELS FROM THE NORTH*

MARIE GRUBBE:
A LADY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
*by J. P. Jacobsen*

The story of an actual figure in Danish history—the beautiful lady of the Northern Renaissance, with her tragic love life and her wild sweetness.

"An amazingly profound and beautiful book, a rich acquisition for the American reader."—*The Dial.* $2.50

*Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larsen*

THE TREE OF THE FOLKUNGS
*by Verner von Heidenstam*
WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE, 1916

A romantic saga of the tragic and masterful family of the Folkungs which, emerging from a mist of legendary origins, controlled the destinies of Sweden for two or three generations and then vanished as mysteriously as it had come. It is a gorgeous tale of love and war and pageantry worthy to stand beside the finest in literature. $3.00

*Translated from the Swedish by Arthur G. Chater*

ALFRED A. KNOPF 730 *Fifth Avenue* NEW YORK

*In Canada from the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Limited, St. Martin's House, Toronto*

BORZOI BOOKS

# *Special Summer Months Offer:*

## YOU'LL MISS THE AMERICAN MERCURY

If you are not careful to see that it follows you on your vacation.

When summer comes we do our best to have The American Mercury on sale in all the large summer resorts; but at times it is impossible.

And you may be one of those who feel that a vacation is wasted unless it is spent well away from the world, in some out-of-the-way little corner. It is safest to let us send The American Mercury directly to you, wherever you may be, for the four summer months.

You will pay less than you do now: $1.75 for the four, instead of $2.00. And you will get it promptly when you want it.

Please fill in the blank and mail with remittance.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue, New York:

Please send me The American Mercury for 1 year / 4 mos. I enclose check / money order for $5.00 / $1.75

Name.....

Address.....

.....

5.25




## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page* xxxvi

AMONG THE BRAHMINS AND PARIAHS.
*By J. A. Sauter.* *Boni & Liveright*
$3 8½ x 5½; 241 pp. *New York*
An extraordinarily intimate and vivid account of the daily life of the East Indian peasants, by a man who lived among them for years.

MEEK AMERICANS.
*By Joseph Warren Beach.* *The University of Chicago Press*
$2 7 x 4¾; xi+222 pp. *Chicago*
Twelve essays, at times delightful, recording impressions of people and places encountered in some of the more important centres of European culture.

### TRANSLATIONS

DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCES.
*By P. A. F. Choderlos de Laclos.* *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 9¾ x 5½; 435 pp. *New York*
A very readable translation of a classic of erotic adventure in letter form written by one of the greatest of Eighteenth Century French novelists. The volume is one of the well-printed Broadway Translations. The introduction by the translator, Richard Aldington, which includes a short biography of Laclos, is very helpful, but the moralising preface by the editor is abominable. A short bibliography is appended.

THE TWELVE BOOKS OF EPIGRAMS.
*By M. Valerius Martialis (Martial).* *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
$5 9¾ x 5½; xiv+402 pp. *New York*
Brief, witty, thoroughly realistic word pictures of every phase of Roman society towards the end of the First Century A.D. More can be learned in these books of the Rome of the time than in a hundred histories. The volume is another of the Broadway Translations. The translation is by J. A. Pott and F. A. Wright, and there is an introduction by the latter.

### THE THEATRE

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS.
*By Henry Arthur Jones.* *Little, Brown & Company*
$10 *New York*
8 x 5¾; 4 vols.; 357, 363, 371, 344 pp.
All of Mr. Jones' most popular plays are included: "The Silver King," "The Middleman," "The Masqueraders," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Liars," "The Hypocrites" and "Mrs. Dane's Defense." But some of his best are omitted, *e.g.*, "Joseph Entangled." Altogether, seventeen plays are printed. There are notes upon all of them by Clayton Hamilton.

*Continued on page* xl

READ PUBLISHED DEBATES!

*CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?*

CLARENCE DARROW (Against) versus JUDGE A. J. TALLEY (For)

*PROHIBITION?*

CLARENCE DARROW (Against) versus REV. DR. JOHN H. HOLMES (For)

*SOVIETISM IN AMERICA?*

BERTRAND RUSSELL (Against) versus SCOTT NEARING (For)

*LITERARY CENSORSHIP?*

JOHN S. SUMNER (For) versus ERNEST BOYD (Against)

Each debate is a complete stenographic ad verbatim report of actual debates held in New York during 1924, illustrated with portraits of debaters.

**Each $1.00, postpaid**

**FREE!** To all who purchase the above four debates for $4.00 we send free a copy of the "Plea of Clarence Darrow in Defense of Loeb and Leopold, Jr." 121 pages.
**(Separately $1.00)**

**The League for Public Discussion**
500 Fifth Avenue Dept. A New York



INTERNATIONAL

The Revolutionary leader reveals himself to be an original, fearless, incisive literary critic in

**Literature and Revolution**

**by Leon Trotsky**

He interprets the new literature of Russia and appraises its writers. "Like everything Trotsky has written, the book is brilliant, forceful, and subject to controversy."—*Elias Tobenkin in the N. Y. Times.* $2.50

*Stories of New Russia*

**Flying Osip**

"A burly, vigorous, non-traditional literature . . . invaluable as a sidelight on the state of mind of the revolutionary Russian."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

**Foundations of Christianity**

**by Karl Kautsky**

The origins of Christianity, analyzed and interpreted from the materialist point of view. A source-book for modernist and fundamentalist alike. Octavo, 480 pages. $4.00

*For sale at bookstores. Add 8% for postage if ordered by mail from publishers. Write for bulletins of information on new books.*

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS
381 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK



A book that "no one who takes the English novel seriously can afford to miss."—*The Saturday Review* (England).

**THE COUNTERPLOT**

*by Hope Mirrlees*

A novel that is a brilliant *tour de force* and also a finely wrought love story, a study in human relationships so exquisitely subtle that it places Miss Mirrlees in the front rank of younger English novelists.

"A delicious book; and with it Miss Mirrlees puts herself in the distinguished company of E. M. Forster and Mrs. Woolf."—*Raymond Mortimer in The New Statesman.*

"A wonderful story of love."—*Clement Shorter in The Sphere.*

*Edition limited to 1500 numbered copies—specially printed on toned paper and bound in Czecho-Slovakian boards. $3.00 net, at all booksellers.*

ALFRED A. KNOPF 730 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

BORZOI BOOKS

CENTAUR
BROADSIDE
OF NEW BOOKS
SPRING, 1925
*(upon request)*

*The* CENTAUR
BOOK SHOP
*1224 Chancellor Street :: Philadelphia*

*Old and Choice*
ENGLISH BOOKS
*of Literary and Artistic Merit*
First editions of famous books from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century. Modern first editions and association copies. Autogra ph letters, fine bindings and first French translations. *Catalogues issued.*
L. M. WILSON
2, RUE DES ITALIENS, PARIS (IX)

BOOK COLLECTORS
are advised to send for our Catalogue 247 —just out. Fine and Standard Books in great variety and a large assemblage of Presentation and Revised Proof Copies of JOSEPH CONRAD'S works.
W. HEFFER & SONS, LIMITED
*Antiquarian Booksellers*
CAMBRIDGE - ENGLAND
Cables, *"Heffer Cambridge"*

*That book you want*
Foyles can supply it from stock or will search for it. Over a million volumes on the shelves, including many thousands of Rare and Out-of-Print Books. State requirements or interests and suitable catalogues will be sent post free. Books sent on approval. Commissions executed.
*A Special Offer*
*Sylvie and Bruno Concluded.* By Lewis Carroll. 46 Illustrations by Harry Furniss. First Edition 1893. Original Red Cloth Extra. We offer a few copies in fine condition at 12/6, postage 6d.
FOYLE'S BOOKLOVERS PARADISE
121-125 Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.

## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page* xxxviii

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN.
*Tr. by Willa and Edwin Muir.* *B. W. Huebsch*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 480 pp. *New York*

This is the eighth volume of the edition of Hauptmann in English begun by Ludwig Lewisohn. It includes three poetic dramas: "Indipohdi," "Der Weisse Heiland" (The White Saviour), and "Winterballade" (A Winter Ballad).

PLAYS BY MOLIÈRE.
*Introduction by Waldo Frank.* *Boni & Liveright*
95 cents 6½ x 4¼; 364 pp. *New York*

The volume is No. 78 in the Modern Library. The plays included are "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "L'École des Femmes," "Tartuffe," "Le Misanthrope," "Le Médicin Malgré Lui," and "L'Avare." The name of the translator is not given.

## QUACKERY

HEALTH VIA NATURE.
*By Harry Finkel.* *Society for Public Health Education*
$2 8½ x 5½; 270 pp. *New York*

The author appends the letters N.D.D.C. to his name. What they mean is not stated. He describes cancer as a "manifestation of an impure blood brought about by the eating of wrong food," and proposes to cure diphtheria with enemas, compresses over the liver, and hot sitz baths. "The leading authorities," he says, "are aware that the large intestine is the source from whence [*sic*] all troubles arise."

FREEDOM THROUGH RIGHT THINKING.
*By Lewis C. Strang.* *Roland Publishing Company*
$2.50 9½ x 6¼; 287 pp. *New York*

The author, a Christian Scientist, confesses that his "mental trend is inspirational . . . rather than patiently scientific." His book is the usual New Thought compound of irrational assumptions and metaphysical speculations.

## FICTION

SELWOOD OF SLEEPY CAT.
*By Frank H. Spearman.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 5¼; vii+326 pp. *New York*

A story of the rough life of a Rocky Mountain frontier town. The hero is the terror of the neighborhood and by his reckless courage wins his love. Much better than the usual Western story.

*Continued on page* xlii

*The most amusing book yet published this year*

THE SQUIRE'S
*HOME-MADE WINES*
as defcrib'd and fet-forth
in the JOURNAL of
THOMAS HOGGSON, Gent.,
1765.

The edition is strictly limited and numbered. The book is printed by the Pynson Printers on a hand-made French Glaslan paper, bound in blind-tooled paper boards, and is enclosed in a slip-case with paper label. Quite apart from the interest of the subject matter the book is distinctly worth while as a literary and bibliographical "stunt," and as a delightful and very amusing specimen of book-making.

The price is five dollars.

To make sure of a copy, it is desirable that your order, with remittance, be sent at once to your book-seller, or to

THE HOLLIDAY BOOK SHOP
10 WEST 47TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

# James F. Drake

*INCORPORATED*

issue Catalogues of First Editions, Rare Books and Autographs which every collector will find of interest.

The shop at 14 West 40th Street is an ideal place for the booklover to browse.

FIRST EDITIONS
RARE BOOKS AUTOGRAPHS
JAMES F. DRAKE
Incorporated
14 West 40th Street
NEW YORK

THE SIXTH OF THE CENTAUR BIBLIOGRAPHIES

## D. H. LAWRENCE
by EDWARD D. McDONALD
*With an introductory essay*
THE BAD SIDE OF BOOKS, by D. H. Lawrence

The largest bibliography of the series to date, a volume of about 150 pages. With a frontispiece portrait and a reproduction of the title page of a book not heretofore credited to Lawrence.

Edition limited to 500 copies at $3.50 and ninety large paper copies for sale at $10.00.

*The* CENTAUR BOOK SHOP
*1224 Chancellor Street :: Philadelphia*

# GOOD BOOKS *Out of the West*

ROBERT BALLOU

*American Type Design in the Twentieth Century*
By DOUGLAS C. McMURTRIE
*Introduction by* FREDERIC W. GOUDY
Two scholarly essays by two typographic authorities, including specimens of nearly one hundred modern types. A book for every lover of good printing. *$1.75 postpaid.*

*House Ghosts*
By JOHN GRIMES
*Decorations by* JAMES CADY EWELL *and Introduction by* VINCENT STARRETT
Fifty-two lyric poems which strike a fresh note of great beauty. Five full page decorations in black and white. *$2.10 postpaid.*

* * *

These are good books. Either or both will be sent upon approval if you like, or your bookseller will show them to you.

ROBERT O. BALLOU · *Publisher*
6146 ELLIS AVENUE · CHICAGO · ILLINOIS

You Will Want to Know
"How to be Free and Happy"
*By Bertrand Russell*
75c Cloth Bound
RAND BOOK STORE
9 East 15th St. New York City

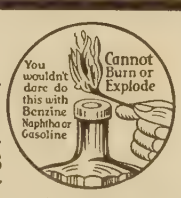
FIRST EDITIONS AUTOGRAPHS
UNUSUAL AND DESIRABLE BOOKS
Monthly Catalogue on Request
HARRY STONE
137 Fourth Avenue New York City

LITERARY ASSISTANCE
Speeches, Orations, Addresses, Essays, etc., prepared to order on any subject, $3 per thousand words. Literary criticism, $1.50 per thousand words. Manuscripts typewritten correctly for publication (with one carbon copy) $1 per thousand words. Markets for literary wares suggested.
DON MAGOON STUDIO, Suite Y
4553 Emerson Ave St. Louis, Mo.

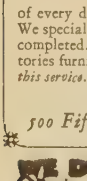
Study at Home
Under the guidance of university teachers, *English, Psychology, History, Education, Mathematics, Business* and 40 other subjects by mail. All courses command High School or College credit. Begin now.
The University of Chicago
2 Ellis Hall CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WE BUY ALL ISSUES OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY
WE SELL ALL ISSUES OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY
*Inquiries solicited*
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 Fifth Ave., Dept. A. New York
N. B.—We also supply back numbers of all other magazines. We specialize in National Geographics 1888 to date.

For Safety's Sake-demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20c 30c 60c & $1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores




OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS
of every description thoroughly searched for and found expeditiously. We specialize in English editions. Sexological literature. Imperfect sets completed. First editions supplied. Genealogies, family and town histories furnished. Back numbers of all magazines supplied. *No charge for this service.* Inquiries solicited. Free literature on request.
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
*500 Fifth Ave. Dept. A New York City*



WE DELIVER ANYWHERE
ANY BOOK REVIEWED
advertised or mentioned in this issue or any other book in print at bookstore prices. We pay postage everywhere on all orders. Promptest service assured For your convenience, will send orders C.O.D. Our monthly magazine-catalogue "BOOKS OF THE MONTH" sent free on request
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 5th Avenue Dept A NEW YORK

## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page* xl

THE WESTERN SHORE.
*By Clarkson Crane.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; v+303 pp. *New York*

Thinly connected sketches of student life in a California co-educational university. Realistic and very well written. A distinct relief from all the garbage that has been written about college life.

ANGELINE OF THE HILL COUNTRY.
*By Cordia Greer-Petrie.* *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$1.50 7¼ x 5; 181 pp. *New York*

A story of the adventures in Louisville and Chicago of a backwoods Kentucky couple, written in native dialect and monologue form. There are many illustrations. Comic page stuff.

MR. COLLIN IS RUINED.
*By Frank Heller.* *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$2 7¼ x 5; 335 pp. *New York*

A mystery story of a rogue who publishes a novel and some literary criticism, assuming the names of a popular novelist and a brilliant critic, and is not discovered for a long time. Translated from the Swedish by Pauline De Chary. Moving picture stuff.

TONGUES OF FIRE.
*By Algernon Blackwood.* *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5; 288 pp. *New York*

Twenty-one short stories of the usual Blackwood occult kind.

OLD HURRICANE.
*By Julia A. Flisch.* *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$2 7¼ x 5; 356 pp. *New York*

A story of an honest, stupid yokel of early Georgia who has drawn a prize tract of land and would lose it were it not for the shrewdness of his wife. Full of good character studies.

THE BISHOP'S GRANDDAUGHTER.
*By Robert Grant.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 5; 298 pp. *New York*

The story of an English bishop who comes to America to visit his granddaughter and is shocked at the prevalence of divorce here. It is well put together and has occasional flashes of light satire and insight. As a study of divorce it is woman's club stuff.

# *The* BORZOI *Broadside*

MAY, 1925 — BORZOI BOOKS — VOL. V. NO. 1.

*Published almost every month by* ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

## *The Day of Atonement*

WHEN, in 1919, Louis Golding turned from poetry to write FORWARD FROM BABYLON, it was considered by many leading English critics the finest novel since the war, and its author was recognized as one of the coming figures in English literature. His preoccupation with the Jews and things Jewish again finds expression in his new book, THE DAY OF ATONEMENT, but here the story is conceived and written on an epic scale. Seldom, indeed, has so intensely racial a novel been written. In the fortunes of Leah and Eli, a devout couple living in England, whither they have fled from the *pogroms* of their native land, we find distilled in masterly style the richest essence of the Jewish race—its strange, baffling combination of exalted spirituality and enforced materialism.

It is Eli's intellectual curiosity that leads them eventually to destruction. With his readings of secular and Gentile literatures, the subtle poison of doubt begins to work in his mind until finally he experiences conversion and goes forth to preach Christ Crucified to his people. Eli the Apostate becomes the object of hate and ridicule for the entire community, and when he attempts to carry the Gospel into the synagogue on the most holy of days, The Day of Atonement, he meets his end at the hands of his wife. Thus the story of Eli and Leah, which begins in simple manner as a lovely, peaceful idyl, rises in a steady crescendo to a tragedy, Greek in its implications—the tragedy of an entire people. Eli is one of the most inspiring figures in modern fiction, a great man and great mystic, and like his prototype, also a Carpenter, self-destroyed by the God-intoxicated spirit of the Orthodox Jew.

~ ~ ~

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT, in its profound understanding and insight, is as true and beautiful a study of the Jew as has been written.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT. *By* LOUIS GOLDING, *author of "Seacoast of Bohemia" and "Sunward." $2.50 net.*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| THE DAY OF ATONEMENT | 1 |
| THE POPULAR MULLA-MULGARS | 2 |
| FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG | 2 |
| MYRTLE | 4 |
| A MEDIEVAL ROMANCE | 2 |
| THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH | 3 |
| THE NEWEST FLETCHER | 3 |
| THE LATEST PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS | 4 |

All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

## *Francis Brett Young*

WITH the publication of SEA HORSES, Francis Brett Young makes his first appearance on the *Borzoi* list. John Masefield, on being asked his verdict on the best of the younger English writers of today, said: "Mr. Francis Brett Young is the most gifted, most interesting and the most beautiful mind among the younger men writing English. He holds a high place but will soon hold a supremacy." Hugh Walpole stated that "I don't see anyone who gives so much promise of being first of the bunch as he does." Gerald Gould, Edward Shanks, Walter de la Mare, Rebecca West, J. C. Squire, Douglas Goldring, Forrest Reid—these are just a few who look to Mr. Young as a coming literary leader.

With SEA HORSES their vision will be realized. This story, which probably has more in common with the work of the late Joseph Conrad than any other of Mr. Young's novels, establishes beyond question his right to be regarded as Conrad's successor. The literary relationship of the two writers has more than once been noted in the past, and certainly Conrad himself could not have written this thrilling story in more masterly fashion. The action takes place successively at Naples, on board ship, and at Panda, a tiny Portuguese coast town in Africa where graft and crime rule the inhabitants. It is sufficiently exciting to satisfy the most avid lover of sea stories; it has all the thrills of storm, battle and love; it has a literary quality which makes of it a beautiful prose work. SEA HORSES is the best of Mr. Young's books thus far, and an impressive augury for his future under the *Borzoi* standard.

SEA HORSES. *By* FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. *With a jacket in colors by* C. B. FALLS. $2.50 *net.*

## *A Medieval Romance*

WHEN Sigrid Undset's THE BRIDAL WREATH appeared in this country, in its translation from the Norwegian, A. Donald Douglas in *The New York Tribune* said of it: "Sigrid Undset has wrought a miracle. Her display of medieval Norway she compasses not by a tedious inventory of battlemented turrets and elaborate archaisms but by an evocation of life suffered through the soul of Kristin Lavransdatter, a girl more absolutely real than the very most recent heroine. She is a sweet and fiery and patient prisoner to love."

THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY carries on the story of Kristin. She has married Erlend and the scene has changed to the old northern capital of Norway: Trondhjem. Her private domestic drama is startlingly affected by the exciting politics of the time. The brilliant and flighty Erlend becomes involved in revolutionary plots, and against the background of court pageantry is enacted the romance of this lovely woman. In its sure revealment of a woman's character there is only one other Scandinavian novel to which Sigrid Undset's work can be compared: MARIE GRUBBE by J. P. Jacobsen. THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY is the evocation of medieval romance and a stirring portrayal of a woman ahead of her times.

THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY. *By* SIGRID UNDSET. *Translated from the Norwegian by* CHARLES ARCHER. $3.00 *net.*

## *The Popular Mulla-Mulgars*

THIS is the third of Walter de la Mare's books to be reprinted in a popular edition this Fall. Mr. de la Mare's visit to this country and his delightful lectures seemed to have stimulated tremendously the American enthusiasm for his work.

MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET and COME HITHER ppeared in new editions in February, and now THE HREE MULLA-MULGARS, his classic for chil-ren, joins the rank of popular reprints. It is a fairy ale moving in an atmosphere of strange beauty bout the adventures of three monkeys of the Blood oyal, the Mulla-Mulgars, who wander through a agical tropic forest, glamorous with the glittering f moonlit snow beneath giant palms, where daring scapes, wild rides and battles await the three ad-enturers.

THE THREE MULLA-MULGARS holds a rare nchantment for childhood that is heightened irre-istibly by Miss Lathrop's exquisite illustrations. here are eight full pages in colors, four in black nd white, as well as end-papers and head and tail ieces, and they are as delicate, as slyly humorous, s inspired with beautiful magic as the story they dorn.

"It ranks with the few children's classics in the nglish language."—*The Chicago Evening Post.*

THE THREE MULLA-MULGARS. *By* WALTER DE LA MARE, *author of "Memoirs of a Midget," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

## *The Newest Fletcher*

A BAND of criminal fanatics, the Annexation Soci-ty, hit upon the daring expedient to equalize the ealth of the world by stealing precious heirlooms om the great families of England. What after-ards happened is told by J. S. Fletcher in a char-cteristically fascinating tale of adventure wherein he banded crooks murder rather than sacrifice the valuable treasures, and Jimmie Trickett, in search f the robber of the Tsar's Cross, falls in love with n innocent accomplice of his quarry. The action oves swiftly from London to Paris in the thrilling unt for clues ranging all the way from a stuffed oose to the mysterious house of the murderers.

THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY. *By* J. S. FLETCHER, *author of "The Wolves and the Lamb," etc.* $2.00 *net.*

## *The Great American Myth*

FOR these many years, while American readers have delved into the folklore of foreign countries, there lay at their doorsteps, unknown and unrecognized by many, the great American myth: Paul Bunyan. In him, the traditional hero of the lumber camps, is one of the few authentic figures in American folk-lore. His strength was as that of Hercules, his achievements rivalled the boastings of Münchausen, his adventures would fill a second Odyssey, and withal he is as much a part of the story of our country as Brigham Young or Buffalo Bill.

James Stevens, who has worked in lumber camps and mills for many years, has collected the stories of Paul Bunyan at the fountain head, and has made them into a book, PAUL BUNYAN, that is wholly American in its delineation of this preposterous, Gargantuan character who visualizes perfectly the national love for tall talk and tall doings.

The stories of Babe, the blue ox, who drank up rivers and pulled down trees; of Johnny Inkslinger, the camp clerk, who wrote from Tuesday until Saturday without halt in order to have a record of Bunyan's nine-day speech to the loggers; of Big Swede, who almost rivalled Bunyan in height and strength; of Hot Biscuit Slim and Cream Puff Fatty, who cooked the Black Duck Dinner, so tremendous a meal that the loggers were forced to retire and sleep for five weeks; of all the adventures of the gigantic Bunyan and his crew—are the raw mate-rials of which true folk literature is made. No American can afford to neglect this vastly amusing and superb rendering of a national myth.

PAUL BUNYAN. *By* JAMES STEVENS. *With woodcuts by* ALLEN LEWIS. $2.50 *net.*

THE SAILOR'S RETURN by David Garnett, author of LADY INTO FOX and A MAN IN THE ZOO, will be published shortly. As the *Broadside* goes to press little is known about the new novel except that it is rather longer than its predecessors and in a some-what different vein.

*The* BORZOI BROADSIDE *for* MAY 1925

## *Myrtle*

DISCRIMINATING readers are on the constant look out for the masters of tomorrow. One of these is Stephen Hudson, who is rapidly assuming the proportions of an English Marcel Proust. In his novels, bound together by the thin threads of reappearing characters, there is an almost uncanny sight into the personalities of rogues and heroes, children and old people, the highest society and the lowest, every sort of man and woman in every walk of life. RICHARD KURT, ELINOR COLHOUSE, PRINCE HEMPSEED, TONY and now MYRTLE are all separate novels in themselves but will some day be read widely as one of the finest complete pictures of English life and manners and of psychological insight into a middle-class family of the 1920's.

There is no easier, more entertaining introduction to these works than through the pages of his latest novel, MYRTLE. In the fortunes of the Vendramin family as told by nine different people, there emerges Myrtle Vendramin, a character lovelier and more loved than any heroine in recent fiction. First Nanny, the nurse whose life has been loyal but indiscreet, tells the story of Myrtle's birth and childhood; next Jane Grey tells a tale of Sylvia, Myrtle's sister, and her sin; then Sylvia herself relates to Myrtle the tragic episode of her marriage. The other six chapters are told by the men, Adrian, Marcel, Michael, Basil, Block and finally Richard Kurt, who see in Myrtle their ideal of womanly perfection. But Myrtle is no goddess, aloof and forbidding—she is human and warm and living and in the end she chooses from the men she has known and in typical feminine manner chooses the most unobtainable.

MYRTLE. *By* STEPHEN HUDSON, *author of "Tony," etc.* $2.00 *net.*

## *The Latest Publishing Arrangements*

The books listed below have only just been contracted for by Mr. Knopf. Their publication dates will be announced in due course.

THUNDERSTORM
*By* G. B. STERN

OTHER PROVINCES
*By* CARL VAN DOREN

CAN BUSINESS PREVENT UNEMPLOYMENT, *by* LEWISOHN, DRAPER, COMMONS, LESCOHIER

FISHMONGER'S FIDDLE
*By* A. E. COPPARD

THE HAVEN
*By* DALE COLLINS

THE SAILOR'S RETURN
*By* DAVID GARNETT

## *ORDER*

*Mail this leaflet to your bookseller, checking the books described herein.*

*If there is no bookstore in your town, mail it direct to the Publisher,* ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me at once the books checked:

☐ C. O. D. by mail. I will pay the postman the price of the books plus postage, on delivery.

☐ I enclose check or money order for $....., the price of the books plus 8c a volume for postage.

☐ Charge to my account.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

.....

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT. $2.50 *net*

THE THREE MULLA-MULGARS. $2.50 *net*

MYRTLE. $2.00 *net*

SEA HORSES. $2.50 *net*

PAUL BUNYAN. $2.50 *net*

THE MISTRESS OF HUSABY. $3.00 *net*

THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY. $2.00 *net*

*In Canada, Borzoi Books can be obtained from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto*

# *A Special Offer*

For a limited period of time The American Mercury can be had with any of the magazines listed below, at a saving to the subscriber of approximately 25%.

Please note: Subscriptions at these rates can be entered only through the offices of the magazines desired.

| | *Price Separately* | *Together* |
|---|---|---|
| THE AMERICAN MERCURY | 5.00 | |
| THE NATION | 5.00 | $7.60 |
| | 10.00 | |
| THE AMERICAN MERCURY | 5.00 | |
| THE DIAL | 5.00 | $7.60 |
| | 10.00 | |
| THE AMERICAN MERCURY | 5.00 | |
| THE CENTURY | 5.00 | $7.60 |
| | 10.00 | |
| THE AMERICAN MERCURY | 5.00 | |
| THE NEW REPUBLIC | 5.00 | $7.60 |
| | 10.00 | |
| THE AMERICAN MERCURY | 5.00 | |
| CURRENT HISTORY | 3.00 | $6.00 |
| | 8.00 | |
| THE AMERICAN MERCURY | 5.00 | |
| ASIA | 4.00 | $6.80 |
| | 9.00 | |

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York:

Please enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN MERCURY and

{ The Nation, The Dial, The Century, The New Republic, Current History, Asia } (Cross out all but magazine desired)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

5.25

If the magazine is to be sent to a foreign address, add $1.00 for magazine; if to Canada $.50

New books of ALBERT & CHARLES BONI New York

# MR. MENCKEN *presents:* AMBROSE BIERCE

THE reputation of Ambrose Bierce, like that of Edgar Saltus, has always had something occult and artificial about it. He has been hymned in a passionate, voluptuous way by a small band of disciples, and he has been passed over altogether by the great majority of American critics, and no less by the great majority of American readers. Certainly, it would be absurd to say that he is generally read, even by the intelligentsia. Most of his books, in fact, are out of print and almost unobtainable, and there is little evidence that his massive collected works, printed in twelve volumes between 1909 and 1912, have gone into anything even remotely approaching a wide circulation.

I have a suspicion, indeed, that Bierce did a serious disservice to himself when he put those twelve volumes together. Already an old man at the time, he permitted his nostalgia for his lost youth to get the better of his critical faculty, never powerful at best, and the result was a depressing assemblage of worn-out and flyblown stuff, much of it quite unreadable. If he had boiled the collection down to four volumes, or even to six, it might have got him somewhere, but as it was his good work was lost in a maze of bad and indifferent work. I doubt that any one, save the Bierce fanatics aforesaid, has ever ploughed through the whole twelve volumes. They are filled with epigrams against frauds long dead and forgotten, and echoes of old newspaper controversies, and experiments in fiction that belong to dark and expired age.

In the midst of all this blather there are some pearls—more accurately, there are two of them. One consists of the series of epigrams called "The Devil's Dictionary"; the other consists of the war stories, commonly called "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians" (In the Midst of Life). Among the latter are some of the best war stories ever written—things fully worthy to be ranged beside Zola's "L'Attaque du Moulin," Kipling's "The Taking of Lungtungpen," or Ludwig Thoma's "Ein Baryischer Soldat." And among the former are some of the most gorgeous witticisms in the English language.

*The works of*
AMBROSE BIERCE
CAN SUCH THINGS BE?
IN THE MIDST OF LIFE
THE MONK AND THE HANGMAN'S DAUGHTER
THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY
*4 vols., each $2.00 net*

Bierce, I believe, was the first writer of fiction ever to treat war realistically. He antedated even Zola. It is common to say that he came out of the Civil War with a deep and abiding loathing of slaughter—that he wrote his war stories as a sort of pacifist. But this is certainly not believed by any one who knew him as I did in his last years. What he got out of services in the field was not a sentimental horror of it but a cynical delight in it. It appeared to him as a sort of magnificent reductio ad absurdum of all romance. The world viewed war as something heroic, glorious, idealistic. Very well, he would show how sordid and filthy it was—how stupid, savage, and degrading.

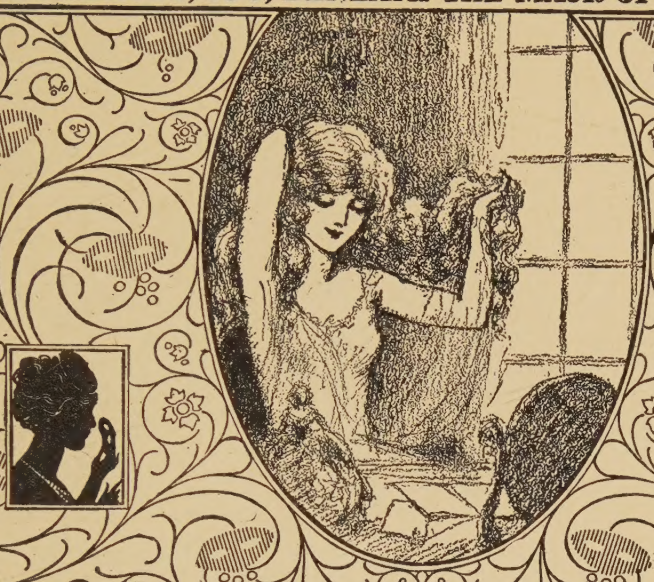
But to say this is not to say that he disapproved of it. On the contrary, he vastly enjoyed the chance it gave him to set forth dramatically what he was always talking about and gloating over: the infinite imbecility of man. There was nothing of the milk of human kindness in old Ambrose; he did not get the nickname of Bitter Bierce for nothing. What delighted him most in this life was the spectacle of human cowardice and folly. He put man intellectually, somewhere between the sheep and the horned cattle, and as a hero somewhere below the rats. His war stories, even when they deal with the heroic, do not depict soldiers as heroes; they depict them as bewildered fools, doing things without sense, submitting to torture and outrage without resistance, dying at last like hogs in Chicago, the little capital of the United States.

So far in this life, indeed, I have encountered no more thorough-going cynic than Bierce. His belief in Homo sapiens went even further than Mark Twain's; he was quite unable to imagine the heroic, in any ordinary sense. Nor, for that matter, the wise. Man, to him, was the most stupid and ignoble of animals. But at the same time the most amusing. Out of the spectacle of life about him he got an unflagging and Gargantuan joy. The obscene farce of politics delighted him. He was an almost amorous connoisseur of theology and theologians. He howled with mirth whenever he thought of a professor, a doctor, or a husband. His favorites among his contemporaries were such zanies as Bryan, Roosevelt and Hearst.

*Copyright—The Chicago Tribune*

*PUBLISHERS OF* 39 West 8th Street *THE AMERICAN LIBRARY*

# THERE'S BEAUTY, TOO, BENEATH THE MASK OF DULL DRAB HAIR



## "HIS LETTER"

YESTERDAY she would have sat and visualized herself chatting with the years as though she wore a black satin gown with a miniature at her breast.

Charm! What was that vague something she lacked?

Then her fortunate tete a tete with Marie, *confrere* of schooldays. "*Cherie*, just a little color. That's youth. Your features are so serene; your complexion is like ivory. Lofty—beautiful, to be sure, but really cold! Remember *Mademoiselle* at the *Deauville Grand Prix?* Why, her features reflected the charm of a living flower—the ringlets of her soft, chestnut hair were a sheer triumph. Follow this lodestar, too, my dear—*Au revoir!*"

Now *his* letter lay before her. "I was like one who sailed on a fairy sea as my eyes rose and fell along the waves of your radiant hair."

It paid sincere homage to a new truth—she had found *her own beauty.*

Dark drab hair? Really Nature has just hidden, not denied you beautiful hair.

So remove the colorless mask with the famous preparation of DR. CHARLES MARCHAND, *Graduate Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufacturers de Paris.*

# MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

*BUY a 4 oz. bottle, follow directions and see the charming result produced on a strand of your hair. Golden Hair Wash brings out the natural lighter colorings of the hair—the golden tint of girlhood or transforms dark or unattractive hair to rich tones of chestnut, auburn or lighter golden shades. And it is beneficial to the scalp, simple to apply and not affected by washing or shampooing.* ***Write for booklet, "The Care and Treatment of the Hair". Address: Charles Marchand Co., Dep't A, 220 West 42nd Street, New York.***

MADE BY THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN AT HADDON PRESS, INC., WHERE FEDERAL CROSSES NINETEENTH, CAMDEN, N. J.

# "The SWEETMEATS of KINGS"

By Appointment to

H. M. *King George V*

H. M. *The King of the Belgians*

H. M. *The Queen Mother of Holland*

H. M. *The King of Sweden*

*The Imperial House of Japan*

H. M. *The King of Italy*

***Special Introductory Package of these famous Biscuits for one dollar***

THIS is an assortment of twelve kinds of biscuits—every morsel a product of the master baker's art and so worthy of that expression, "The Sweetmeats of Kings."

*As illustrated, Special Introductory Package sent postpaid on receipt of one dollar.*

***Ridgways Tea Company***
**Dept. C, 60 Warren Street**
***New York***

# SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER